

LIFE



WAR SOUVENIR

JUNE 28, 1943 **10** CENTS
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$4.50



From grime to glory

A few hours ago you, perhaps, were standing up to an assembly line's straining pace . . . or doing some of the hundred other Victory duties. Now, after a warm, relaxing tub or invigorating shower, you'll rub away the day's cares and soon step forth again a lovely lady.

This ritual of the bath does more than cleanse, it is a tonic you and your family owe yourselves! And an important part of it is the

care you give your towels . . . for those towels, like so many other things these days, must be kept "durable for the duration." These suggestions by the makers of Cannon towels will help you to make your towels last longer.

How to get extra wear from your towels

Laundry before they become too soiled.
Fluff-dry terry towels—never iron.
If loops become snagged—cut off, never pull.
Mend selvage and other breaks immediately.
Buy good-quality towels—always the best economy.

Millions of Cannon and other towels are now going to our Armed Forces. That's the way you want it to be—but it's also why your favorite store may not have as wide a selection as formerly. Naturally, you won't buy any towels unless it's absolutely necessary; but if you must buy, you'll be wise to look for Cannon, the towel that has always stood for good value.



Cannon Towels
CANNON SHEETS CANNON HOSIERY

A child models in Clay,
 Pliant as her Young and Eager mind.
 So will her Character be Shaped
 To face the Challenge of Tomorrow!



We see her then—a Woman whose Warmth
 of Heart shows in her Smile—
 a Smile that owes much to Ipana and Massage!

HOW FORTUNATE she is, this little American girl! How rich is her dowry of freedom and health and education. For her and millions of our youngsters every effort is made so they can inherit a better, more hopeful world tomorrow.

Devoted parents and teachers are helping to shape that world—are preparing our children to face their future serene and confident and *smiling*!

Yes, *smiling*. For even the smiles of America's children have the best of care. Today, in thousands of classrooms our youth is being taught a lesson in dental health that many grown-ups have yet to learn—the importance of firm, healthy gums to bright teeth and sparkling smiles.

These youngsters know that today's soft foods

rob our gums of needed work and exercise. They know that sensitive gums often signal their distress with a tinge of "pink" on the tooth brush.

Don't Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush!"

If you notice a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist*. He may simply tell you that your gums have become tender and sensitive because of today's soft foods. And like many modern dentists, he may quite validly suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste is designed not only to clean the teeth but, with massage, to aid the health of the gums. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Notice

the tingle as circulation quickens in the tissues—helping your gums to healthier firmness—helping you to brighter teeth, and a more appealing, more sparkling smile!



Ipana Tooth Paste

Product of Bristol-Myers

This One



8FN7-KH8-965P

Just as fussy today as when **PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC USED TO BUY HIS BRISTLE!**



For years hog bristle made the best tooth brushes. Then Science made round-end **PROLON**



PROLON "ROUND-END"

ORDINARY BRISTLE

Actual Photo-Micrographs

Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic

WITH PROLON BRISTLES
A PRODUCT OF DUPONT CHEMISTRY

Far and away the best of the new synthetic tooth brush bristles, being marketed under various trade names, are those made by du Pont.

"Prolon" is our trade name for the very finest grade of this du Pont synthetic bristle.

PROLON—no finer bristle made

So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: How can the same du Pont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush? You know the answer . . . it can't!

Only PROLON has "round ends"

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big plus is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

It's a fact! Under a special patented

process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every Prolon bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

And with PROLON these other "extras"

In addition to Prolon, the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush gives you these three important "extras": 1. The famous Pro-phy-lac-tic end tuft, for ease in reaching hard-to-get-at back teeth. 2. Scientific grouping of bristles to insure thorough cleansing of brush after using. 3. A written guarantee for six full months of use.

Next time, get the most for your money . . . get the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

... and don't miss this new line of **hair brushes in gleaming Jewelite!**

Pro-phy-lac-tic's latest triumph! Dresser sets and toilet brushes in crystal-clear plastic. Choice of four gleaming, jewel colors. Transparent Jewelite backs. Moisture-resistant, snow-white Prolon bristles. \$1.50 to \$10.00—at most brush-goods counters. Illustrated: Roll-Wave, a unique "curved-to-the-head" brush . . . with comb, \$4.50



PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

FOOD CONFERENCE FOOD

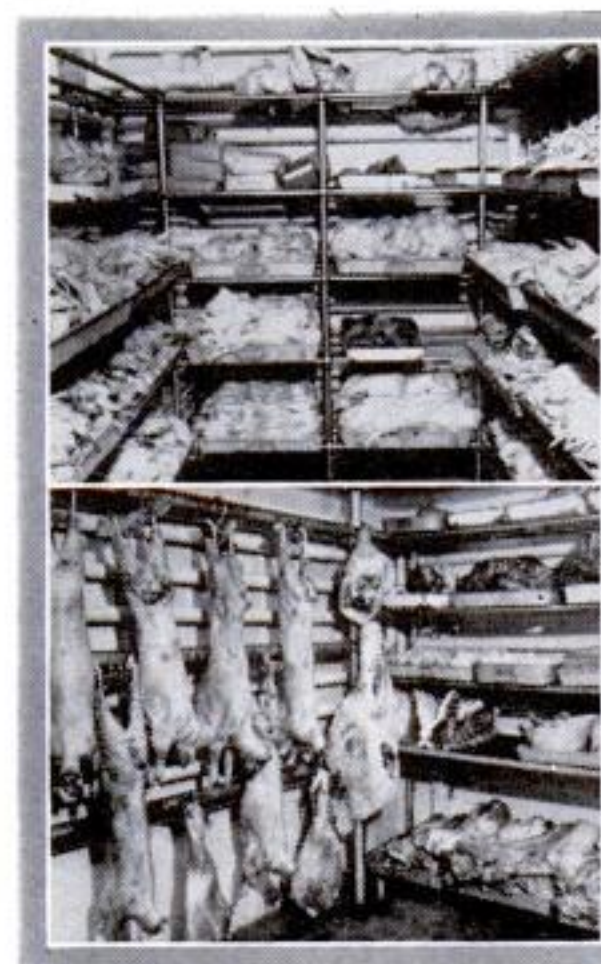
Sirs:

Many of the post-mortem discussions following the United Nations Food Conference at Hot Springs, Va. (LIFE, May 31) included rather unpleasant mention of LIFE. The story which went the rounds of Government officials, delegates to the conference and Washington correspondents was that the pictures showing the well-stocked refrigerators of The Homestead were two years old and thus did not represent the true condition of The Homestead larder at the time of the conference. I cannot believe that any of LIFE's accredited photographers would be guilty of any such gross misrepresentation, but as the story gained rather wide acceptance I am requesting the true facts.

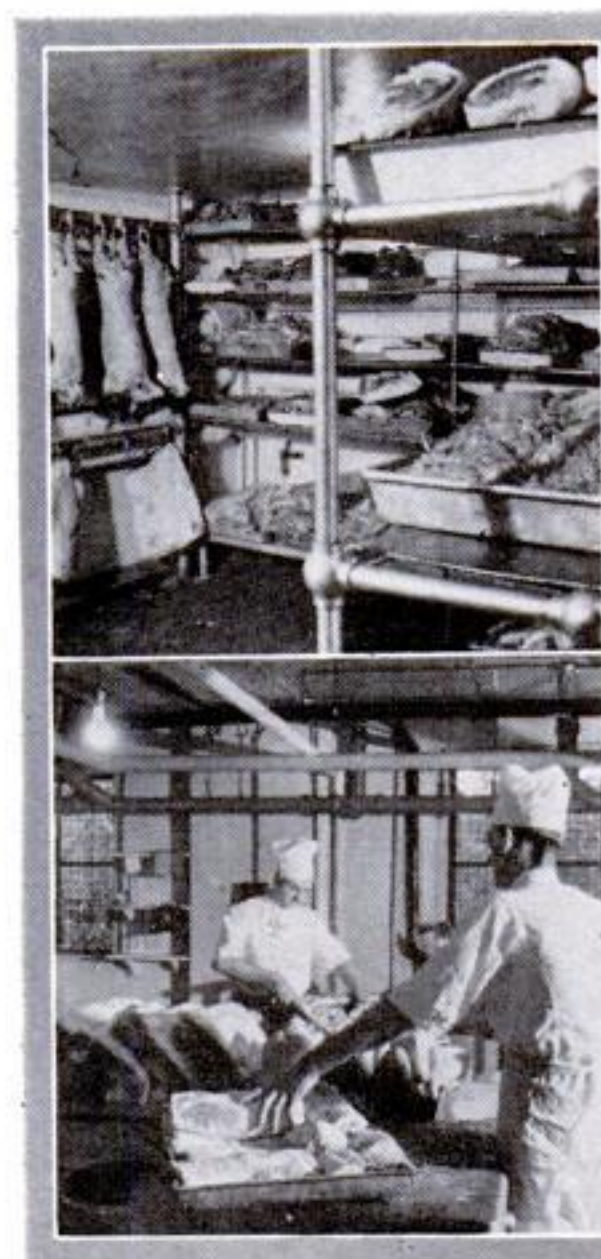
FELIX BELAIR JR.
Bureau Chief

Time Inc.
Washington, D. C.

● The actual facts concerning the larder at The Homestead are best presented by the two pairs of pictures below.—ED.



LIFE Photographer Ed Clark took these pictures (LIFE, May 31, p. 19) at The Homestead with the permission of the hotel management about 3 p. m. May 15, three days before the food conference convened.



LIFE Photographer John Phillips took these pictures at The Homestead in June 1941 for a feature story on that famous resort hotel. LIFE never published them.

FORT BENNING O. C. S.

Sirs:

Although not mentioned in LIFE's article, "Officer Candidate School" (LIFE, June 7), some of the most important people in the Infantry School are the tactical officers. They, not the instructors, rate the candidates. They, not the instructors, decide, with the concurrence of the faculty board, who will and who will not graduate. They, not the instructors, have to furnish the shoulder when a candidate "busts out" and feels like weeping. They, not the instructors, have to keep the "little black book" up to date.

LIEUT. CARTER P. MAGUIRE
West Point, N. Y.

● Most O. C. S. graduates will probably remember their tactical officers after they have forgotten their classroom instructors. "Tacs" live with the candidates in barracks, must be a rare combination of counselor, companion and disciplinarian.—ED.

Sirs:

This is the saddest picture that I have ever taken. Much has been said and written about the glamorous officer candidate graduate but, as yet, no one has mentioned those who have not made the grade and have therefore been



"WASHED OUT" O. C.

"washed out," like the fellow in the picture shown on his way back to the ranks. I know just how he feels, as I trudged that same drill field for the same reason four weeks later!

S. W. PHILLIPS

Fort Story, Va.

CAPTAIN BERTINE

Sirs:

I am brushing up on seamanship at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station and I notice in your story on the Coast Guard cutter *Spencer* (LIFE, June 7) that you call Commander Bertine a captain. I believe that is one of the quickest promotions that any fighting man ever had. I'll admit that the Commander deserves a promotion for his sinking of the German sub, but since you are not the man to see that he gets it I believe you should correct this error in your next issue.

F 3/C ROBERT E. MESTNEZ
Great Lakes, Ill.

● Upon further brushing up, Seaman Mestnez will learn that the officer commanding a naval vessel is always called "captain" no matter what his rank.—ED.

BOATING PARTY

Sirs:

Your article, "LIFE Goes Boating with Sailors and Their Girls" (LIFE, June 7), really annoyed me. My friends and I look upon similar scenes in the Boston Public Gardens with disgust.

HARRIET GLASHOW
Brookline, Mass.

Sirs:

It is a pity every girl can't find a sailor like Therri Heiselman in "LIFE Goes Boating with Sailors and Their Girls." He is terrific.

LILLIE SMITH
Midlothian, Texas

(continued on p. 4)

"YOU'RE RIGHT... 'WAY BACK
IN 1940 THEY HAD COMPANY CARS
RUNNING ON B.F. GOODRICH TIRES
MADE WITH SYNTHETIC RUBBER"



"Thousands of these tires were sold then. One of my suppliers bought 'em... and so did scores of other companies. Private car owners, too. It *proved* that synthetic was okay!" This grocer *knows*—for Standard Brands put B. F. Goodrich tires (in which more than half the rubber was synthetic) on company cars in several regions of the United States. Some of these tires ran for more than 30,000 miles. And that's good mileage for *any* tire. This was the greatest tire test ever made. It helped to get America's synthetic rubber program started.



Your War Bonds are helping to pay for the synthetic rubber used by our armed forces on battlefields around the world. Jeeps run on it, fighter planes land on it, and guns move on it. Synthetic rubber is used in self-sealing fuel tanks for planes, too. It's easy to see why everybody can't have synthetic rubber tires right now.



What the future has in store for new car buyers, we can't say. But tires seem likely to be made wholly or partly of synthetic. Wise buyers will look for the tire that has already been proved. And they'll get that kind of tire from B. F. Goodrich, the company with the greatest *experience* in synthetic rubber.



LISTEN TO JOSEPH C. HARSCH
in "THE *MEANING OF THE NEWS*"

OVER THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM
EVERY NIGHT, MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY

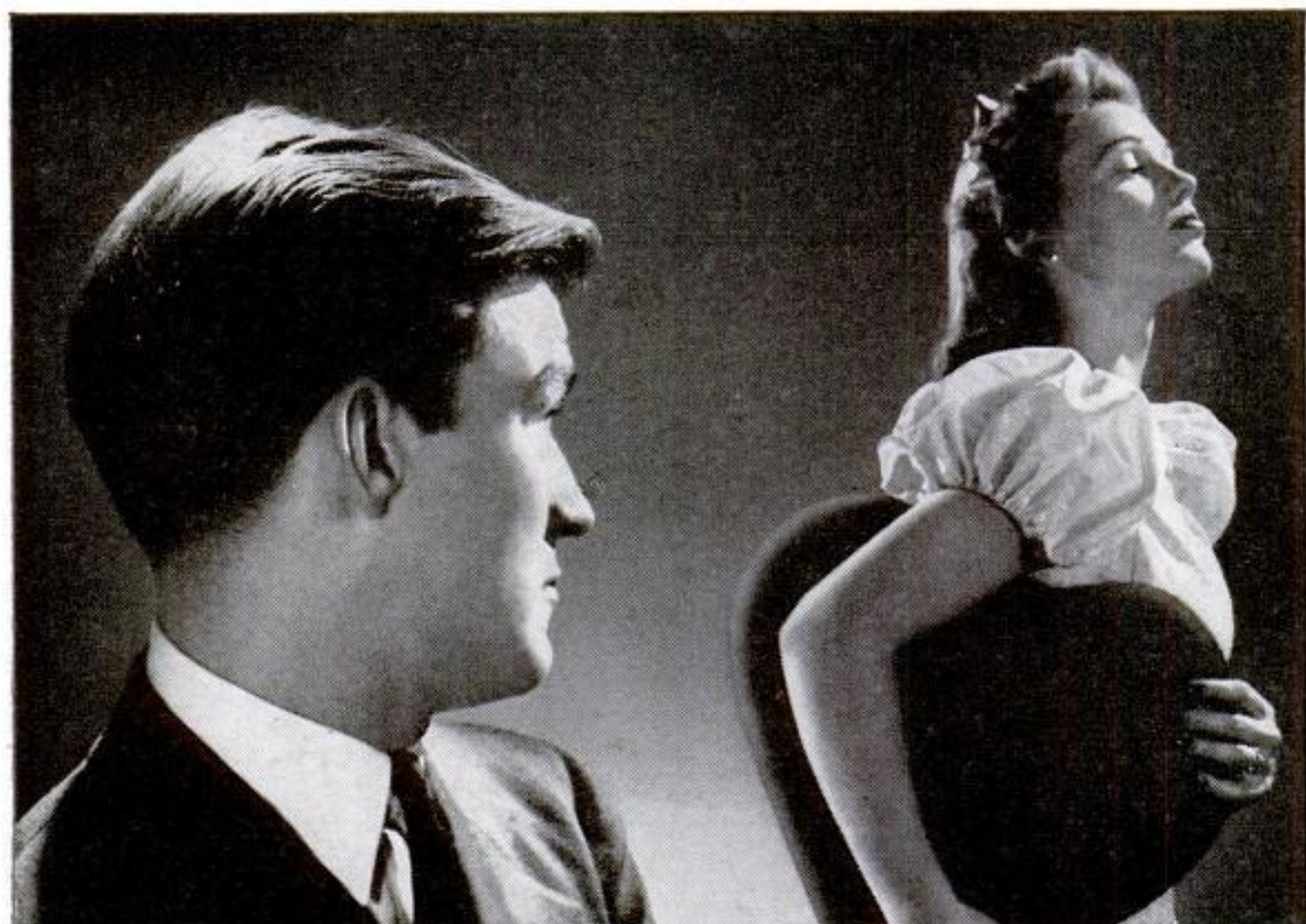
Inside information by a man who has lived
where the news is being made



In war or peace
B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER



LOSING YOUR "HEART"...THANKS TO DRY SCALP?



HERE'S A TIP: 5 DROPS A DAY CAN CHECK IT



...GIVE YOU HANDSOME-LOOKING HAIR



IT'S SO EASY: Each morning when you comb your hair simply shake a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on your comb, or rub it on your scalp. That's the ticket to well-groomed hair every minute of the day. What's more, it checks Dry Scalp and loose dandruff by supplementing the natural scalp oils! Then before every shampoo, massage your hair vigorously with plenty of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic—and rub a little on afterwards. Yes, for double care, both scalp and hair, use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic regularly. And remember... it's different because it contains absolutely no drying ingredients.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC 40¢ and 70¢

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

MRS. HANSON'S FLAG

Sirs:

The story in the June 7 issue, "Haile Selassie's Housekeeper," is certainly excellent. As you say, Mrs. Hanson did



MRS. HANSON AND HER FLAG

produce "the only U. S. flag in Addis Ababa for the British march-in."

Holding the American flag in the accompanying picture are Mrs. Hanson herself (left) and the Reverend Herbert Hanson, her husband (right) with members of the Hanson staff.

HIRAM BLAUVELT

Oradell, N. J.

CAPTAIN JOE FOSS

Sirs:

I have just finished reading your fine article about Marine Captain Joe Foss and his exploits in the South Pacific (LIFE, June 7). I think it should be brought out that the medal he received from the President was the Navy Medal of Honor and not the Congressional Medal of Honor as it is so often called. I am also curious to know why Captain Foss was presented the 1913 model of the Navy Medal instead of the present design which is in form of a cross over a plain wreath.

CAPT. ROBERT G. SPRINGER
Fort Dix, N. J.

● Correct name for Captain Foss's medal is still the Congressional Medal of Honor. A special version of the medal was issued in 1917 for combat bravery but was discontinued in 1919. The present medal was issued in 1861 and is awarded both for bravery in battle and special service to the nation of a non-combatant nature.—ED.

GRABLE'S LEGS

Sirs:

In reference to your article, "Betty Grable's Legs" (LIFE, June 7), you said, "Betty Grable has made the leg her private trademark."

I, for one, would like to know what gorgeous Marlene Dietrich has been



GRABLE DIETRICH

walking around on for so many years—broomsticks?

No, it is Grable who has the broomsticks. The perfect symmetry of Dietrich's gams can never be matched.

HENRY CHRISTIAN

Chicago, Ill.

● For those less positive than reader Christian, a side-by-side comparison in the two pictures above.—ED.

Sirs:

After measuring the legs of the female members of my family I discovered my husband was the only one with perfect Betty Grable legs—18-in. thigh, 12-in. calf and 7-in. ankle.

JOAN BIEL

Brookline, Mass.

Sirs:

You pictured Betty Grable's signature in cement beside the impression of her leg in front of Grauman's Chinese Theater. It seems to me that this is an example of how the ideas that play a leading role in a person's mind may appear unconsciously in his writing. In this case the idea of leg beauty appears in the capital "B" and "G" where the

Betty Grable

BETTY GRABLE'S SIGNATURE

P a

LEG SYMBOLISM IN LETTERS

Ludwig

YOUNG PRINCE'S SIGNATURE

Ludwig

SWAN APPEARS IN LATER YEARS

leg form seems to be projected upon the letter.

I enclose another of many examples. Ludwig II of Bavaria was a close friend of Wagner and the swan of Lohengrin became a dominant symbol in his life. His castle Neu-Schwanstein (New Rock of the Swan) was filled with a decoration and ornaments containing the swan. As he grew older the swan crept into his signature as I have shown in the accompanying sketch.

WERNER WOLFF

Annandale-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Sirs:

The pictures of the legs of Miss Grable were swell and there is no objection there. However, Miss Grable is open to a fine by wearing Army insignia.

Miss Grable has admirers in many women and she may well start a fad among them. The insignia would then be scarcer than ever for a mere G. I. to find.

CORP. R. N. CRON

Chanute Field, Ill.

● Army regulation 600-90 says: "The wearing of any decoration, medal, badge, or insignia prescribed or authorized by the War Department by any person for whom such decoration, medal, badge or insignia is not authorized or prescribed is prohibited. Any person who offends against this provision is subject to punishment by a fine not exceeding \$250.00 or by imprisonment not exceeding six months, or both."—ED.

KING'S UNIFORM

Sirs:

Is the uniform worn by Admiral Ernest J. King on page 27 of the June 7 issue of LIFE the new gray uniform recently adopted by the Navy?

JOE HARRIS

San Francisco, Calif.

● Admiral King is wearing the new summer work uniform. It is dark slate-gray with plastic buttons and black instead of gold braid on shoulder boards.—ED.

DeSoto at War

Making the tools of War . . maintaining the products of Peace

When the war came—De Soto plants and laboratories were found to be among the most modern and efficient in America. De Soto men and women were ready, eager and well qualified to take on, at urgent Government request, the toughest kind of war production jobs.

Now these plants and laboratories of De Soto, with their thousands of craftsmen, are fully proving their unusual qualities. Their wartime output appears now in all the battle zones on land, and in the air, as American aircraft, artillery and mechanized battle equipment take the field.

Here at home, De Soto qualities are further demonstrated as owners of De Soto cars now fully experience the endurance, economy and comfort which De Soto has given them, year after year. And this De Soto strength clearly shows itself again as De Soto dealers everywhere are able to supply unrestricted parts and service for all these vehicles.

DE SOTO DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

SHOWN HERE IS ONE OF THE FOUR HUGE DE SOTO ASSEMBLY LINES NOW PRODUCING FUSELAGE SECTIONS FOR MEDIUM BOMBERS.



DE SOTO WAR PRODUCTION includes the precision building of airplane wing sections—bomber fuselage nose and center sections—vital assemblies for Bofors anti-aircraft guns and General Sherman Tanks—and a wide variety of special manufacturing services to a large portion of American war industry.

WAR BONDS

They are Your, and Our, Personal Investment in Victory.

SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .

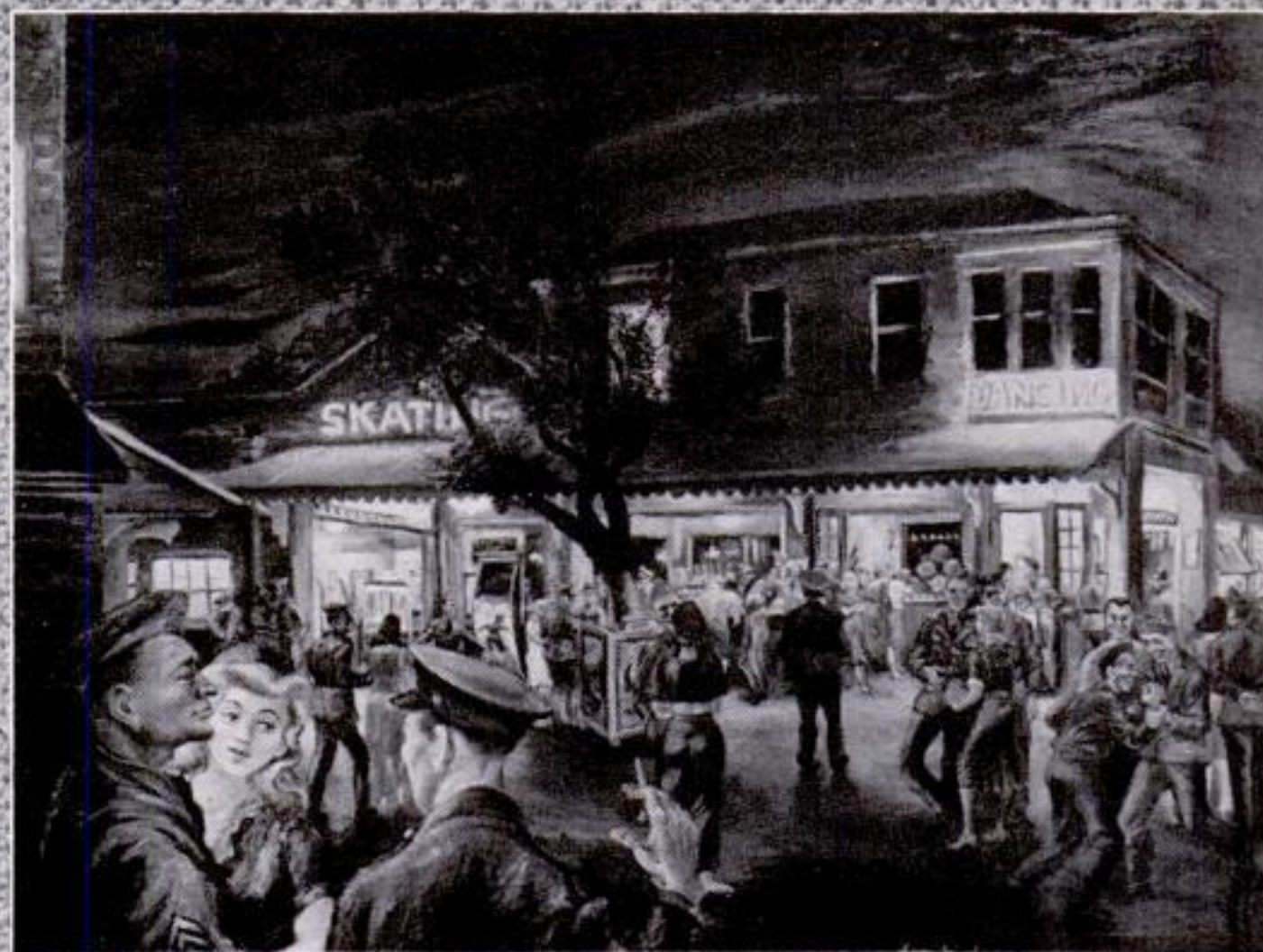
. . . THIS IS WAR ART
COMMISSIONED BY LIFE

The pictures here are samples of the hundreds which LIFE had painted as a means of reporting the war. LIFE readers have already seen them reproduced in color. Last Saturday an exhibition of the original paintings opened at the National Gallery of Art in Washington. There, until Aug. 1, Americans can now see first-hand how the U. S. has been preparing for and fighting the war for the last two years. On Aug. 11 the show opens at New York's Metropolitan Museum. From there it will go on a coast-to-coast tour of U. S. museums. These paintings, commissioned by LIFE and given to the Government, are the first full record on canvas of the U. S. at war.

With America preparing for war in 1941, LIFE felt it was logical that our artists play their part in reporting this great effort. When war came to the U. S., LIFE's Artist-War Correspondent Tom Lea was already out in the North Atlan-



"Mess Line" was painted by Barse Miller in California in 1941. It shows raw recruits taking time out from their first rifle practice. Each company is lined up for food before its own canteen truck.



"Idle Hour Park" by Aaron Bohrod shows famous recreation grounds for soldiers near Phenix City, Ala. Here recruits from Fort Benning, Ga. in 1941 went to relax.



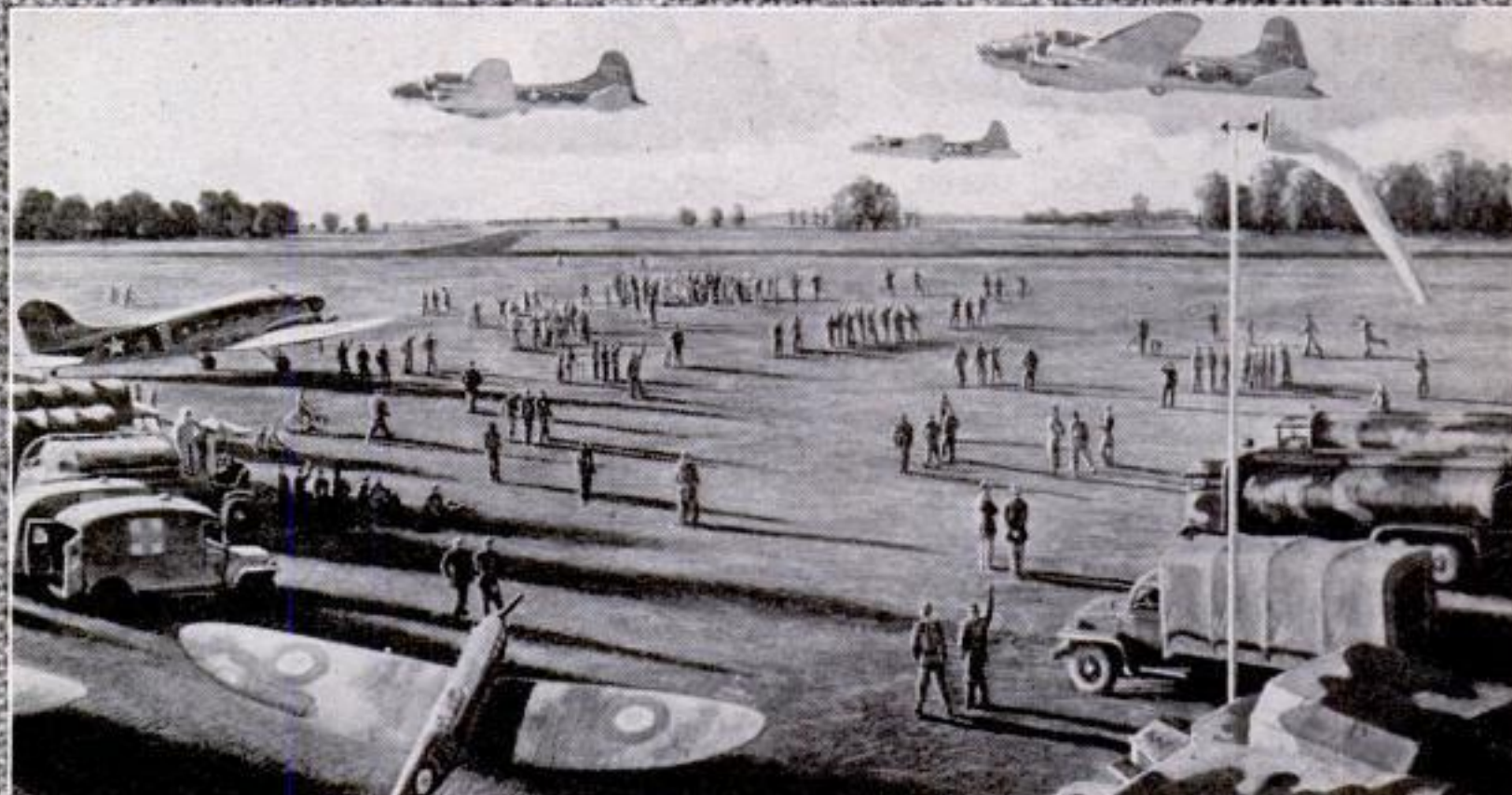
"Front Street, Hamilton, Bermuda" is Floyd Davis' wartime record of the famous resort. At left are Rear Admiral Jules James, Rear Admiral Arthur B. Cook and Commander "Bob" Hickey.



"Tossing the Cans," showing how a destroyer sinks submarines, was done by Tom Lea just before Pearl Harbor in 1941, while his ship was doing convoy duty in the Atlantic.



"PBM Hauled to Rest" is part of Paul Sample's series on naval aviation. Painted at Norfolk, it shows giant plane hauled out of the water onto a ramp after night patrol.



"Return from Rouen" is a painted chapter in Hurd's story of America's famous Eighth Air Force operating over enemy territory from England. It shows aviators returning from their first flight.

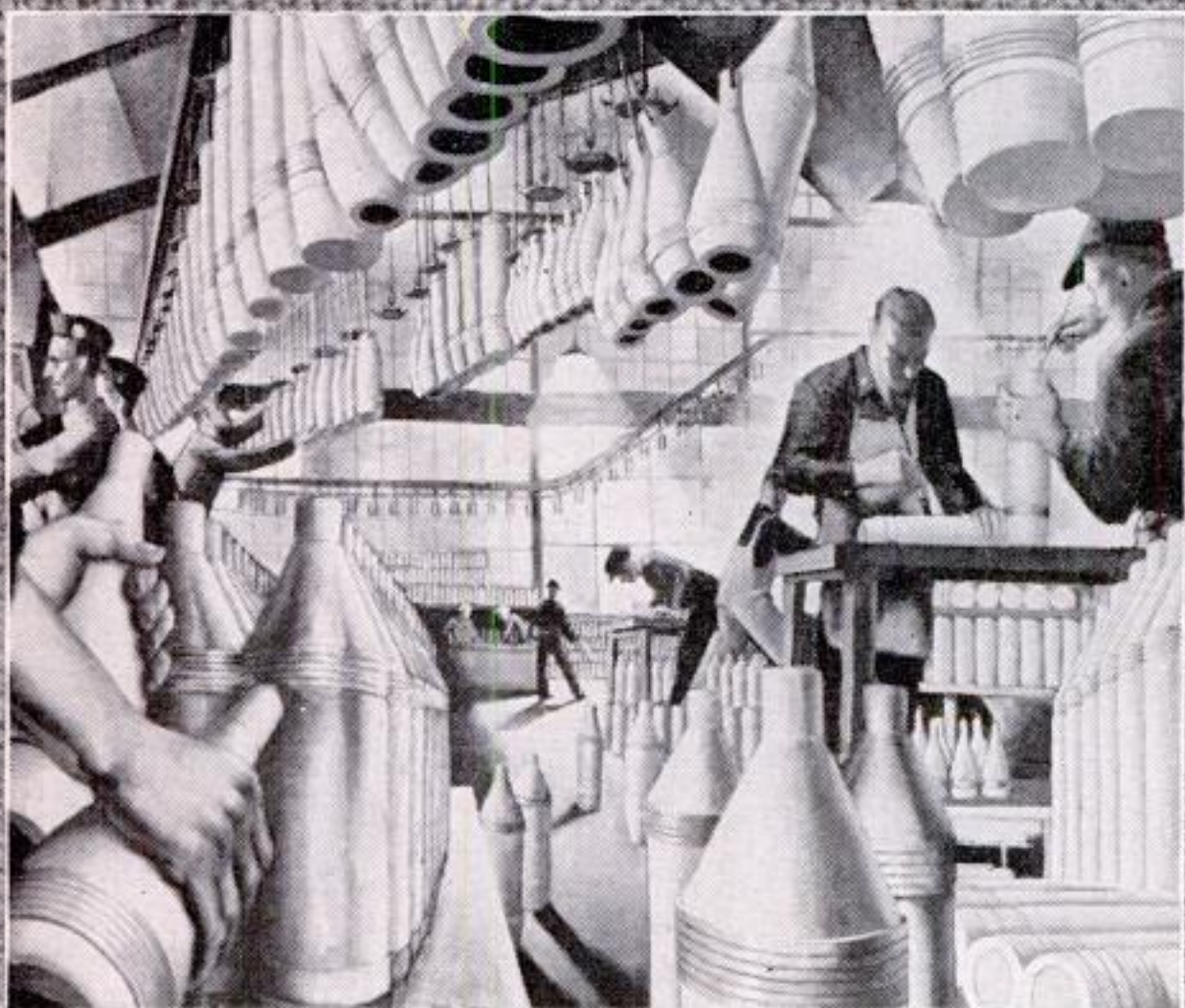
tic on a destroyer in a convoy carrying lend-lease war material to Great Britain.

After Pearl Harbor artists were sent out to every battlefield, with the result that LIFE now has more than 200 canvases, and a continuous coverage of the war from the very beginning. LIFE will continue this reporting so that this collection will be part of a great record not only for the present but for the future.

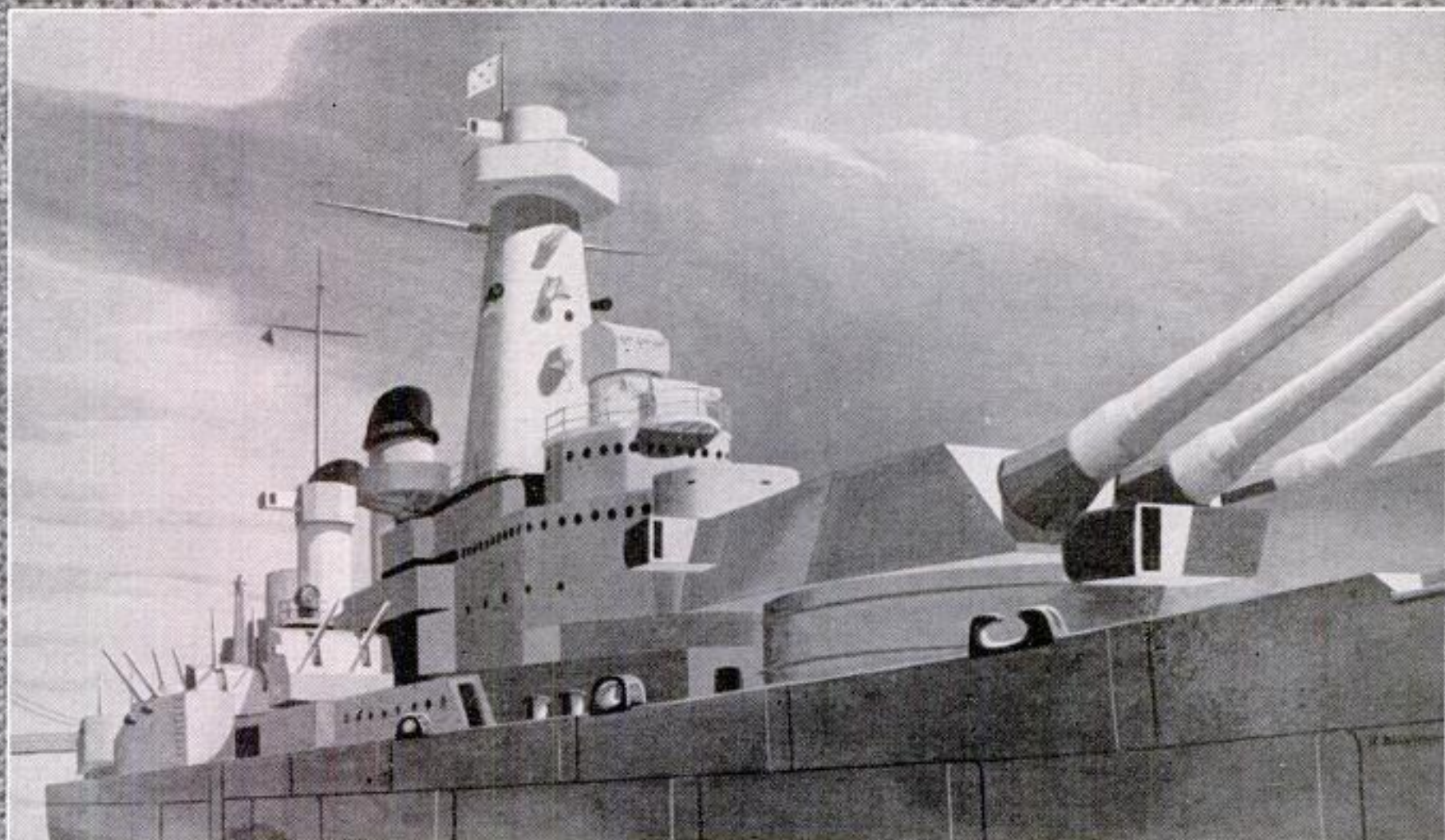
To make this record, LIFE chose America's best easel painters such as Peter Hurd, Fletcher Martin, Floyd Davis, Aaron Bohrod, Paul Sample, Tom Lea, Henry Billings and Barse Miller. These men have covered the areas of war in the Atlantic, the Pacific, the Solomons, Africa. In an early issue LIFE readers will see Peter Hurd's final series on the famous American Eighth Air Force Bomber Command in which he shows in action the men who are today bombing Germany from England. Soon thereafter will be published Tom Lea's record of

the last day of the aircraft carrier *Hornet* on which Lea lived for 66 days before it was sunk. Other LIFE artists are today getting ready for further expeditions.

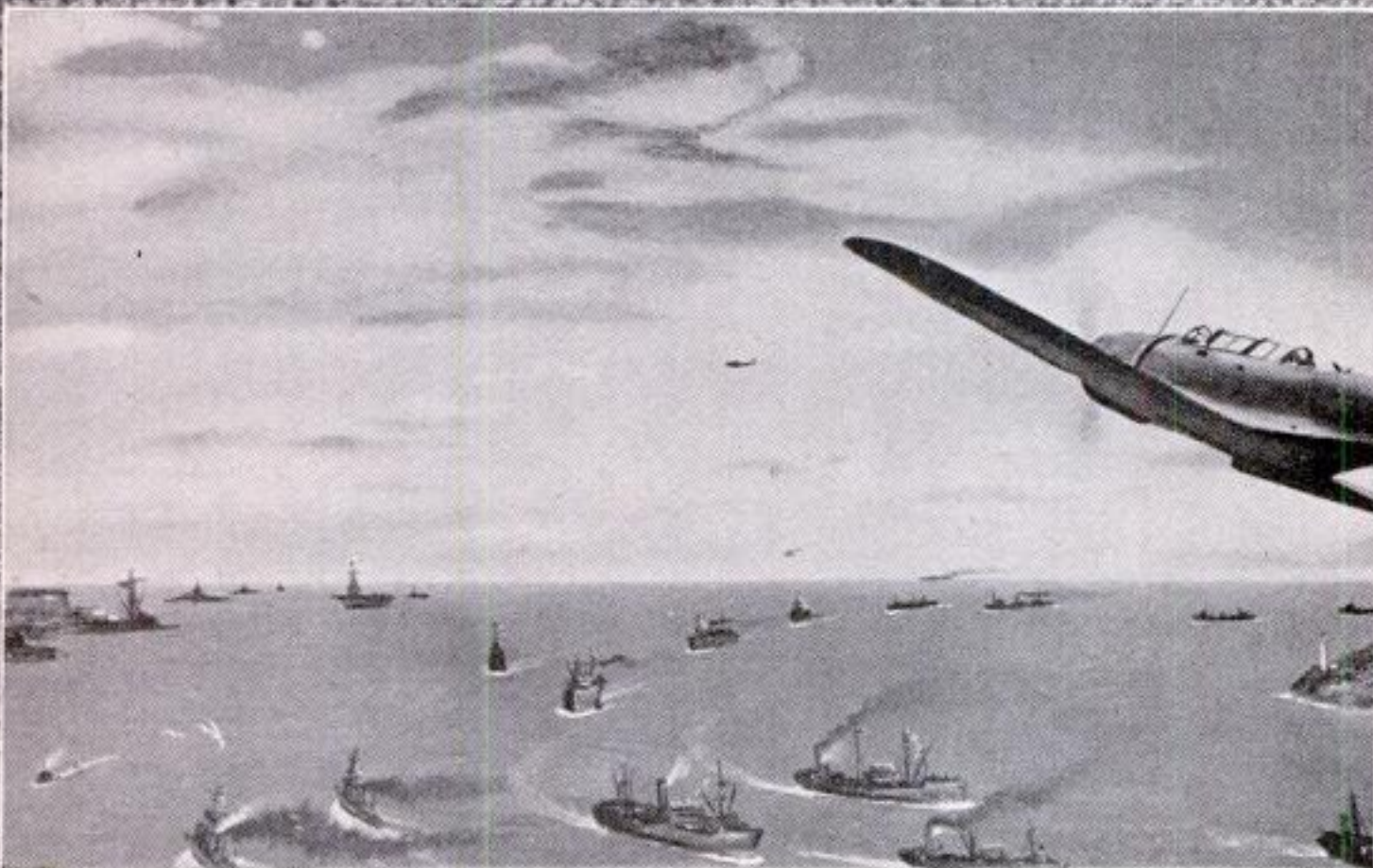
These pictures were made possible through the cooperation of the War and Navy Departments. Proof that the Army acknowledges the importance of these painted records is that it has recently set up a program just like LIFE's. Just as LIFE is sending artists out to the various theaters of war, the Army, too, is sending civilian artists out to the same fields of battle. Heading the committee to select artists for the War Department is Art Dealer Reeves Lewenthal who runs a private art gallery in New York. Paid for by Government money, the work of Lewenthal's men will also be owned by the Government. Thus, with the War Department's own newly established program and LIFE's art coverage, the U. S. public will, for the first time, have a painted record of the greatest war in all history.



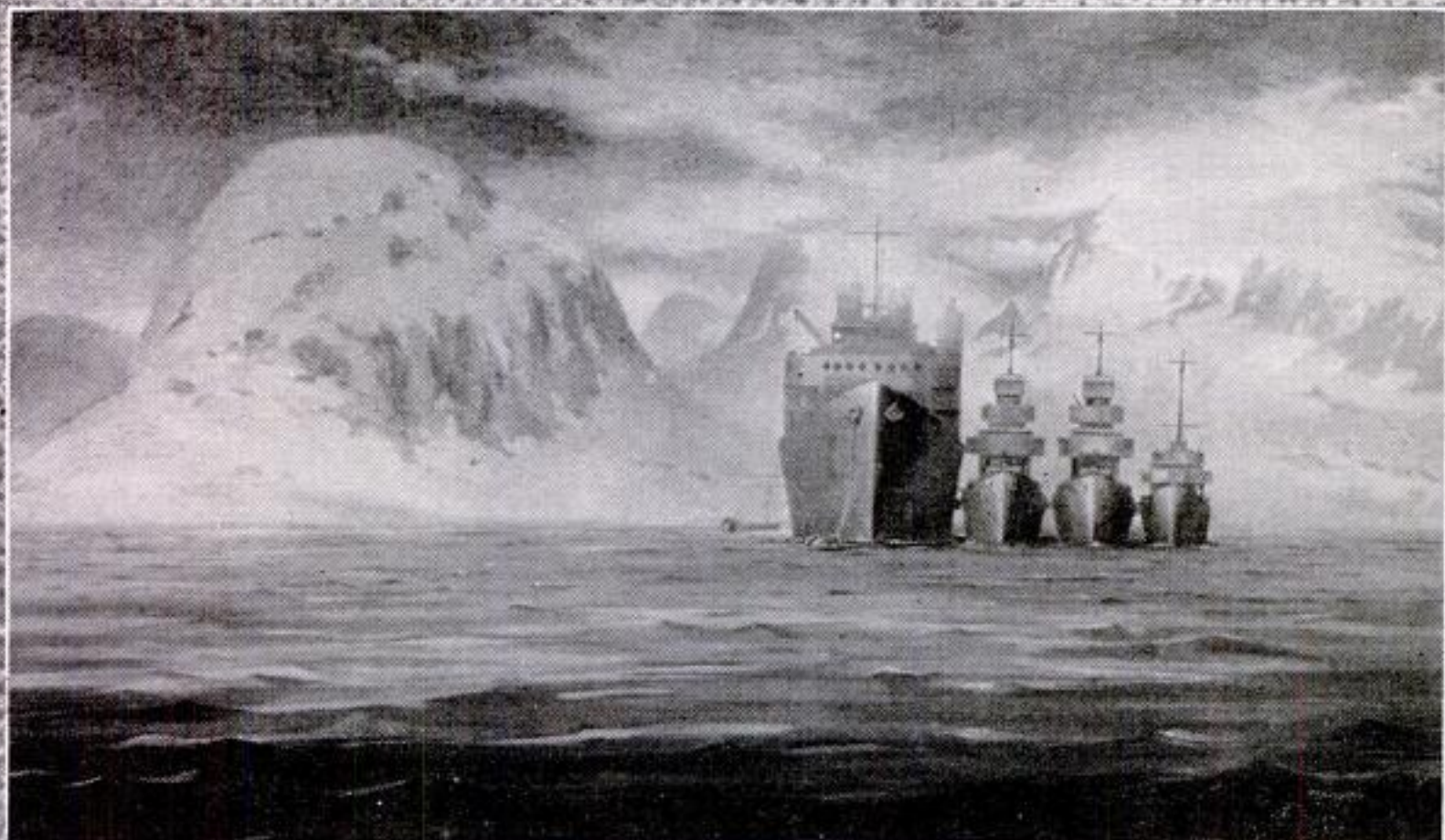
"Shell Factory" showing war work on the home front, was painted by Paul Sample at Detroit's Budd Wheel Works. Shells are painted bright orange.



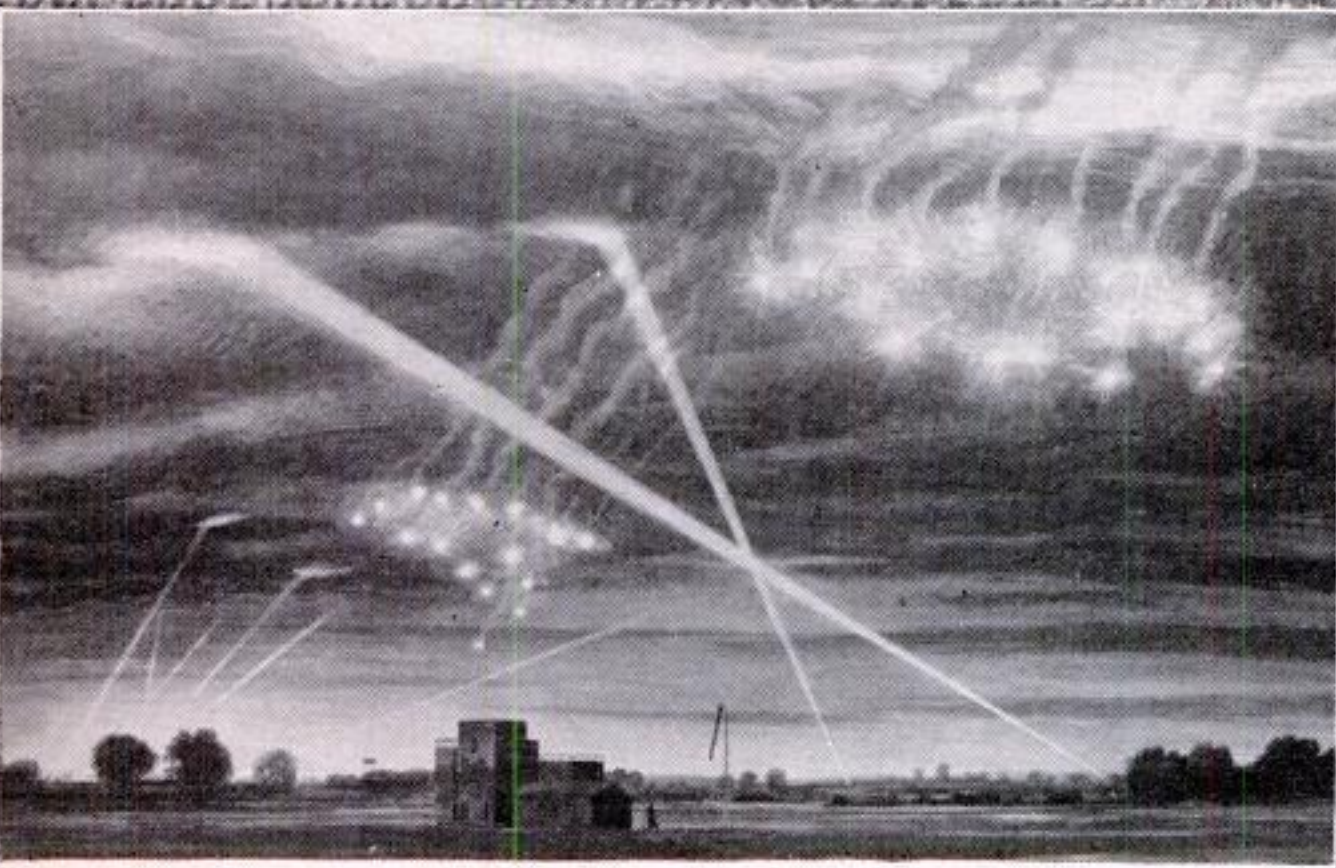
"U. S. S. North Carolina" was painted by Henry Billings just before this great warship was commissioned at Brooklyn Navy Yard in 1941. This portrait is an important record of new battleship with special equipment.



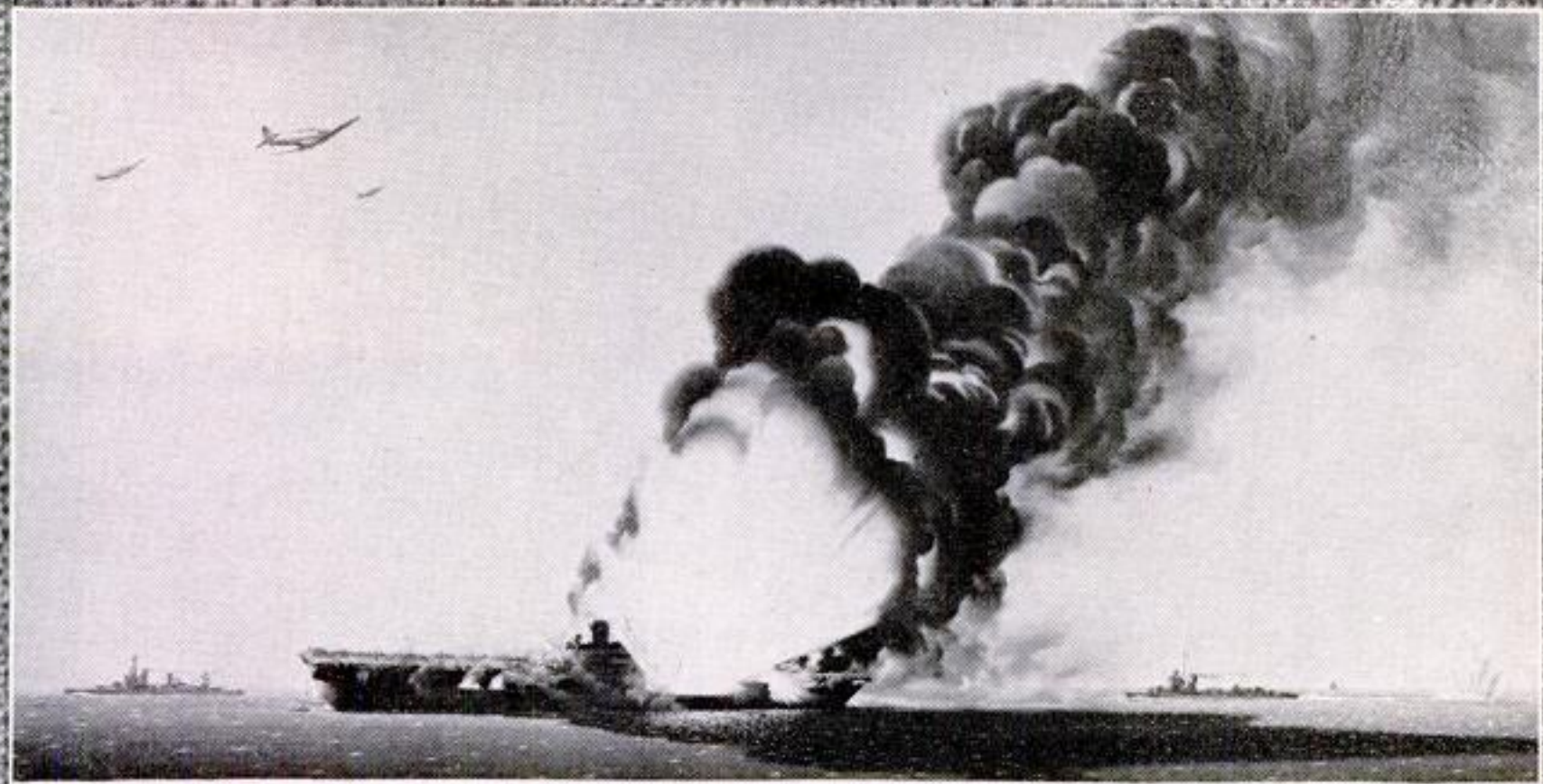
"Safe Convoy" through Grassy Bay, Bermuda, under heavy escort is part of Floyd Davis' series on this famous British island. Mr. Davis is now painting "England at War."



"Destroyer Base" is another of Lea's pictures painted in the North Atlantic just before Pearl Harbor. There Lea saw this great mother ship administering to the needs of three destroyers.



"Enemy Action" over an American bomber station in England shows Luftwaffe planes dropping chandelier flares in search of their target. Peter Hurd painted it.

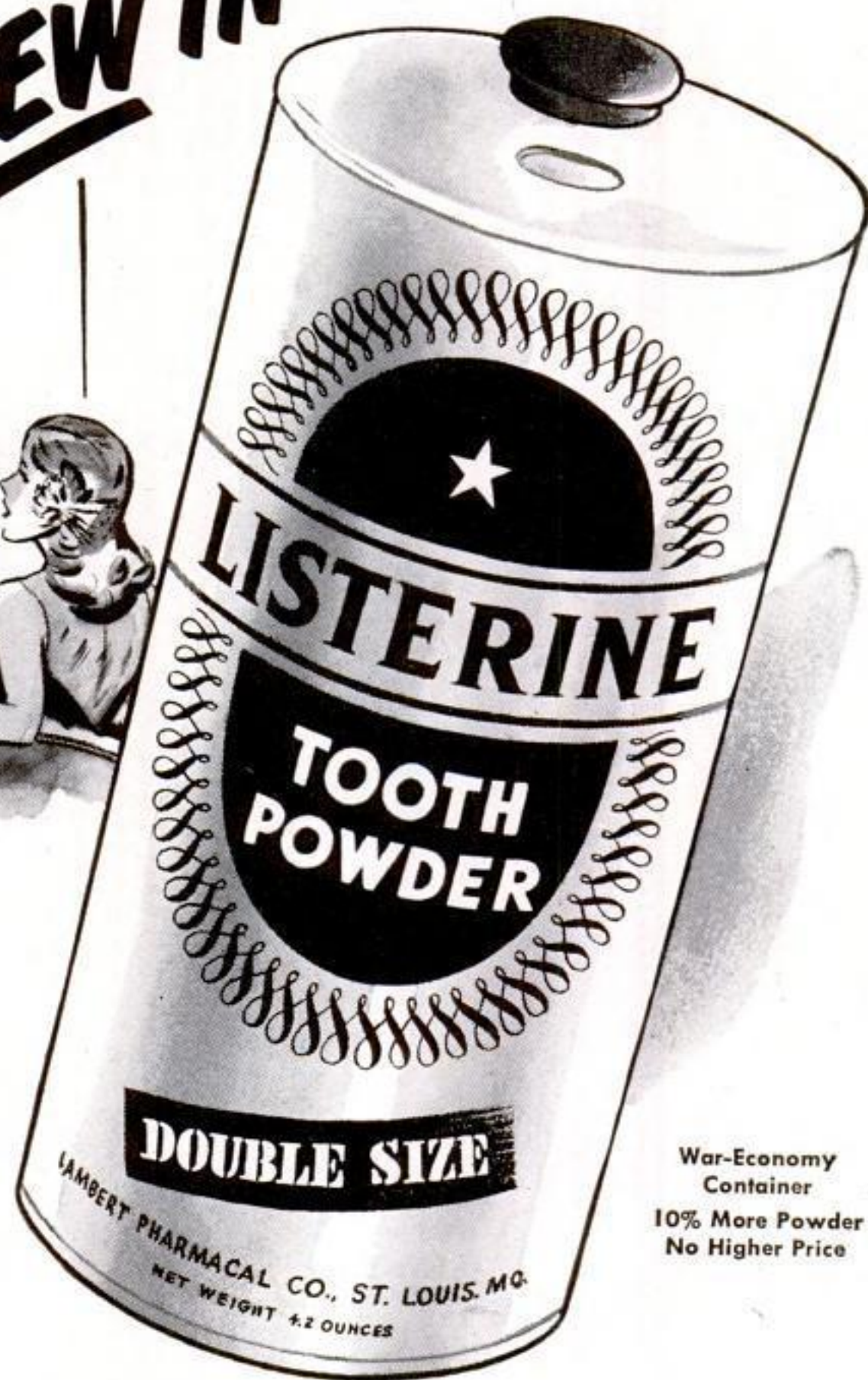


"Sinking of Wasp" in the Solomons was witnessed by Tom Lea ten months ago through telescope from aboard aircraft carrier *Hornet* which was also sunk by Jap torpedo planes four days after Lea left it.

WHAT'S HE SAY?



HE SAYS THERE'S
**SOMETHING REALLY
NEW IN DENTIFRICE**



War-Economy
Container
10% More Powder
No Higher Price

It's powder — without that "powdery" feel! Richer, fluffier, more full-bodied . . . a revolutionized **NEW QUICK-FOAM FORMULA!** Feels more like a paste when you brush with it, yet gives you powder's money-saving economy.

NEW "WHIRLPOOL" CLEANSING ACTION helps bring out the natural brilliance of enamel. Get the big red, white and blue war-economy container at any drug counter. There's a taste-thrill in that **NEW WINTA-MINT FLAVOR!**

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

(continued)

The men in uniform below are part of the crew of artist-war correspondents recruited by LIFE to paint the war. All are famous American artists with works in leading U. S. museums. Each of these men left his family and an important job to do what he considers the still more important job of sharing with the men of the Army and Navy the risks of war, that the stories of these great battles may be brought back to the people at home.

Before getting into uniform Fletcher Martin (*top, left*) was the head of the painting department at the Kansas City Art Institute. Paul Sample (*center, left*) got leave of absence from Dartmouth College where he has been Artist-in-Residence for five years. Tom Lea, Peter Hurd and Floyd Davis similarly left important unfinished painting projects to go abroad.



Fletcher Martin witnessed the last stages of the defeat of the Axis in North Africa.



Peter Hurd has just finished a painting of U. S. Bomber Command in England.



Paul Sample is now working on pictures showing U. S. submarine base in Hawaii.



Floyd Davis has just arrived in England where he is painting "England at War."



Tom Lea (*left*) poses in Solomons with Navy officer and LIFE Correspondent John Hersey (*right*) who, after this trip, wrote famous Guadalcanal story *Into the Valley*.

Ideal for wartime nutrition!

For breakfast, lunch, supper... these delicious, nutritious Kellogg Cereals hit the spot... make meal planning easier



WHOLE GRAIN NUTRITIVE VALUES! Every Kellogg Cereal is made from **WHOLE GRAIN** or is restored to **WHOLE GRAIN** nutritive values of thiamin (vitamin B₁), niacin and iron as recommended by the new U. S. Official Nutrition Program. They're good for you!



VALUABLE PROTEIN! The protein supplied (2.7 grams average) by a normal serving of a Kellogg Cereal and a normal amount of milk (4.0 grams protein) is a valuable contribution to daily protein requirements, helps make up for scarce protein foods and their vitamins.

CEREALS SAVE TIME-WORK-FUEL! They're all ready-to-eat! No cooking or preparing is required, no messy pans, skillets or stove to clean up—even the dishes are easier to wash. And you know how those things count these busy wartime days... at any mealtime!

SAVES SPACE—CUTS WASTE! Individual-size packages in handy "tray" carton give you a man-sized meal in a jiffy. No "half-eaten" packages... and you're assured of new-package freshness every time! Variety tempts youngsters to eat!

STRETCH MEAT—MAKE MILK GO FARTHER. In addition to serving cereals as "meatless meals," use them to extend meat in meat loaves, hamburgers, croquettes, patties, etc. Cereals help stretch precious milk, too... you need less than a glassful per serving.

6 different cereals
10 generous packages

- 3 Kellogg's Corn Flakes
- 2 Kellogg's Rice Krispies
- 2 Kellogg's Pep
- 1 Kellogg's Shredded Wheat
- 1 Kellogg's Krumbles
- 1 Kellogg's 40% Bran Flakes

KELLOGG'S VARIETY PACKAGE

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK



How FAR is an hour?

IS it 4 miles or 400? It depends on how you travel! When grandpa was a boy, he spent most of a Saturday getting to town and back with a horse and buggy.

But today he can step into an airliner and cross the country before the sun goes down.

To the thousands of people who travel by air, miles are merely minutes . . . oceans and continents, hours.

Today, the Airlines maintain the fastest passenger, mail and cargo schedules in the

world — serving hundreds of U. S. cities and scores of foreign countries.

For the Army and Navy, the Airlines also operate an armada of transport planes that reduce *surface days* to *air hours* in supplying every fighting front.

Yet the 180-mile-an-hour speed on which the Airlines base their present schedules will probably seem slow indeed, when the giant transports of the future lift their wings to global skies.

What that speed will be—how far it will take you in 60 minutes—can only be conjectured by this fact: Our aircraft builders are now making military planes that fly more than 400 miles an hour—*7 miles a minute!*

When you travel by Air *make reservations early; please cancel early if plans change.* When you use Air Express *speed delivery by dispatching shipments as soon as they're ready.* Air Transport Association, 1515 Massachusetts Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C.

IF YOU CAN'T GO OVER, COME ACROSS...BUY BONDS!

THE AIRLINES OF THE UNITED STATES

AIR TRANSPORT GETS THERE FIRST...PASSENGERS...MAIL...AIR EXPRESS

REPLY TO ZIONISM

WHY MANY AMERICANS OF JEWISH FAITH ARE OPPOSED TO THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A JEWISH STATE IN PALESTINE

by LESSING J. ROSENWALD

In LIFE's article of May 31 His Majesty, Ibn Saud, gave expression to the Arabs' viewpoint of the Jewish problem in Palestine.

Great numbers of Americans of Jewish faith do not consider the establishment of a National Jewish State in Palestine, or elsewhere, to be a part of a constructive or desirable solution of the post-war Jewish problems. In the United States this opinion is held by an organization known as the American Council for Judaism, Inc., while in England an organization maintaining a similar viewpoint is known as the Jewish Fellowship.

It is doubtful if the Palestine question will be settled on the basis of complicated historical claims to the land; practical considerations will undoubtedly play the leading role. Those of Jewish faith who oppose the creation of a National Jewish State hold that it embraces the very racist theories and nationalistic philosophies that have become so prevalent in recent years, that have caused untold suffering to the world, and particularly to the Jews. Those who hold this view contend that race and nationality long ago became obsolete as realities in Jewish history; that they remain now only as a reaction to discrimination and persecution. Exception is taken to those doctrines related to the efforts to establish a Jewish political state which stress the racialism, the nationalism, and the homelessness of the Jews as Jews.

The Jews of the world share common traditions and ethical concepts which find their derivations in the same religious source. Under normal conditions they share no universal craving for either Jewish statehood, or even for Palestine itself. Between the years 1920 and the rise of Hitlerism, 1933, the Jewish population increase in Palestine (immigration less emigration) was negligible. The truth of history is that for centuries Jews have considered themselves nationals of those countries in which they have lived. Whenever free to do so, they have assumed, and will again assume, full responsibilities of citizenship. Those countries in which the Jews have lived have been their homes; those lands their homelands. They have been successful in integrating their lives into their environments; they have maintained their distinctiveness only in the field of religion.

As a result of the bigotry, sadism and ambition for world conquest of the Axis powers, millions of Jews who had homes in and were nationals of other lands have been violently deported and made victims of indescribable barbarism. No other group has been so brutally attacked, and for one reason only—on the false claims that there are racial barriers or nationalistic impulses that separate Jews from other men. Likewise, millions of non-Jews have been torn from their homes, but for entirely different reasons.

Repatriation of this uprooted humanity to their own homelands, with the status and dignity of men endowed by God with inalienable rights, is one of the primary objectives being sought for the peace which will follow this war.

The problem of the Jew is part of the total human problem. It must be solved as such, and it must be solved in those places where it exists. In attempting to reach a solution of these problems it is likely that many people of all faiths may not be repatriated. Many, through necessity, or from their own choice, will seek to locate in other lands. It will be imperative to find adequate areas in the less densely populated portions of the globe where men can start life anew, under conditions where they can carve out their own destinies as

To complete the discussion of the Jewish problem in Palestine raised by King Ibn Saud in his interview with LIFE and answered for the Zionists by Dr. Stephen S. Wise, LIFE prints this article by a distinguished American of Jewish faith who expresses the non-Zionist viewpoint.

free men, with the assurance that their new homelands will provide for them "Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness." In fact, this has been contemplated in the Atlantic Charter and the Four Freedoms.

Unquestionably Palestine has contributed in a tangible way to the alleviation of the present catastrophe in Jewish life by providing refuge for some of Europe's Jews. It has been clearly demonstrated that practical colonizing can be done, schools and universities built, scientific agriculture intensified, and culture developed. These achievements have been wrought by the hard-working settlers, who have been aided in their endeavors by Jews all over the world, Zionists and non-Zionists alike. This development has occurred largely under the British Mandate, and has proven beneficial both to Jewish settlers and to the Arabs. Under proper auspices Palestine is capable of absorbing even more settlers, to the advantage of themselves and their Mohammedan neighbors.

In discussing the settlement of Jews in Palestine the term "Jewish Homeland" is frequently used. This phraseology has been a bone of contention since its inception. The official Zionist platform demands that a Jewish body "be vested with control of immigration into Palestine, and with the necessary authority for upbuilding the country, including the development of unoccupied and uncultivated lands, and that *Palestine be established as a Jewish Commonwealth* integrated in the structure of the new democratic world." A "homeland" does not necessarily carry with it the implication of independent statehood. Certainly there is no historical or organic relationship between Judaism as a world religion and national statehood. Palestine has been, and still is, a "homeland" for those who have settled there in the real sense that, comparatively, the settlers have been enjoying the security and the contentment that one properly associates with the word "home." The demands for a National Jewish State today exceed by far anything that was contemplated under the Balfour Declaration of 26 years ago. The success which has attended the efforts of the settlers under British Mandate does not necessarily indicate that such results would have been secured in the past, or are they likely to accrue in the future under a "Jewish Commonwealth." It must be recognized that the number of settlers that Palestine can accommodate is limited, and that this limitation will prevent Palestine *alone* from offering any adequate relief when the whole resettlement problem is considered.

For centuries Palestine has been a Holy Land to three great religions—Mohammedan, Christian and Jewish. Shrines sacred to each of them are located there. It appears obvious that any arrangement which sets up a National State under any one of the three religions is bound to create turmoil and strife between it and the other two. How is it possible to set up an autonomous religious state under the conditions that prevail? The setting up of a National Jewish State in Palestine may be extremely hazardous to the present Jewish popula-

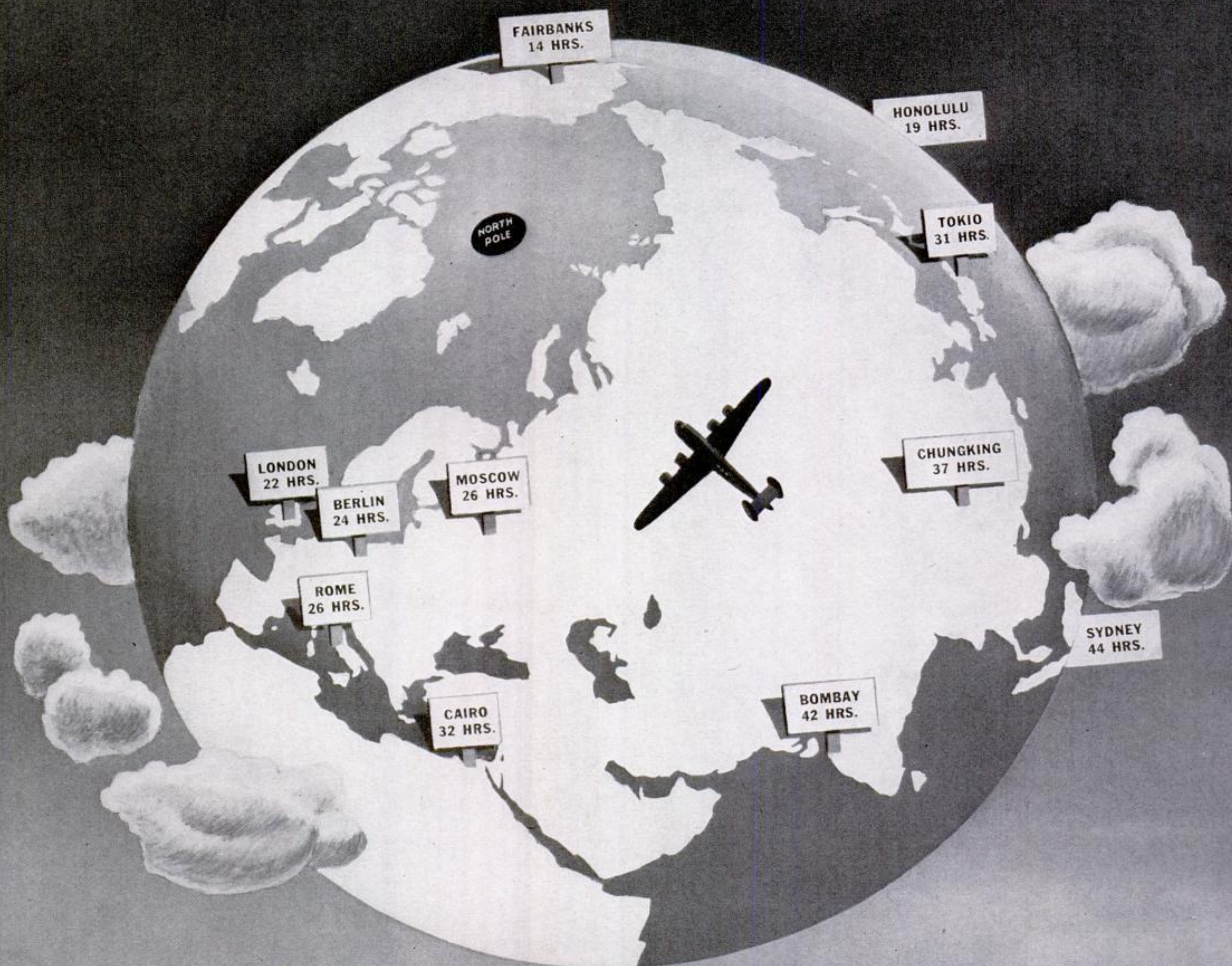
tion, might undo the splendid accomplishments of generations of Jewish settlers and probably would hinder proper Jewish settlement in the future, when it is most needed.

A National Jewish State carries with it, also, dangers to Jews now living outside of Palestine and particularly to those located in central European countries. Should such a State ever prevail, both Palestine and Jewish residents of these European countries would be between the upper and nether millstones. Migration pressures would militate against both. On the one hand, Palestine may be called upon to accept more Jews and at a faster rate than the land can possibly accommodate. Confusion and suffering would inevitably result, with the probability that such a Jewish State itself would be forced to stop or limit immigration. On the other hand, pressures may be placed upon these Central European Jews to force them, against their will, to migrate to Palestine. Being unable to do so, they would be left in a deplorable condition, without status, without assistance and without hope.

Many Americans of Jewish faith oppose the establishment of a National Jewish State upon still another consideration. Such a State would always be a small nation and could never hope to be a decisive force in the diplomacies of the world. It would forever be in one bloc or another. Jewish citizens of other nations of the world would forever be embarrassed either by its decisions or by its neutrality upon issues of world politics. Men of Jewish faith in some nation or group of nations of the world would be, of a necessity, either opposed to or called upon to defend secular, political action. The result must inevitably be that here in America, or for Jews elsewhere, the question of dual allegiances will be raised by men who, in critical times, lack discrimination and understanding. This would be particularly unfortunate in America, where the Jew has found a security greater than has ever been known in all the long history of Israel. The only sure way to avoid such a misunderstanding is to avoid the creation of a National Jewish State.

Palestine has made a great record. Palestine's achievement should not be wasted. Palestine should be *one* of the countries selected for resettlement. But a National Jewish State not only is not essential to such a purpose; it will be a detriment to such a service. In all probability, little if any difference of opinion exists regarding the desirability of considering Palestine as a place of settlement. It is very likely that it is the demand for a National Jewish State in Palestine that engenders the opposition of King Ibn Saud and many others.

It is hoped that Palestine can look forward to the ultimate establishment of a democratic, autonomous government wherein Jews, Moslems and Christians shall be justly represented; every man enjoying equal rights and sharing equal responsibilities; a democratic government in which Jews will be free Palestinians whose religion is Judaism, even as we in this country are Americans whose religion is Judaism. It is further hoped that such a program, embodying the spirit of the Atlantic Charter and the Four Freedoms, would be one to which Moslem and Christian would subscribe together with the Jew, and that Palestine might be another demonstration to the world that men of all faiths can live together in mutual respect for one another, and that such high regard of man for man is the cornerstone of lasting peace.



Approximate flying time shown is based on a speed of 200 m. p. h. from Kansas City, Mo.

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But when we were suddenly forced into a global war, we learned that many of our old ideas about geography were wrong. And we quickly learned *why* they were wrong . . .

We had made the mistake of looking at maps in terms of *rowboat* geography. We learned our mistake when the Axis took our own invention, the airplane, and taught us the grim fundamentals of *aviation* geography — first over Britain, then at Crete, and finally at Pearl Harbor.

Now we know that to win this global war and build a lasting peace, we must revise our geographical thinking.

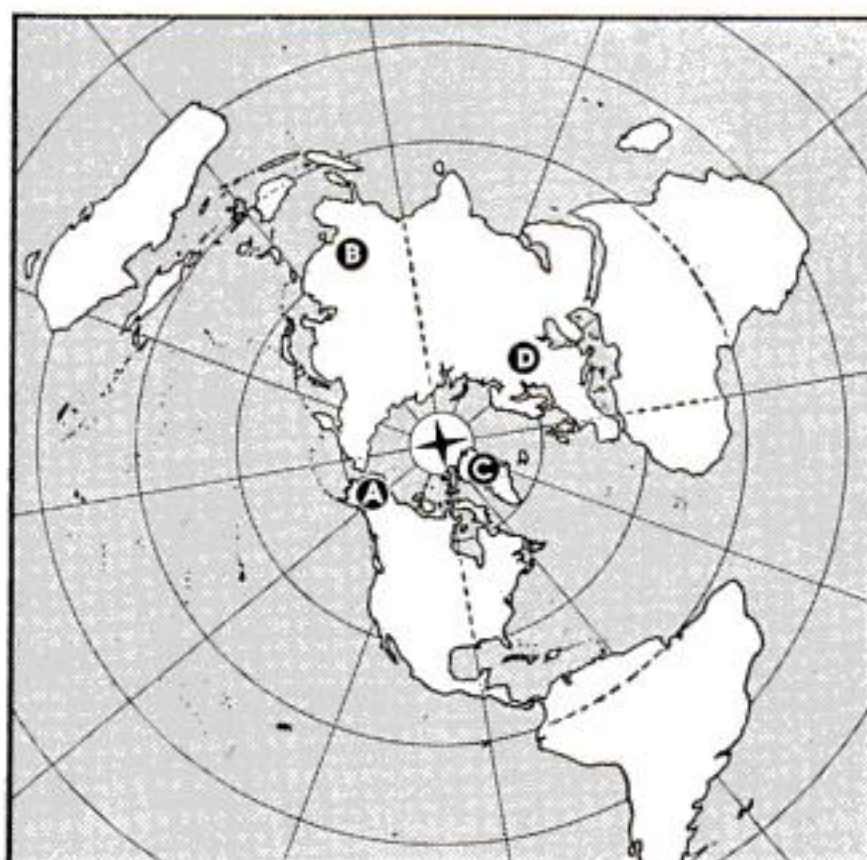
We are looking at our maps more intelligently, and we are drawing *new* maps which show us global geography more clearly.

These new maps have shadows on them, cast by wings. They show us the world as it really is, because of the plane — a clustering of Air-age nations which must forever more be close friends or close enemies.

To survive as a nation and to live in peace in such a world, we must completely understand the simple and important truths which our new maps so plainly tell us.

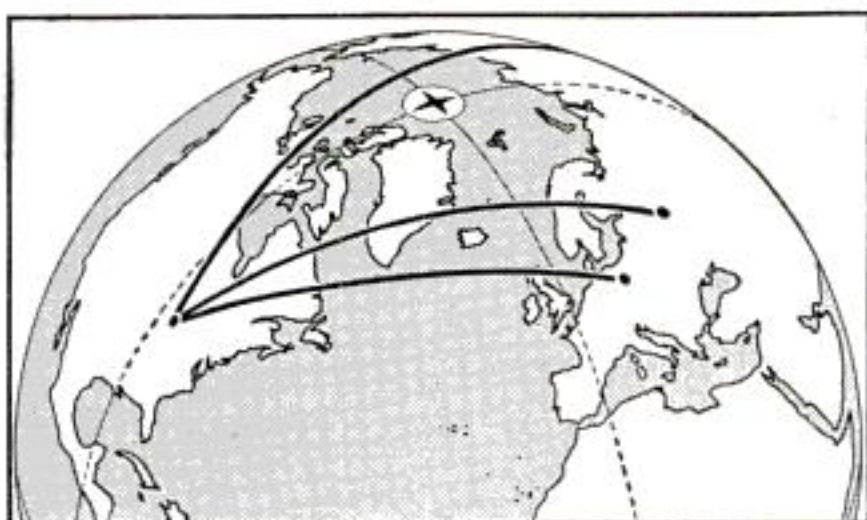
This means we must *restudy* geography, for a clear understanding of the new global community in which we live.

For only then can we fully understand why supremacy in the air is a "must" for America, both for winning the war and for securing the peace that will follow.



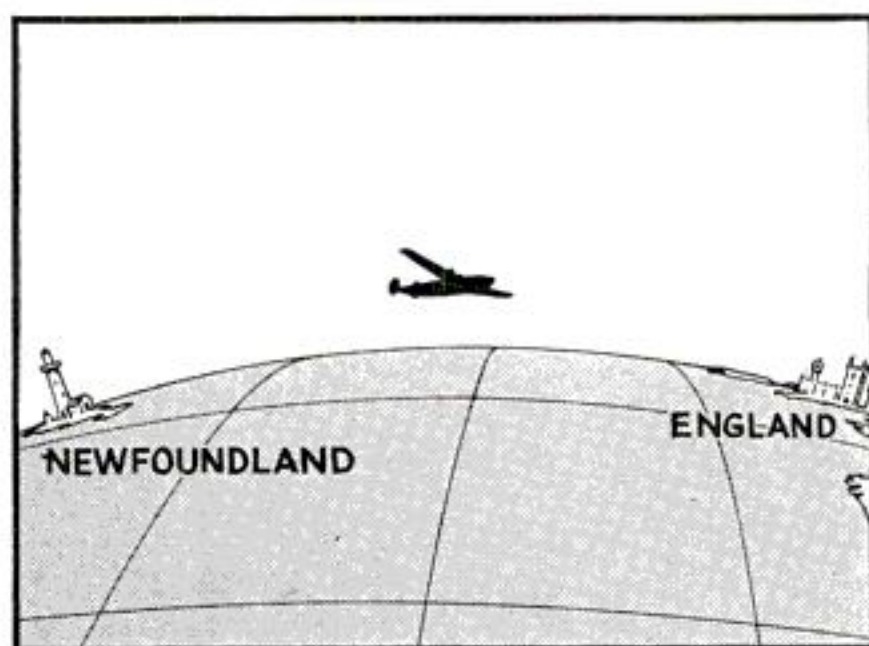
Polar azimuthal equidistant projection

On a global projection of the earth, we see the nations of the world in their true relationship. Alaska (A) is merely a near-by way station on the route to Chungking (B) — and Greenland (C) is an easy stopover on the flight to Moscow (D).



Orthographic projection

No longer can we think of Europe, Russia, or even China as remote bodies of land on "the other side" of the world.



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LIFE'S COVER: Sybil Myersburg, pretty wife of Marine Captain Robert Myersburg, gets monthly wedding-anniversary presents from her husband who flies over a wide area in the Far East. This sea-shell, fish-scale, grass-skirt outfit is one of his many presents. Others are a Chinese mandarin coat, jade teacups, tapa-cloth sarong, batik blouse and pearls. For other war souvenirs, see pages 65-66.

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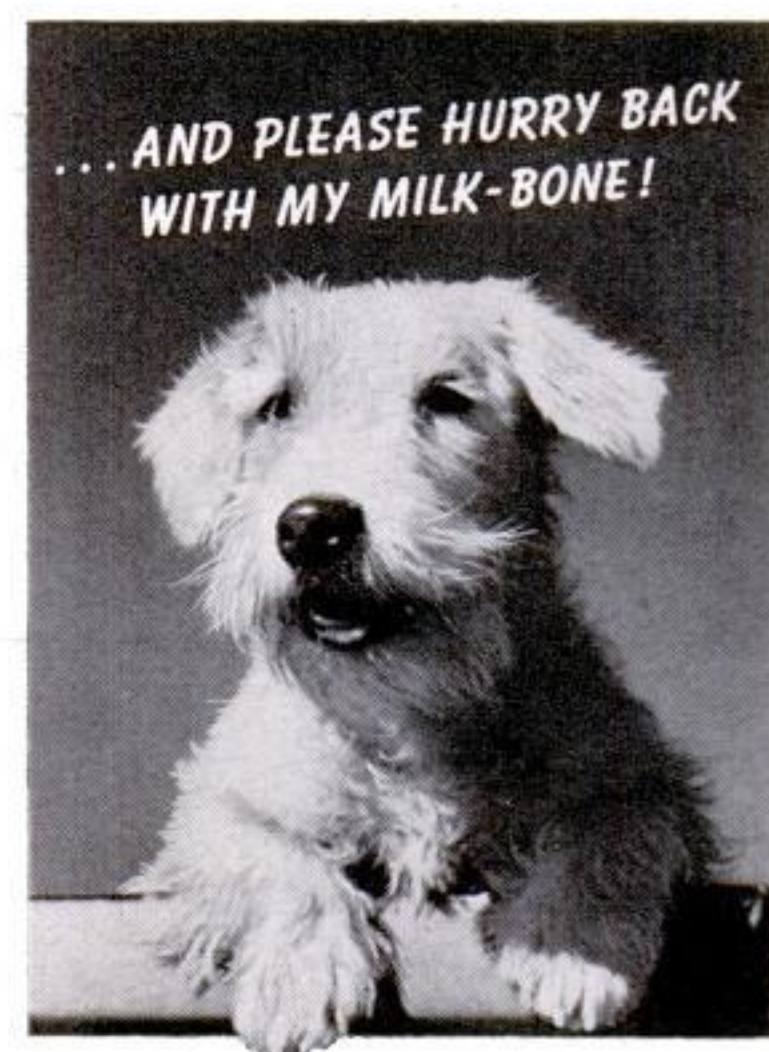
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—a hideout reached only by highway (chosen for a honeymoon, maybe)—and served by the finer, more luxurious Greyhound buses Private Jones can expect after the war's over.

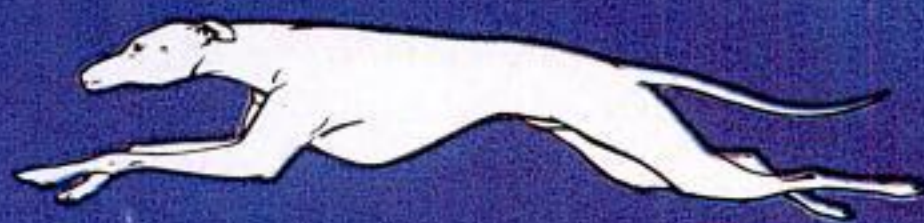
In addition to the many things you are already doing to speed his return to the people and the life he loves, here's one more: *You can help transportation do its immense war-time job at top efficiency.*

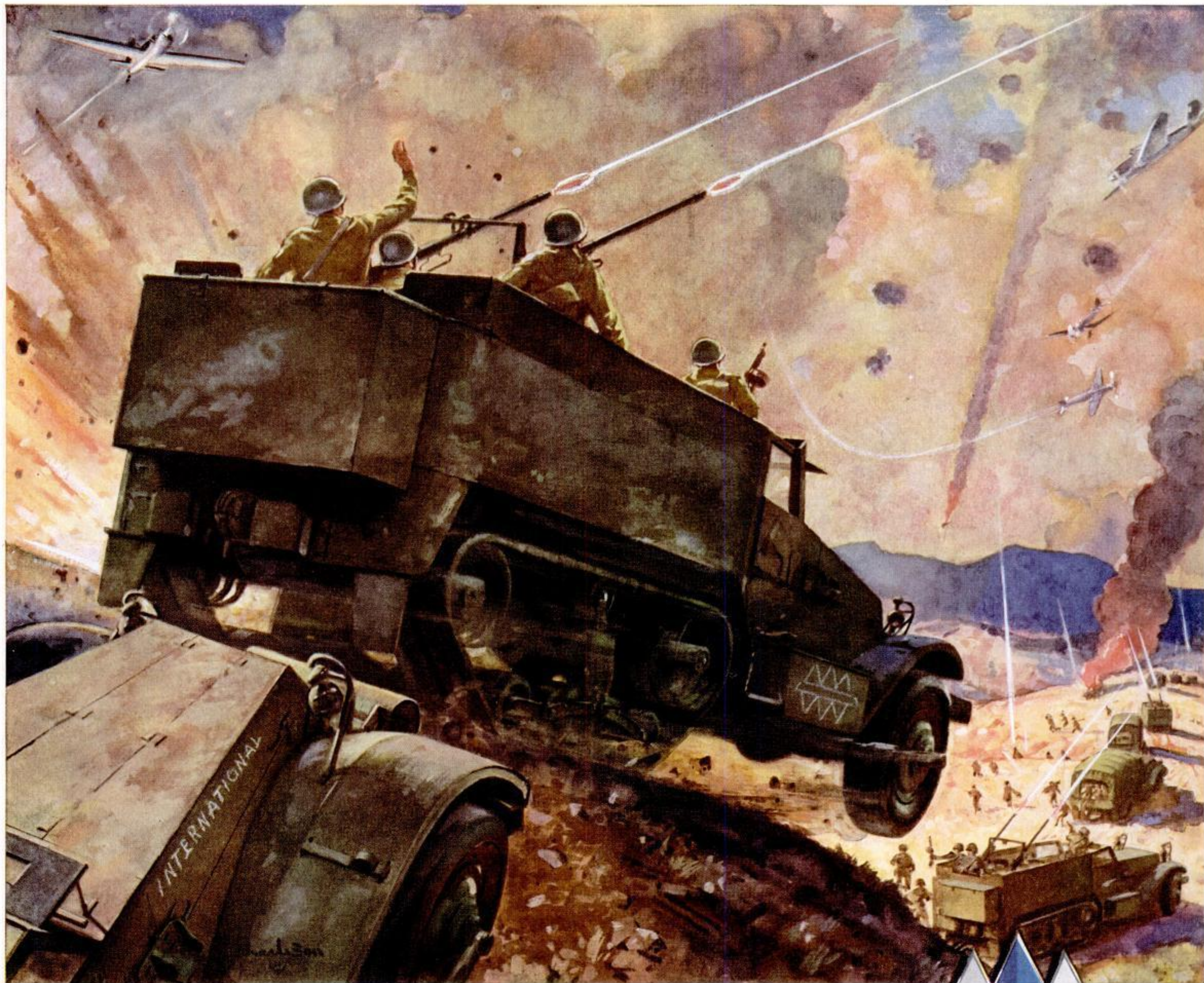
First, you can avoid unnecessary trips—*especially in the crowded mid-summer season.* If you're taking

a needed "civilian furlough", skip July and August if possible. Start and finish any trip on mid-week days (Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday). Take as little baggage as possible. Get trip information several days in advance. *And how about planning your vacation on a farm, at Harvest time? You'll be helping America feed its fighting men!*



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LIFE'S PICTURES

By far the tallest man in the crew of the plane that flew into Burma to rescue 17 sick and wounded from a British raider force (see pp. 19-27) was LIFE Photographer William Vandivert. Here he is flanked by the plane's two pilots, Michael Vlasto (left) and Frank Murray, under the nose of one of the good old reliable C-47's that carried the mail for Brigadier Wingate's extraordinary little army that fought far behind the Jap lines in Burma.

The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources credit is recorded picture by picture (left to right, top to bottom), and line by line (lines separated by dashes) unless otherwise specified.

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ABBREVIATIONS—BOT., BOTTOM; COL., COLUMN; EXC., EXCEPT; LT., LEFT; RT., RIGHT; INT., INTERNATIONAL; U. S. A. F., U. S. ARMY AIR FORCES

FAMOUS Powers Models

reveal secret for giving their hair

NATURAL SILKEN BEAUTY



WHY POWERS MODELS USE KREML SHAMPOO

John Robert Powers (a foremost authority of feminine beauty) advises his models to use only Kreml Shampoo to wash their hair. And here's what some of these gorgeous beauties say about it—

Ruth Stuart, noted for her beautiful lovely hair, says: "Kreml Shampoo gives my hair a natural sheen that lasts for days. It certainly makes my hair look and feel like a million."

Doris Anne Moore, another Powers enchantress, says: "Kreml Shampoo brings out the natural highlights in my hair. As it's necessary for me to re-arrange my hair style several times each day—my shampoo must not dry out the hair. It's always Kreml Shampoo for me!"

Shirley Pairier writes: "Kreml Shampoo makes my hair feel silky as a baby's. It brings out all the natural lustre and makes it gleam like a ray of sunshine."

Amazing "10-Minute Glamour Bath" Leaves Hair Silken-Soft Bright and Glossy For Days!

Powers Models—stunning, "eye-filling" girls in New York who set men's hearts to throbbing—are famous for their enchantingly lovely hair. And these girls are wise. They know there's nothing better than Kreml Shampoo to bring out the natural gleaming highlights and glossy lustre that lie concealed in *your* and *every* girl's hair.

Kreml Shampoo gives amazingly beautifying results! It thoroughly cleanses hair and scalp of dirt and loose dandruff. It never leaves any excess soapy film to dull your hair. In fact, Kreml Shampoo helps keep your hair looking its *ravishingly beautiful* best for days—easier to set, too.

Wonderful to Soften Dry, Brittle Ends

There are no harsh chemicals or caustics in Kreml Shampoo. Instead, it is a *gentle, mild* shampoo with a beneficial oil base which helps keep your hair from becoming dry. Wonderful to soften dry, brittle ends, making them easier to manage. Also unsurpassed for shampooing children's hair! Get a bottle of Kreml Shampoo today. All drug and department stores.

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 MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS KREML HAIR TONIC



NEW-STYLE WAR MEALS



Millions of war workers, men and women, are carrying lunches. Office workers, too, are adopting this practice—finding it “more restful, less expensive” than rushed meals in crowded eating places. Vacuum

bottle filled with Heinz Soup makes sandwich lunches more appetizing—changes a dry snack into a satisfying, hot meal. Because of its real chicken flavor Heinz Condensed Chicken Noodle Soup is a great favorite.



Simple, help-yourself suppers are taking the place of pre-war company dinners. Most popular are hefty meat-sparing casserole dishes of spaghetti, noodles or cornmeal served with a rich spicy sauce quickly prepared from Heinz Condensed Cream of Tomato Soup.



When it's mother's day at the Red Cross, family meals are prepared ahead of time. Sandwiches, fruit, cookies are left on the table. Heinz Condensed Cream of Green Pea Soup, easily heated by one of the youngsters, provides plenty of B vitamins, fine flavor . . . Children enjoy “squashing” the empty tin for salvage.

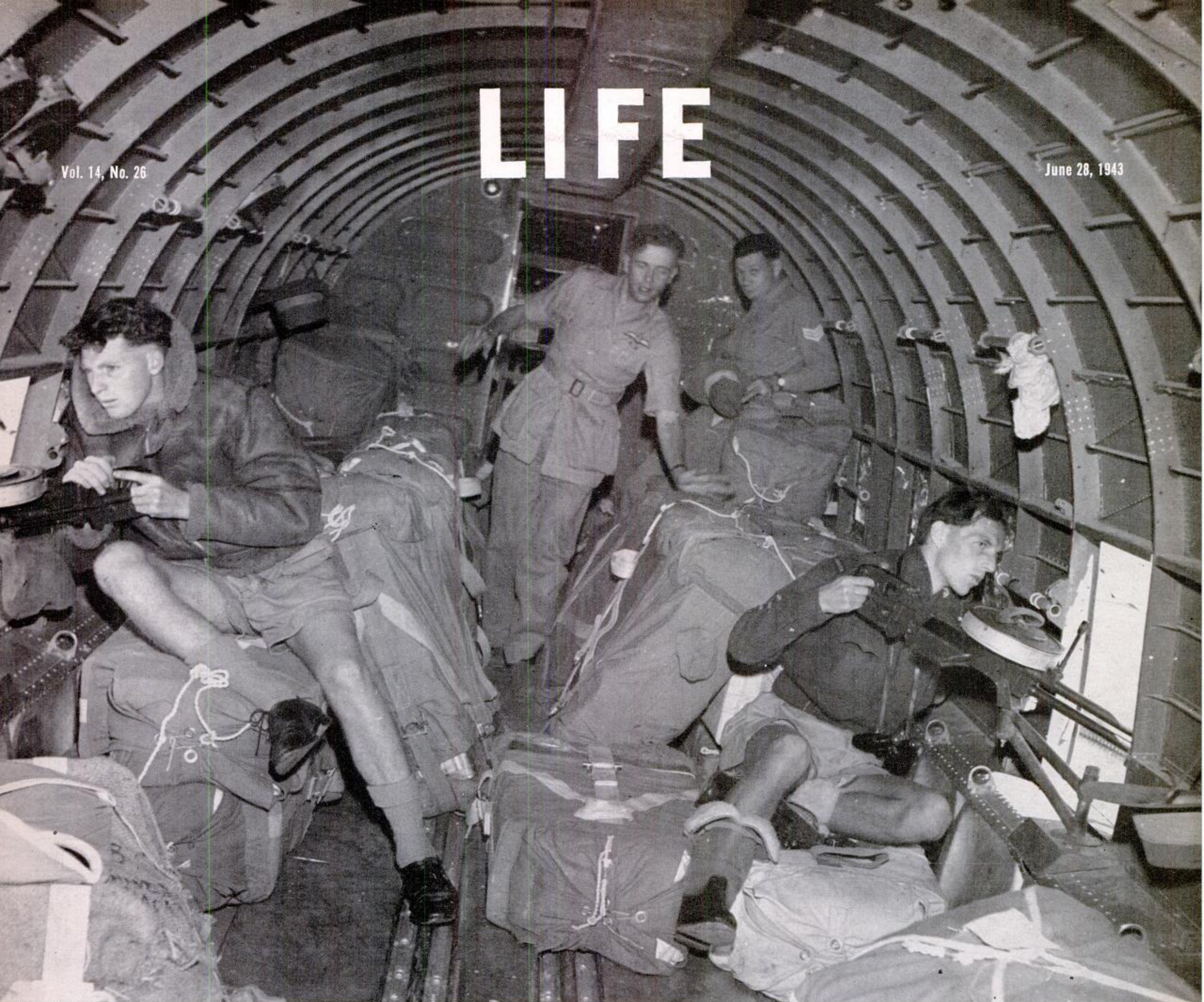


Twenty-minute wartime dinner features quick-to-fix Heinz Condensed Vegetable Soup. This rich, thick homelike soup made with corn, peas, tomatoes, potatoes, beans and other prize vegetables—is served instead of time-consuming fresh vegetables or high-point canned vegetables.

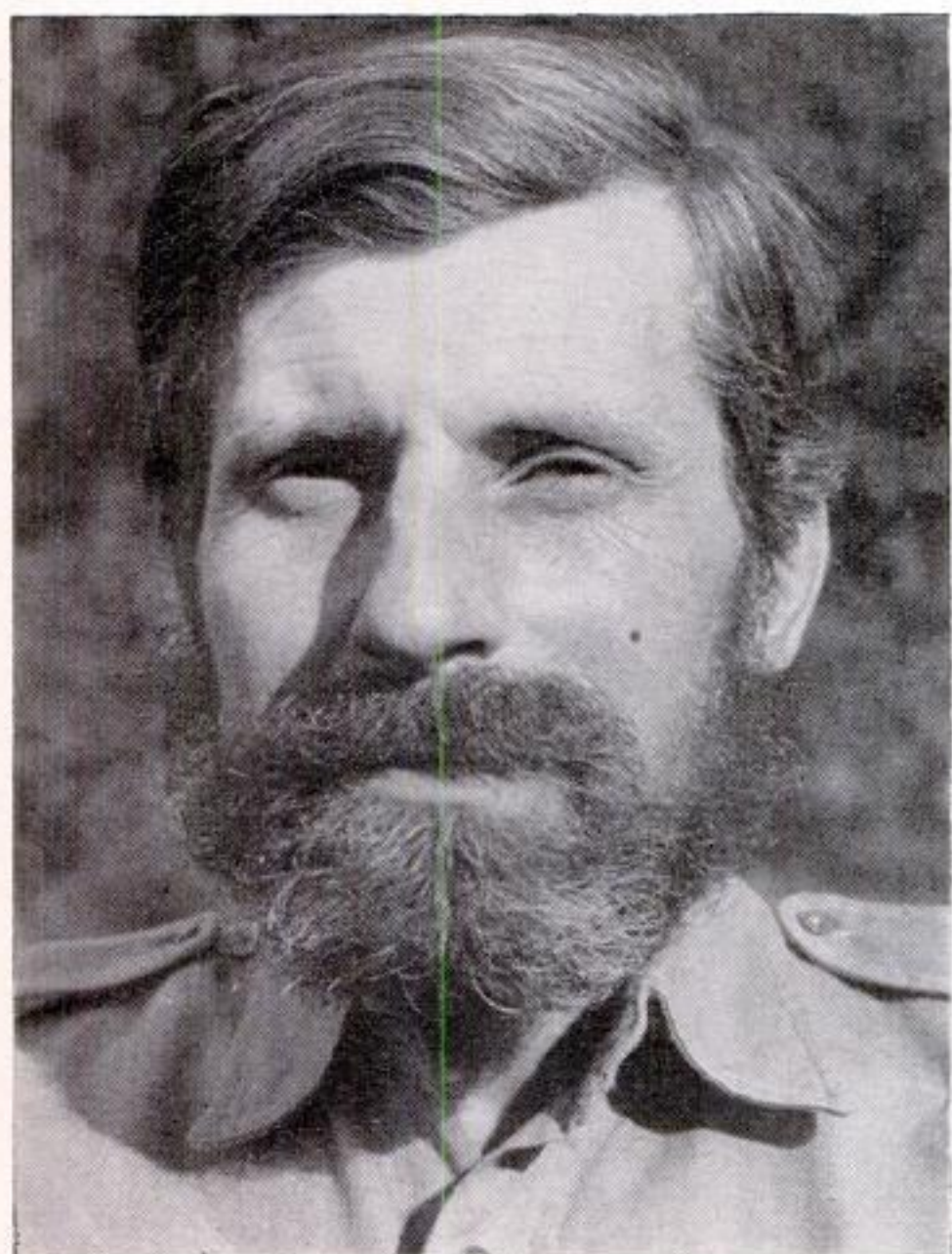
“A grand buy for your points and your pennies”—that's what American housewives are saying about new Heinz Condensed Soups. Women plan wartime menus around soups—treat them as basic parts of the meal. Six delicious Heinz Condensed Soups offer plenty of nourishment, save precious time and fuel, are always ready when you need them. All are made from finest ingredients with the same expert care and tempting old-fashioned seasonings you've always found in Heinz ready-to-serve soups.

57





OVER JAP TERRITORY IN BURMA FLIES AMERICAN-MADE C-47 TRANSPORT WITH SUPPLIES FOR "WINGATE'S MOB," ITS CREW MANNING MACHINE GUNS AGAINST JAP INTERCEPTORS



BRIGADIER O. C. WINGATE COMMANDS BURMA RAIDERS

BRITISH RAID BURMA

Photographs for LIFE by William Vandivert

Japanese Army headquarters in Burma had incredible news to chew on from February to May. "British force," ran the messages, "operating 200 miles inside our lines. Mandalay-Myitkyina railway cut by British force. Two bridges blown out by a British force." The trouble was that such news came from all over Burma. It moved faster than men could travel. And the Japs could not find anybody. A whole division was assigned to find this ghost army of the British.

It was "Wingate's Mob" or the "Chindits" the Japanese were looking for. Last year 39-year-old Brigadier Orde Charles Wingate (*left*), a big-headed Scot who reads Plato for fun, took a second-line Lancashire regiment, added some Gurkhas, Kachins, Shans and Burmese and led them into an Indian jungle for training. It was his theory that trained Englishmen could match the Japs at their own game of jungle infiltration fighting. Last February he took his force of several thousand men across the Chindwin

River into North Burma in eight separate columns.

This army, looking like a gang of hillbilly assassins, was in fact the last word in 20th Century techniques. Wingate commanded his columns with a radio mounted on a mule. He supplied them by planes (*above*) that flew in from Assam. Their job was to destroy the bridges and railways of North Burma, thus delaying a Jap offensive across the Chindwin River and relieving a surrounded Burmese force. They all understood that anyone who fell by the wayside would be left there. In May their job was done and they fought their way back again to India.

This unknown army is shown on these pages. LIFE Photographer William Vandivert flew in with a supply plane that made a hazardous landing 170 miles inside Burma and brought out 17 sick and wounded men of "Wingate's Mob." The pictures make clear a point that the Germans and Japs will never again forget: ordinary Englishmen are very hard characters.

SUPPLY LINE GOES BY AIR TO BRITISH BURMA RAIDERS

The supply line of Wingate's mysterious British raiders into Burma was entirely across enemy territory. Naturally it was by air transport, using big Douglas C-47's, escorted whenever possible by Curtiss Mohawk fighters. Since Wingate outfoxed the Japanese pursuit

by cutting back directly toward the Jap concentrations, his men were often within a few miles of Japanese fighter bases. The transports dropped their loads from low levels so as not to give away the position of the land forces. The planes brought in boats, outboard motors,



Signal fires bring supply plane to the patch of gray-green jungle in Burmese mountains east of Irrawaddy River, where one of the small British columns fighting their way back to India

is camped. Parachutes belly out behind, suspending crates that plane's crew shoved out. This time the transport plane had the protection of four Mohawk fighters against Jap interceptors.

mortars, radios, bully beef, mutton, beans, rifles, tommy guns, ammunition, grenades, gelignite, haversacks, medicine, safety pins, antimosquito cream, shoelaces, dobbins of rum, magazines and mail. Beyond that, the men were expected to live off the land but the Japs had

stripped the Burmese villages of food. Wingate's troops had started with a thousand mules, picked up some bullocks and one Japanese elephant. When supplies failed, they ate mules, bullocks and elephant, boiled python meat, banana leaves, bamboo shoots and boiled

grass soup. Major Ferguson's force was notified by the Japs, "Your army has been destroyed, surrender." Ferguson's men marched jauntily through the next village in column of threes, with rifles slung, and calmly crossed the Irrawaddy River before the Japs came up.



Two days' rations include (from left) digestive biscuits, dates, cheese, sugar, salt, chocolate, matches, tea, powdered milk and cigarettes. The can holds ten days' rations, packed handy for parachute drop.



Rubber dinghies are packed at supply base in Assam for transport to raiders in Burma. Wicker crates get straw padding (background) against breakage, are wrapped in burlap.



Out the door go the parachute loads. Two men push. A third (left), who has tied himself in, lies and kicks the load out. Static lines trip parachutes open. One crew member almost fell out, too, this trip.



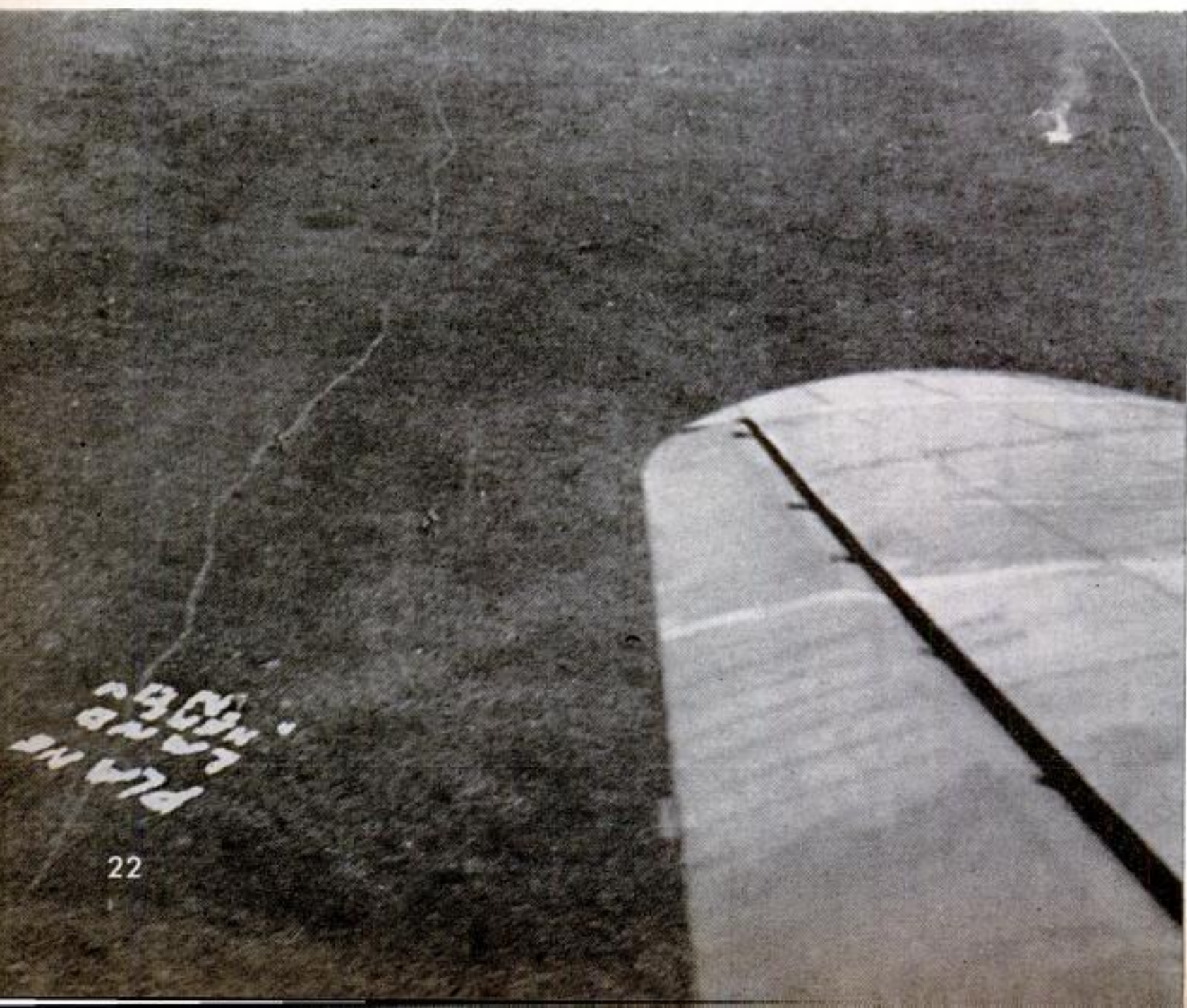
Loads are dropped near edge of woods, so that men on ground can quickly get them out of sight of Jap reconnaissance planes. Jap airfield was four minutes' flight away here.



Big surprise came on supply trip on a Sunday in May when the men on the ground picked up the fallen parachutes (*above*) and began spelling out a message (*below*). LIFE Photographer Vandivert was in the plane taking pictures. Troops here had begun to pass out from hunger.



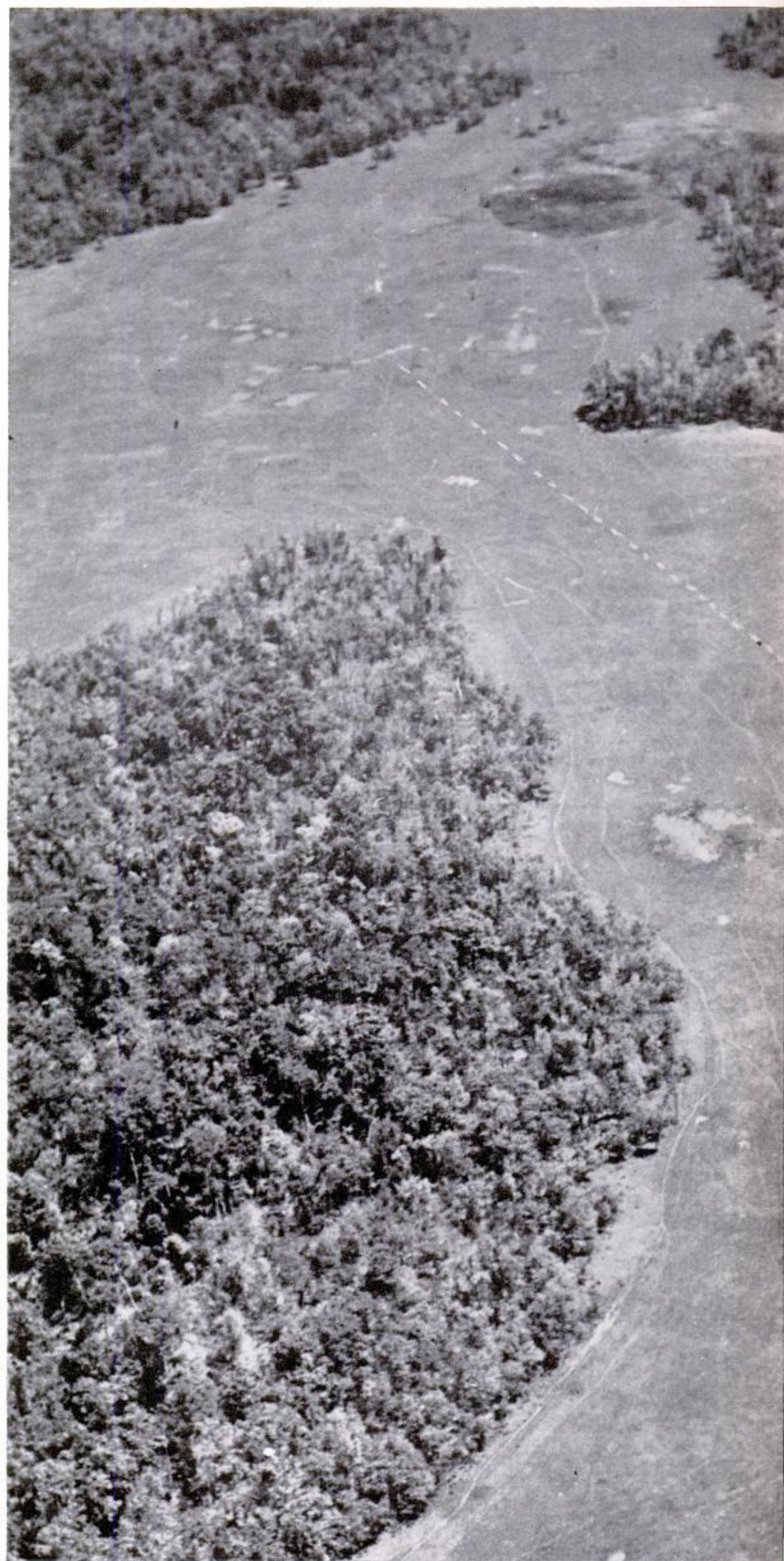
The message in parachutes (*below*) spells out PLANE LAND HERE NOW. Pilot "Lumme" Lord ordered the plane's crew to the rear and went down to try to land. The field was big but terribly pitted. He made two passes over it, found that landing was impossible, headed home.



A PARACHUTE-DROPPING TRIP OVER BURMA

Indian headquarters for the Burma raiders got word in May that a column under Major Walter P. Scott was out of rations and only 20 miles from a Jap fighter base. The men were eating jungle leaves and bamboo shoots and leaving the weak behind to die. They had not received supplies for almost four weeks. A Douglas C-47 plane took off to supply them. It lost its fighter escort in the mountain clouds and went on alone, through air supposedly controlled by the Japanese Air Force.

The pictures on these pages show how, after dropping their parachute loads, the crew saw that the men on the ground were spelling out a plea that the plane land (*left*). It tried but couldn't, because the pitted field invited disaster for all. Three days later the plane returned from Assam to the same opening in the jungle to find that



LINE OF PARACHUTE PIECES MARKS LANDING STRIP (CENTER) JUST ABOVE THE FIGHTER

URNS INTO A LANDING IN JUNGLE GLADE

the Burma raiders had marked out a better landing strip with parachute pieces (*below*). This time the transport had four Mohawk fighters with it. The marked strip, however, was about 500 yards too short. Landing was all right, but taking off loaded was bound to be something else. Pilot Michael Vlasto braked his plane coming in, turned at the end of the glade and taxied back.

The gang of ruffians that then poured out of the forest might have made the cast of characters of *Treasure Island*. They were bearded, tough, lean, covered with jungle sores and rags. With them were a few indispensable Burmese and some Gurkhas. For three months they had been hunters, watching unseen from the jungle, striking quickly and then fading back into the jungle. Now at last they were heading home.



PLANE INSPECTING FIELD. ON FIRST TRIP PARACHUTES WERE DROPPED AT UPPER LEFT



Second trip, transport plane manages to land on 700-yard strip marked with white dashes (*see airview at left*) and surrounded by potholes. "What looked like Captain Kidd's buccaneers," reports Vandivert, "streamed out of the woods." The men grabbed food and began to eat at once.



Commanding Officer Major Walter P. Scott, in quilted vest, shakes hands with the plane crew (*above*) while his men hastily pull the plane's parachute loads of food and ammunition out of sight into the forest (*below*). These were not dropped since plane was going to land anyway.





The sick and wounded are helped into the big plane, after it has been unloaded. Even these sick and weary men wore their

packs as lightly as civilians would wear a coat. There was a lot of laughing and joking by all hands as they said goodbye.

PLANE RESCUES 17 SICK AND WOUNDED WHO HAD EXPECTED TO BE LEFT BEHIND TO DIE

Two hundred miles behind the Jap lines with a raider force is no place to get sick. But inevitably some men did. Some of Major Scott's column fell behind and died, if they were not killed by the Japs. Seventeen of them, with unusual determination, staggered along with the column until it reached the point where it would rendezvous with the supply plane. With 170 miles to march across enemy country, most of them were virtually under death sentence unless they could be flown out. There were really 18, but one man argued Major Scott into agreeing that he was well enough to march on his own feet out of Burma.

The transport was on the ground only twelve minutes. Overloaded with the sick and wounded, it was making only 60 m. p. h. when it lifted off the tiny strip and brushed the tall treetops at the edge of the field. The sweat was streaming off the faces of the pilots, but then the men in the plane began to smile big smiles. In command was Colonel Cooke who had intestinal trouble and jungle sores. He told how, chased by Japanese, the column had camped under a hill along the Irrawaddy River, between Jap garrison towns, until a junk grounded on a mudbank just below. The raiders overran it and used it to cross the river. Two days later their last mule, carrying their radio, died. They ate it, sent a last message and buried the radio. Foraging in the villages produced nothing. The Jap patrols had stripped the countryside bare.

But the column more than proved Brigadier Wingate's theory that the British soldier has plenty of what it takes in the jungle against the Japanese: "imagination; the power to give of his best when the audience is smallest; self-reliance and power of individual action."



A soundless cheer is raised by the men who are left behind. Somebody suggested a cheer and an officer added, "Cheer,

but don't make a sound," because Jap patrols might have been attracted by the plane's arrival. These men still have

to march 170 tough miles cross-country to reach safety in Assam. Toward the end of May they completed their trip out.



On the way home with the 17 sick and wounded, plane rigger gives cup of water from captured German water can to Corp.

Jimmy Walker of Berwick-on-Tweed, who had fallen behind column two days before it reached the rendezvous field. He

had dysentery and an infected hip, caught up with column by sheer guts. Left foreground, a Gurkha; right, a Burmese.

British Raid Burma (continued)



Safe home, at air base in Assam, the 17 sick raiders get out of the plane to meet the neat men of the R. A. F. (above). Bearded man in center is Sgt. Tony Aubrey of Birmingham. Below, five of the most exhausted including the shy Gurkha and Burmese lie down under the wing to wait for the ambulance.



Four days later (below) the same men have made a complete comeback in the hospital on two bottles of beer a day, two chickens apiece for lunch and all the cigarets they can smoke. Left, Sgt. Leslie Flowers of Manchester; the two in center with bottles, Sgts. McElroy and Aubrey with his beard shaved off.



A wounded hand was what Pvt. John Yates of Manchester brought back from Burma raid. He is also drawn from the effects of a touch of fever and the usual jungle sores.



The bullet that went in his back and came out of the hole in his belly he is pointing to, was brought back by Pvt. Jim Suddery of Islington. The rifle was small calibre.



JIM ROGERSON HOLDS UP THE ONLY SPOON
THE COLUMN HAD FOR MIXING BISCUITS

FULBRIGHT'S RESOLUTION

A YOUNG CONGRESSMAN OFFERS A FOREIGN POLICY PLANK THAT BOTH PARTIES CAN ACCEPT

Well, last week the home front made some progress. Not that it sprouted wings, exactly. John L. Lewis, wages, price control, rationing, subsidies, food shortage—all these administrative matters were in a terrible snarl. The new boss of the home front, James Byrnes, was in the middle of the snarl, which was so bad that he had called on Bernard Baruch, veteran waver of war, to help him cut his way out of it. But these two had not yet had enough time to prove what they could do. The progress that the home front made last week came from another and entirely unexpected quarter. It came from Congress.

A couple of months ago, J. William Fulbright, a freshman Congressman from Fayetteville, Ark. introduced a resolution to which few paid any attention. The resolution was as plain as an old hat. It said:

Resolved by the House of Representatives (the Senate concurring) that the Congress hereby expresses itself as favoring the creation of appropriate international machinery with power adequate to establish and to maintain a just and lasting peace among the nations of the world, and as favoring participation by the United States therein.

This forthright, simple declaration was referred to the Foreign Affairs Committee, of which Congressman Fulbright is a member. It was allowed to soak in the committee for more than two months, and hardly anybody outside of Congress even knew of its existence. But last week Chairman Sol Bloom gave it a hearing. The result was a spectacular unanimous vote. Friends of the resolution may well keep it off the floor until after the approaching Congressional recess. For while the backing for it is now very large, some think it will grow even larger after Congressmen have had a chance to talk to the folks.

Fifteen Years

The Fulbright resolution is stated in exactly one sentence. When someone asked the Congressman how long it took him to write that sentence he smiled and said he guessed about 15 years. What he meant, of course, was that he had been studying the problem of U. S. foreign relations for at least that long. In fact, when the folks back in Arkansas' Third District chose him for Congress in 1942 they picked a man well equipped to represent them in a world crisis. For Congressman Fulbright, relatively unknown up to now, has a broad background. He was a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford University, England, 1925-28. He has traveled in Europe. And he became President of the University of Arkansas at the early age of 34. Sitting last week amidst a deluge of fan mail and telephone calls, which were running 15 to 1 in favor of his resolution, he cracked, "Everybody assumes that just because a fellow comes from Arkansas he can't

read or write. But that's where they're wrong."

Congressman Fulbright is a Democrat, as are 13 other members of the Foreign Affairs Committee. But he was able to carry his resolution across party lines and get the unanimous support of the eleven Republican members too. In fact, some of the Republicans were very active—for example, James Wadsworth of New York, leading Republican statesman in the House, John Vorys and Frances Bolton of Ohio, Edith Nourse Rogers of Massachusetts. It is perhaps worth noting that the resolution is particularly popular with new Congressmen, whether on or off the Foreign Affairs Committee. Young Democrats like Will Rogers Jr. of California and Mike Mansfield of Montana, new and rising Republicans like Richard Gale or Walter H. Judd of Minnesota, Christian Herter of Massachusetts, or James C. Auchincloss of New Jersey—to mention only a few—are burning with desire to have the U. S. develop a more dynamic foreign policy. They see in this resolution a chance to take a big step ahead—and for three chief reasons:

1) It would put our Allies on notice that we intend to be counted in. Such a notice is urgent because, without it, United Nations statesmen cannot develop intelligent policies. For that matter, unless we give such a notice, policies may be developed which will not be to our advantage.

2) Although very general in form, the resolution has a set of teeth. Not only does it call for international machinery with *adequate power* but it also favors U. S. *participation* in such machinery.

3) It is a grass-roots resolution in which the Administration has had no hand. It can therefore help to put U. S. foreign policy on a broad, popular base.

Objections

Politics being what they are, a number of objections have been raised against the Fulbright resolution. One is that it is too general and vague. Yet an attempt at this time to frame a specific plan might lead to eventual disaster, as in the case of the League of Nations. It is better to begin with a simple expression of popular opinion. Another objection is that the resolution would not constitute a "foreign policy" because it would not be irrevocably binding. It would, however, be morally binding, and the voters could make it stick by keeping the heat turned on their Senators and Congressmen.

It is also objected that the treaty-making power does not reside with the House but with the Senate; and moreover, that it requires a two-thirds vote of the Senate to ratify a treaty. But this is surely a very narrow view of the matter. For one thing, the people have on occasion by-passed the Senate to carry out desired policies. Both Ha-

wai and the state of Texas, for example, were annexed by joint resolutions of the House and Senate, chiefly because Administration leaders had despaired of Senate action. But as a matter of fact the Fulbright resolution leaves all the actual arrangements with the Senate and does not in any way infringe on that body's treaty-making power. The Fulbright resolution is a popular expression of a general principle, leaving to Senators the tough job of deciding on the kind of "machinery" needed. Indeed, it merely takes advantage of the courageous work already done by several Senators, notably Messrs. Ball, Burton, Hatch and Hill, who have been advocating for months a similar (though more complex) Senate resolution.

Two-Party Policy

The fact is that this resolution opens up a great political opportunity; it is a first step in the development of a truly national foreign policy. As this page has pointed out before, a foreign policy has to be basically bipartisan—that is, it must be advocated in principle by *both* parties. Naturally the Republicans are never going to agree with the Democrats concerning all the details of any policy, because the Republican view of what is good for America differs greatly from the Democratic view. But a foreign policy advocated by the party in power and flatly opposed by the opposition, can never work; for foreign statesmen can never tell when the opposition will gain power (perhaps on a domestic issue) and so cancel out every previous foreign commitment, expressed or implied. Foreign statesmen can only accept U. S. commitments if they know that the opposition agrees in essence with the party in power—as for instance, in the case of the long-accepted Monroe Doctrine. Thus if either party is to have a foreign policy at all, it must find agreement with the other party. For if such agreement is lacking, *neither* party can govern in foreign affairs.

This is the great principle toward which farsighted Republicans, often misunderstood and reviled by their own party, have been working for the last several years. They have sought a common ground on which all Americans, Democrats and Republicans alike, can undertake to deal with the rest of the world. The House Foreign Affairs Committee may not have discovered all of the common ground that there is. There may be other, more advanced principles on which both Democrats and Republicans can agree. But by its unanimous vote the Committee has shown that such a ground does exist and is possible to achieve. In this sense it has opened up a new horizon. And the time has now come for Americans of all parties to lift their eyes to this horizon—because it is their common horizon, it belongs to all of them.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK

Last week New York City faced a laundry crisis. Some 500,000 families were without service, and operators instituted a week's moratorium on col-

lecting soiled wash. The situation was little better in other cities. Between the draft and the lure of higher wages in war industries, laundries have

been stripped of their help. And since thousands of housewives now work in factories, more people are sending more wash to laundries than ever before.



Mountains of soiled wash pile up to ceiling in a New York laundry as labor shortage threatens service



THOMPSON & KOPF

Columnist weds Czech artist at
little white church in Vermont

In Barnard, Vt. on June 15, Dorothy Thompson accepted a nuptial kiss from her third bridegroom, a Czechoslovakian artist named Maxim Kopf. The ceremony took place in Barnard's little white Universalist Church, three miles from Columnist Thompson's summer home, where her romance with Mr. Kopf began just a year ago. Seventy-five guests attended.

Mrs. Kopf, who is 48 years old, was first married in Vienna in 1923 to Josef Bard, Hungarian writer.

They were divorced four years later. Her marriage to Novelist Sinclair Lewis lasted from 1928 to 1942. The bridegroom, who is 51, served in the Austrian Army in World War I and subsequently became a citizen of Czechoslovakia and one of Prague's leading artists. In 1938 he joined the Czech Army, fled to France after Munich, was interned at start of the war and released in North Africa after the fall of France. Kopf's paintings hang in many of Europe's galleries and museums.



CHAPLIN & O'NEILL

**Comedian, 54, weds glamor girl, 18,
before California justice of peace**

In Carpinteria, Calif. on June 16, Charles Chaplin fumblingly slid a wedding ring on the finger of his fourth bride, Oona O'Neill, 18-year-old daughter of playwright Eugene O'Neill. The five-minute ceremony was performed by a local justice of the peace with Chaplin's press agent as matron of honor and a newspaper columnist as best man.

The 54-year-old film comedian met his bride eight months ago when she came to Hollywood after win-

ning a nightclub contest as New York's Glamor Girl of 1942. The fourth Mrs. Chaplin is older than most of the actor's former wives were at the time of their weddings. Mildred Harris was 17, Lita Gray 16. Paulette Goddard, Oona's immediate predecessor, was in her 20's when she married Chaplin in 1936. Although Father O'Neill was reported opposed to the marriage, Oona's mother, the dramatist's second wife, told reporters she was very happy about her daughter's romance.



EMPLOYEES OF U. S. WAR DEPARTMENT SUN THEMSELVES DURING LUNCH HOUR AT THE OPEN-AIR CAFETERIA IN CENTRAL COURTYARD OF WASHINGTON'S PENTAGON BUILDING

PENTAGON PICNIC

New War Department lunch counter
lures 3,350 outdoors each noon

Between the hours of 11 a. m. and 2:30 p. m. each day, workers in the War Department's huge Pentagon Building swarm in relays to the manifold restaurants and food bars within its walls. The majority remains prudently in the air-conditioned interior. But a few weeks ago the Pentagon Post Restaurant Council, which operates all eating places in the Pentagon, opened an outdoor lunch counter in the central courtyard. To it each noon flock thousands of sun-lovers willing to brave Washington's summer heat

for the sake of sunshine and a glimpse of blue sky.

The new open-air cafeteria has been successful beyond the expectations of its proponents. The idea originated last spring, when members of the Restaurant Council observed employes carrying their food from interior counters into the sun outdoors. At present the new cafeteria serves an average of 3,350 customers daily. It is run entirely on Council funds without Government assistance. Tables and chairs were bought secondhand from Coney Island concessionaires,

MILDNESS *and* BETTER TASTE

THAT'S WHAT SMOKERS WANT ON THE
WAR FRONT AND ON THE HOME FRONT

Chesterfield's Mildness and Better Taste
can come only from the *right* combination of
the world's best cigarette tobaccos . . . the
only combination that gives you everything
you want in a cigarette. Buy a pack today!

CHESTERFIELD



HATS OFF TO OUR FARMERS

Join the
U. S. CROP CORPS
and serve your country
Watch for local recruiting
in your community

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
THE WAR MANPOWER COMMISSION



About the seven-eighths you can't see

EVERYBODY KNOWS that the seven-eighths *you can't see* is the most important part of an iceberg. And that's true of a Mint Julep, too.

For instance, that fragrant green mint and thick silvery frost can make almost *any* Julep look tantalizing. But it's the seven-eighths you can't see—the all-important part inside the frosty glass—that's the very heart and soul of a Julep!

In short, it's the whiskey that *makes* a Julep. That is why, for the deep content and cooling solace of the *perfect* Mint Julep, you

should *always* use that matchless whiskey, Four Roses.

How to make the important seven-eighths

Simply take a few sprigs of fresh, tender young mint. Cover with powdered sugar and enough water to dissolve sugar. Crush the mint (or just stir it, if you prefer). Place the mixture in bottom of tall glass and fill with shaved ice. Then pour in Four Roses, lavishly, until the glass is brimming. Garnish with mint and let stand till the frost forms thick.

Ah!—what a Mint Julep that will be!

FOUR ROSES

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.



An Explanation to our Friends

If your bar or package store is sometimes out of Four Roses, please be patient. We are trying to apportion our pre-war stocks to assure you a continuing supply until the war is won. Meanwhile, our distilleries are devoted

100% to the production of alcohol for explosives, rubber and other war products. (Our prices have not been increased—except for government taxes.)



PRISONERS GROW CORN, BEANS ON FARM OUTSIDE CAMP CROSSVILLE. GERMANS' CHIEF PROBLEM IS "OLE KATE," THE MULE WHO FAILS TO RESPOND TO "VORWÄRTS" AND "HALT"

AXIS PRISONERS

There are 40,000 now in far-flung camps across the continental U. S.

Last week the War Department gave U. S. photographers a glimpse inside the wire stockades of the nation's war prison camps reared in remote regions of the continental U. S. from Maryland to California, from Wisconsin to Texas. Here, today, a total of 40,000 Axis prisoners are sitting out the duration, watching their numbers increase with each new Allied victory.

Widely scattered geographically, these camps differ only in the character of surrounding country, for

all are governed by the terms of the Geneva Convention which specifies that prisoners must be "protected against acts of violence, insults and public curiosity." Within their stockades Germans, Italians and Japs separately lead quiet, healthy lives, draw regular pay (in scrip not cash), earn extra money when they work, cultivate flowers, play games, indulge their hobbies, observe military discipline, receive regular medical care. They have not forgotten their homelands.

PRISONERS HAVE THEIR OWN RELIGIOUS SERVICES, THEIR OWN CHAPLAINS, THEIR OWN DOCTORS. HERE A GROUP OF GERMANS AT CAMP CROSSVILLE JOINS IN SUNDAY SERVICE



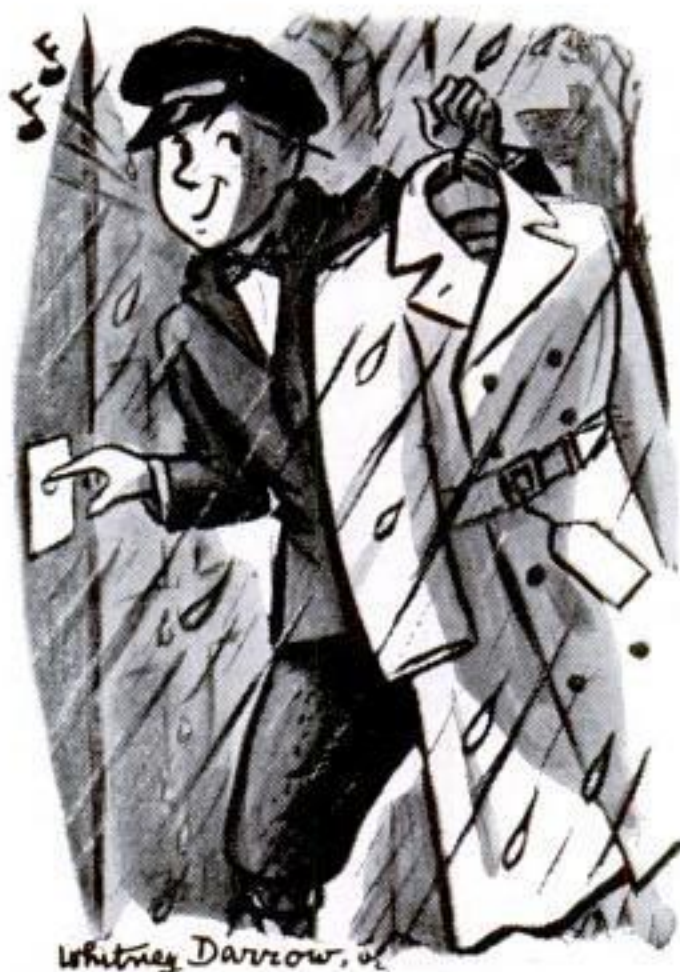
Clothes Treated with **DU PONT "ZELAN"...**



...Shed Water



... Resist Stain



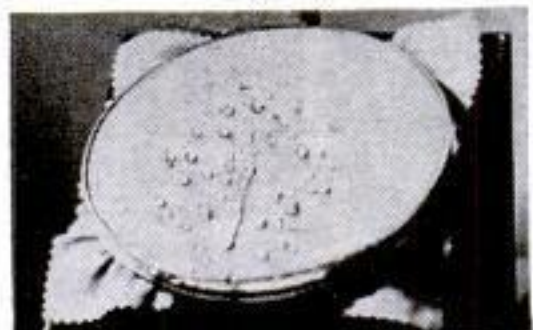
... And the Protection Lasts

Take a tip from Uncle Sam! U.S. Army field jackets developed by the Philadelphia Quartermaster Depot are treated with a durable water repellent to keep soldiers dry. Let durable "Zelan" give you the same protection. This magic treatment makes cotton shed water—resist non-oily spots and perspiration—lasts for the life of the garment when clothes are properly washed or cleaned. Look for the "Zelan" tag in clothes you buy. Du Pont, Wilmington, Delaware.

**Your Guide to
Good Rain Clothes
Children's Clothes
Work Clothes
Sportswear**



ARMY TEST PROVES "ZELAN" LASTS



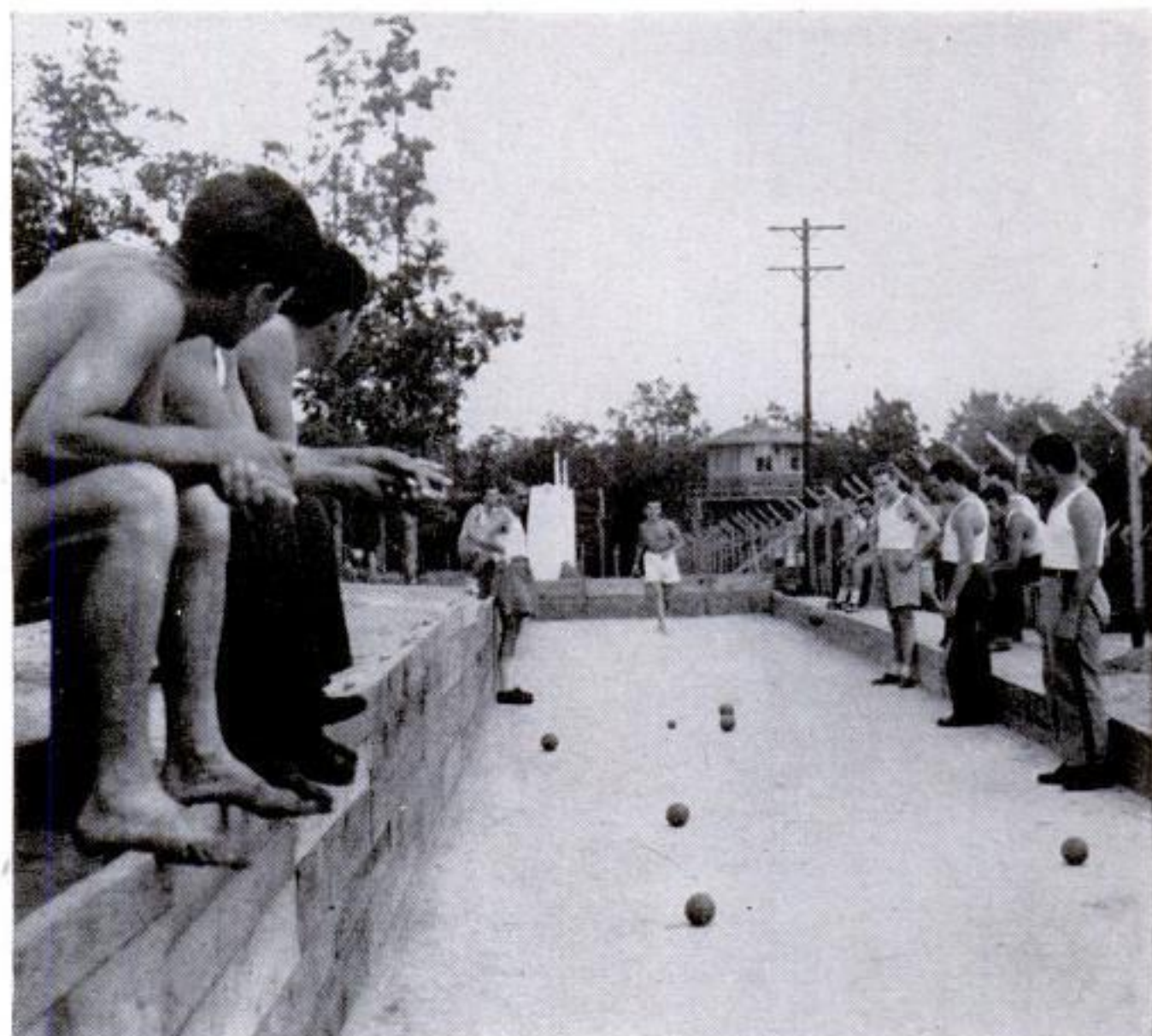
This is "Zelan": Even after 3 severe test launderings, Standard Army Spray Test shows fabric treated with "Zelan" sheds water freely—keeps wearer dry.



Ordinary Finish: After only one test laundering, water soaked through this fabric—its rain protection washed out.

CONSERVATION NOTE: If you have garments not treated with durable "Zelan," ask your laundry or dry cleaner to make them water repellent with Du Pont "Aridex."

Axis Prisoners (continued)



The game of bocce, similar to lawn bowls, is played by Italians at Camp Crossville. Germans go in for violent soccer which often causes the hospitalization of players.



Five Italian generals stroll outside Crossville stockade with U.S. sergeant. Of the Italian generals in Crossville, a few take a two-hour walk every morning to pick flowers.



Germans march to mess at Camp Breckinridge, Ky. Confinement has not diminished their characteristic love of marching. They sing martial songs on way to work or play.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING...THROUGH CHEMISTRY

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38

Facts below* are reported by impartial dental authority not concerned with promoting — or attacking — any dentifrice.

“WHO, ME? SLOWLY GRINDING CAVITIES IN MY OWN TEETH?”

YES—YOU REGULAR USERS OF POPULAR DENTIFRICES SUFFER MOST INJURY!

See that cavity?



Brushing did it!

Almost 6 in 10 Adults Suffered Such Cavities—DENTAL AUTHORITY REPORTED

*Recent studies at a leading Research Foundation Clinic disclosed this startling evidence: First, 58% of all adults examined had these cavities in softer parts of teeth (exposed by receding gums)—cavities ground-in by abrasives contained in the popular dentifrices they regularly used. Second, the worst of these ground-in cavities were found in teeth cleaned most regularly. Third, 8 in 10 run this risk constantly.

—(Summarized from report in authoritative dental journal)

BUT BEAUTY IS SAFE— THE NEW TEEL WAY!

LOOK at the cavity shown in that tooth (above)—and the evidence printed alongside it!

Those researchers could actually tell *whether a person was right- or left-handed*—just by these scoured-in cavities! A right-handed brusher, got deepest cuts where he naturally brushed hardest—teeth in the left side of his mouth. And vice versa.

ABRASIVES CAUSE CAVITIES

Think what that shows!—the more regularly you clean teeth with popular dentifrices . . . the more damage

you risk . . . slowly grinding-in cavities . . . *that may need filling!*

NO ABRASIVES IN TEEL

TEEL—the modern liquid dentifrice—protects your teeth because it's *the only* leading dentifrice to clean *without abrasives*. The new TEEL Way—that takes just *one extra minute a week*—makes teeth look their prettiest—**SAFELY!**

Get TEEL today—at your regular store. Then follow the simple instructions at right. There's beauty in every drop.



HERE'S ALL YOU DO

1. Brush your teeth every day—thoroughly with TEEL. A few drops on dry or moistened brush. Feel it clean!
2. Once a week brush teeth with plain baking soda on brush moistened with TEEL. Brush at least an extra minute.

THIS NEW TEEL WAY CLEANS AND BRIGHTENS TEETH . . . LEAVES MOUTH DELIGHTFULLY CLEAN AND REFRESHED.



TEEL comes in a bottle
—no bother with tubes

NEW SAFE TEEL WAY TAKES ONLY
*One Extra Minute
a Week!*

Teel protects teeth *Beautifully!*

LIQUID DENTIFRICE

ARMY E NAVY

Sunbeam SHAVEMASTER

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

on the fighting fronts

(Excerpt from a letter to his parents by a pursuit plane pilot stationed on one of the fighting fronts.)

"Thanks for the extra head for my Shavemaster, which just arrived. Believe me, my shaver has sure been overworked lately. When I come in from a mission over enemy territory, it's a real lift to settle down to a quick, clean shave with my Sunbeam. After I get through, the other fellows in the squadron get a crack at it. In fact, when my outfit gets back in the States, they will all want shavers like mine. Oh yes, yesterday we hit objectives in Burma with 1000-lb. bombs (bridge-busters) on our Curtiss P-40's, which we call our new razzle-dazzle technique. Some fun!"

SHAVEMASTER OWNERS: — Keep your SHAVEMASTER fast and keen as the day it left the Factory

Men prefer Shavemaster because its patented construction makes possible a quick, efficient method of self-sharpening. Ask your dealer about the new, exclusive Sunbeam Compound that sharpens in a jiffy. If he hasn't a supply, send 25c direct to us and we'll ship at once. Also, if you need a new Comb and Cutter Set (New Head) and there isn't a dealer available, send \$1.

Although there are no more Shavemasters being made for the duration, due to all-out war production at Sunbeam, we are permitted to make most repair parts.

If you haven't a Shavemaster, your dealer *may* still have one available. Why not ask him? If he hasn't, buy a War Bond *now* for your Shavemaster *later*.



1 Put ½ inch of Compound on comb and run motor for a minute, rubbing in compound.



2 Rub comb and cutter in hot soapy water on the palm of your hand and rinse under faucet.



3 Dry and replace on Shavemaster, ready for use. Done in a jiffy—once every 2 or 3 months.



4 Then a fast, smooth, close shave—keen as a new shaver every time. New! Exclusive! Proved!

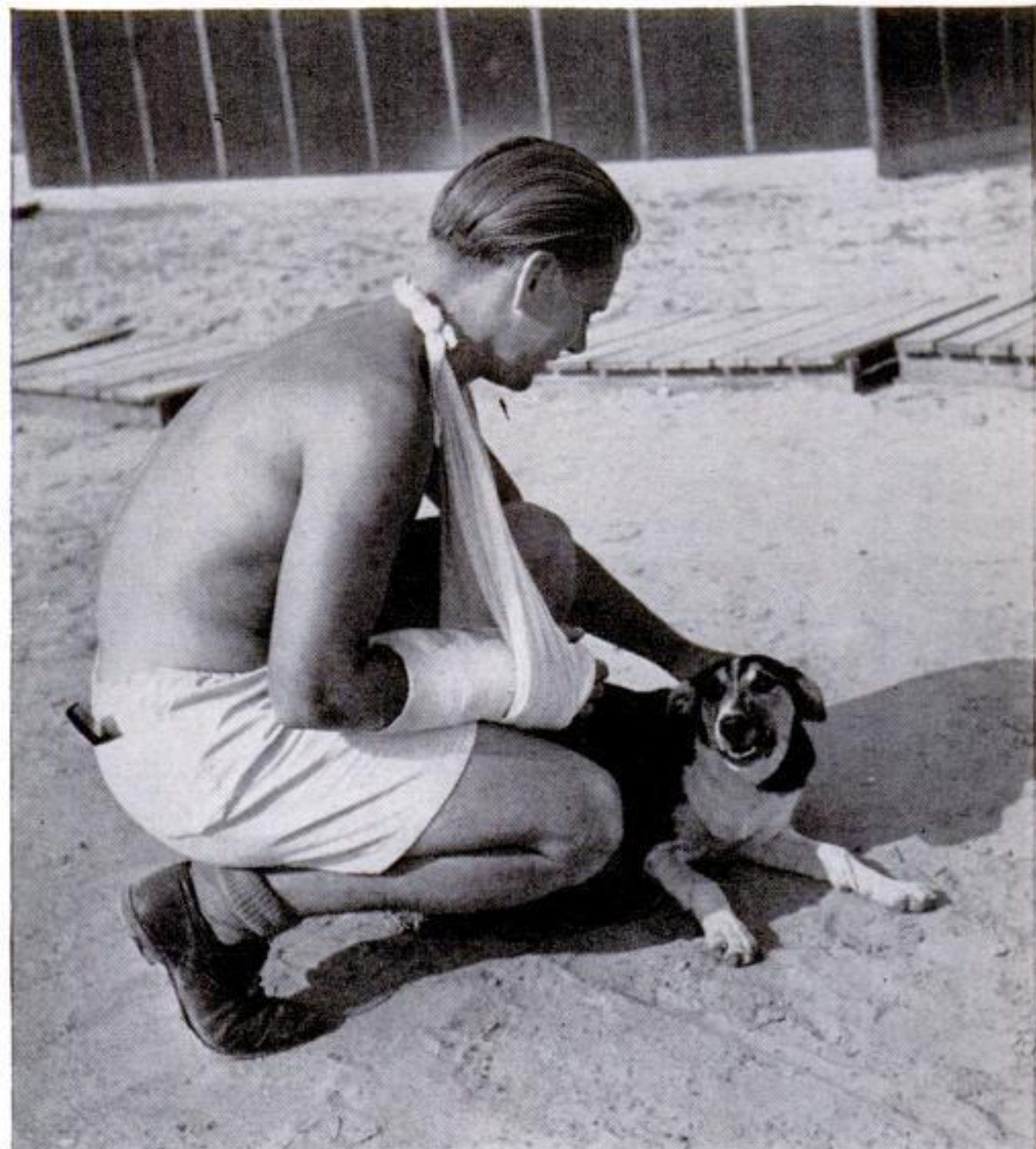
CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT CO., 5600 Roosevelt Rd., Dept. 53, Chicago • In Canada: 321 Weston Rd., So., Toronto

Famous for **Sunbeam** TOASTER, MIXMASTER, COFFEEMASTER, IRONMASTER, etc.

Axis Prisoners (continued)



Post exchange is open to prisoners every afternoon. Italians buy quantities of hair tonic, Germans quantities of beer. Ice cream, Coca-Cola are international favorites.



Convalescent prisoner plays with pet in the stockade. When a German at Crossville asked for canary, camp commandant procured him one. Most prisoners like flowers.



Prisoners' footgear. Inside the camp most prisoners wear shorts and no shirts when days are sunny. Squads on duty outside the camp wear uniforms with white PW.

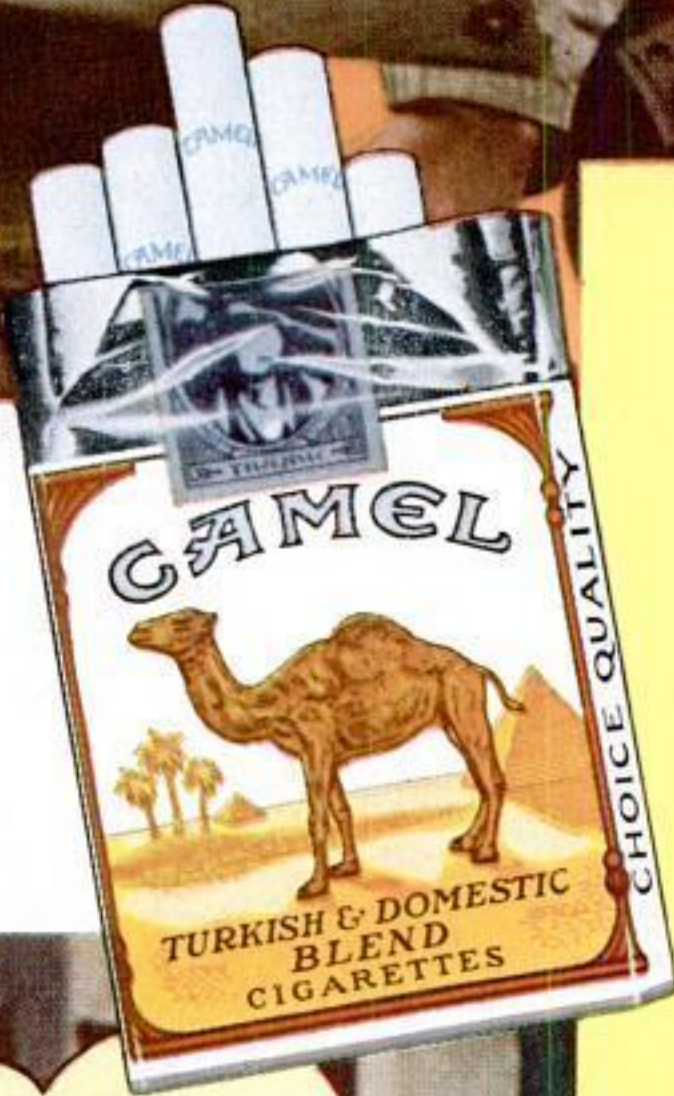
First in the Service...

The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, the Navy, the Marines, and the Coast Guard is Camel.
(Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens.)



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

MORA SCHELL, war worker, helps turn out automatic gyro-pilots for Uncle Sam's fighting planes... smokes the fighting man's favorite—Camels. "No matter how much I smoke," she says, "Camels never go flat on my taste. They always taste good!"



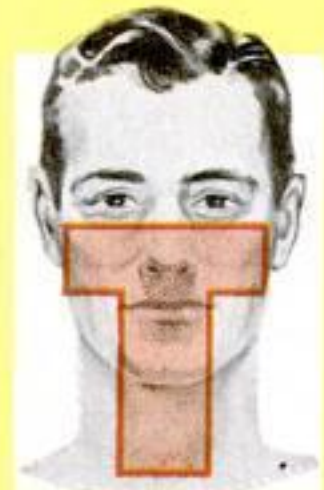
They've Got What it Takes

If you could see them, in training camp or tangled jungle—you'd know, with a thrill of pride, that America's fighting men have got what it takes. And if you could see their smiles, their contentment, when they light up their favorite cigarette—you'd know there must be good reasons why Camels are so preferred in the service. Check up on Camels yourself. Test out their full, round flavor. See how that slow-burning Camel mildness suits *your own* throat. In other words, try out Camels in your own "T-Zone."

The "T Zone"

—where cigarettes are judged

The "T-ZONE"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only *your* taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you... and how it affects your throat. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T." Prove it for yourself!



FOR TASTE
AND FOR MY
THROAT, CAMELS
ARE TOPS IN
ENJOYMENT!



Camels

BUY
WAR BONDS &
STAMPS



The "SYMPHONY NO. 1," by Johannes Brahms, interpreted for the Capehart Collection by Lewis Daniel. The artist based his painting on the introduction to the Fourth Movement, which, he writes, suggests beings "ascending out of the quaking, tortured earth against a verdant pastoral landscape of promise." . . . Portfolios of reproductions of the Capehart Collection may be secured at nominal charge from your Capehart dealer, or direct from the Capehart Division at Fort Wayne, Indiana.

RESURGENCE

Often, when day is darkest, a storm rends the binding earth. Then the spirit, released, surges out of the darkness . . . up into the sublime light of hope reborn.

Great music, too, has the power to bring light to the soul, to stir within man feelings that are stout and true. For the symphony, the chorale and quartet give glorious voice to man's aspirations and triumphs. Here is deep assurance, fresh courage, and strength.

These are the values yielded bountifully by the Capehart Phonograph-Radio, a supreme interpreter of the world's fine music.

This superb instrument is no longer being built, for the Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation, maker

of the Capehart, is today producing solely for war. Only the Capeharts still in dealers' showrooms are available.

But the Capehart dealer can serve you in other ways. In the selection of a piano or an organ, or, for example, excellent recordings of the "Symphony No. 1," conducted by Toscanini (Victor Album DM-875), by Weingartner (Columbia Set M-MM-383), by Stokowski (Victor Album M-301). Let this dependable expert keep your musical and radio equipment in perfect repair, also.

For dealer's name, write Capehart Division, Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

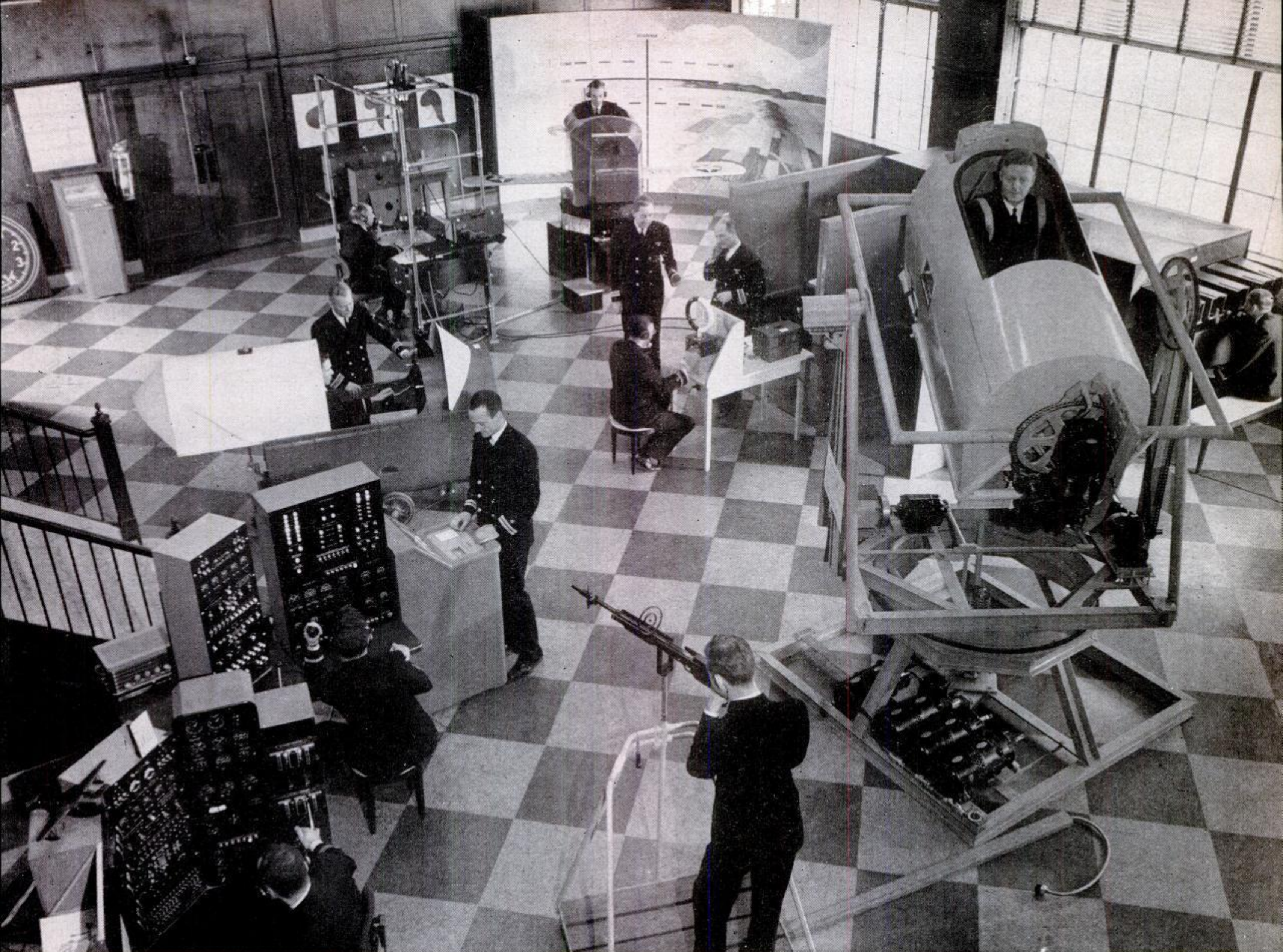
INVEST IN VICTORY—BUY WAR BONDS

The Capehart Chippendale with the time-proved record changer and superlative radio including FM reception. Control stations may be conveniently placed throughout your home and the grounds.



Capehart-Panamuse-Farnsworth

GREAT NAMES IN ELECTRONICS—MUSICAL REPRODUCTION—TELEVISION



NAVY'S SPECIAL DEVICES SHOWROOM IN WASHINGTON IS KEPT FOR ADMIRALS TO SEE NEW GADGETS. VISITING OFFICERS LOVE IT, SPEND HOURS PRACTICING WITH DEVICES

SPECIAL DEVICES

THEY ARE KEY TO NAVY'S SYNTHETIC AIR TRAINING

Around Naval air stations, training centers, aboard aircraft carriers and at distant outposts, a lot of young fellows are painlessly perfecting their war business with a bunch of fascinating gadgets known as Special Devices. Some of these devices, intended purely for recreation hours, are as simple as a deck of playing cards that feature warplanes in different flight positions and make a boy think "ME-109" or "Spitfire" or "Wildcat" every time he plays his hand. Others, like gunnery devices that range from plain dummy guns to complicated power turrets with movie targets, are part of formal classroom instruction. Whatever they are, Special Devices have one common purpose: to breed fighting experience into a man by synthetic training so that he reacts instinctively and properly when faced with actual combat.

With such a serious purpose, it is incongruous that the Navy training employs gadgets popularized by the amusement industry. But it does and very effectively. Some of the gunnery devices are just like shooting ranges at county fairs. The favorite Automatic Rater, which sugar-coats plane recognition, is built like a pinball machine. Commander Luis de Florez of the Navy's Bureau of Aeronautics, mainspring of the Special Devices program, believes in using every means to make instruction interesting for fledgling pilots and air-crew members. The genius in the contraptions that emerge from his

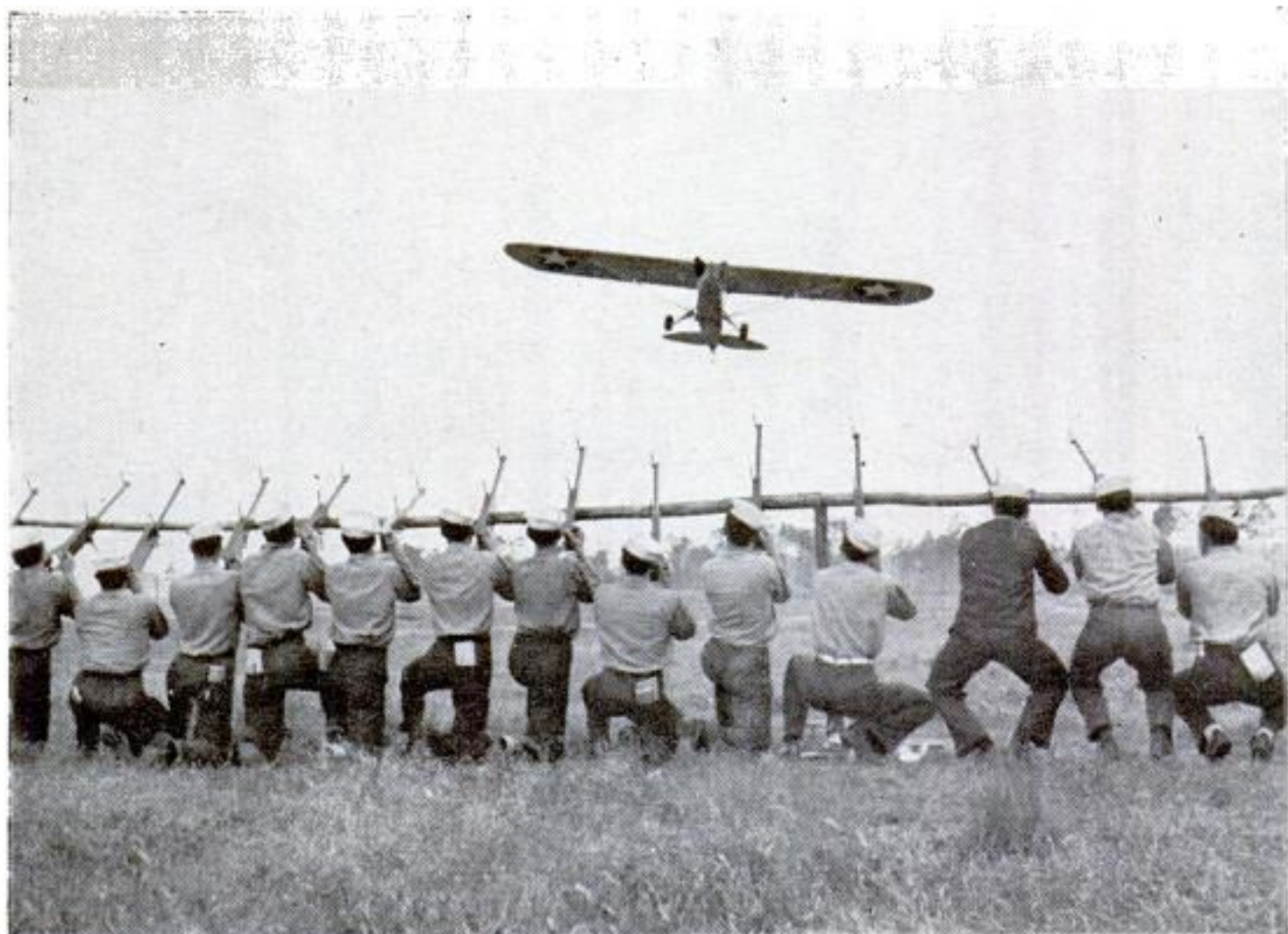
laboratory lies in the way his staff adapts seeming toys to authentic training use.

Recently several visitors to the Special Devices showroom (above) were startled to see a much-decorated young fighter pilot finish a half-hour in a new gunnery trainer with perspiration rolling off his forehead. They heard him say, "Boy, if we had only had one of those machines for practice before tangling with the Japs!" The contraption was no toy for him. On the movie screen before him whizzed Jap planes in authentic attack formations. In his hand the flying stick and trigger felt just like those in his plane. And all the time through his earphones came the confused noises of combat. This is one of the devices that gives a man the "feel" of flying and shooting without taking him off the ground. Nobody pretends that actual flight experience can be replaced by a substitute device. But under speed-up training schedules a student needs both.

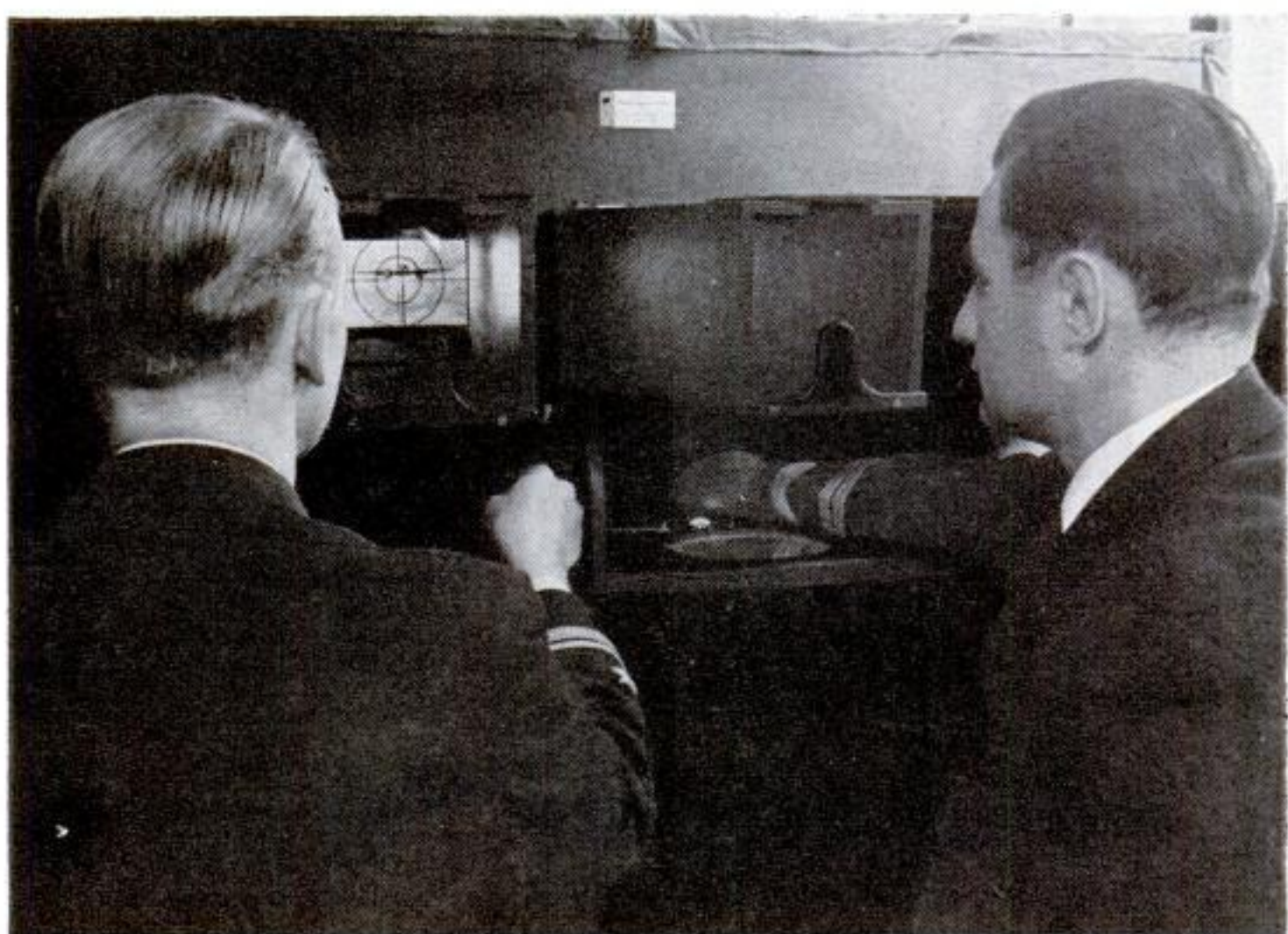
At first Commander de Florez' staff concentrated on training devices for plane identification and gunnery. Now, they build training devices by the hundreds for all members of an airplane's crew, furnish them to both Navy and Army. Newest machines are such complex masterpieces of engineering that they are military secrets. To see some of the Navy's Special Devices in use at Jacksonville Naval Air Training Center and in the laboratory, turn the page.



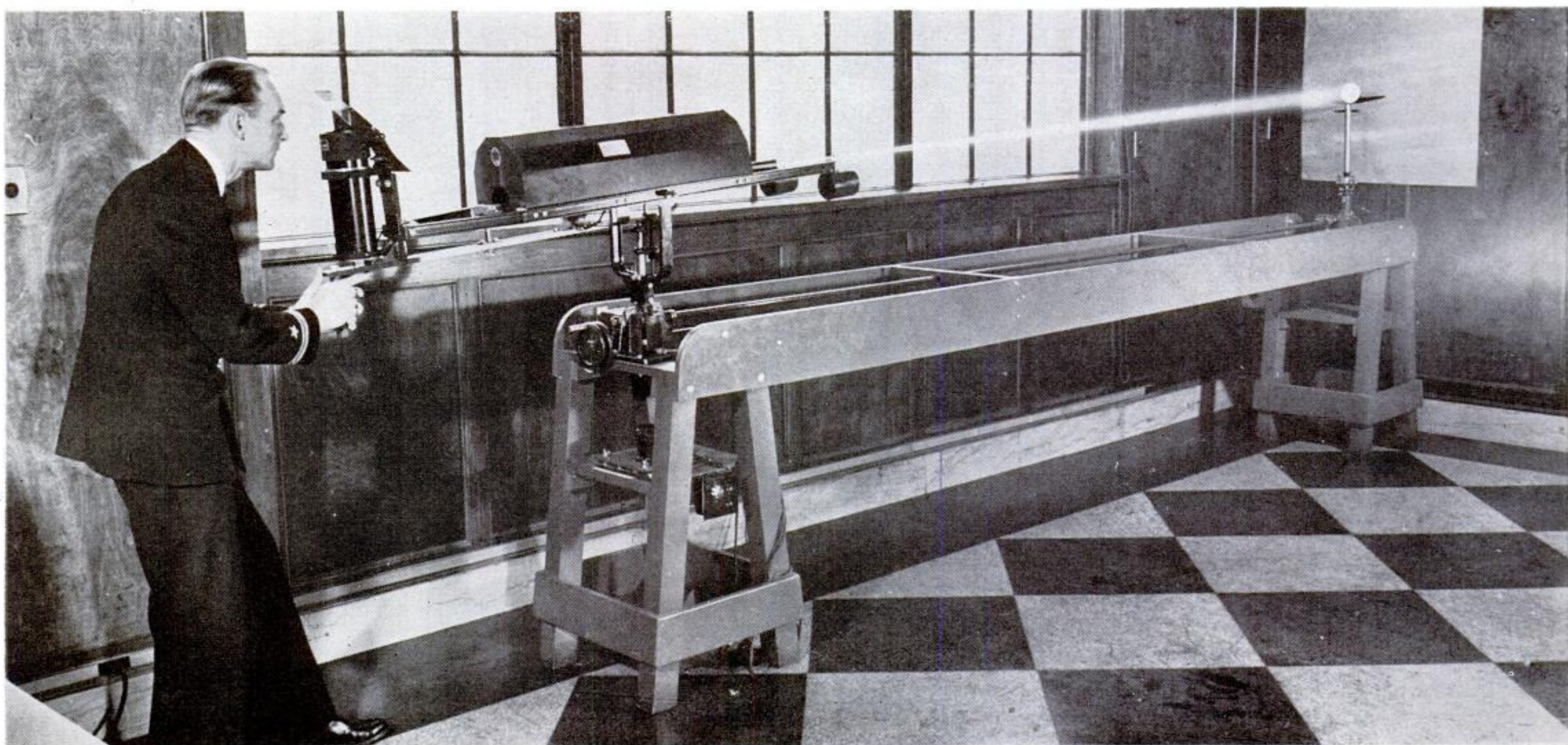
CHIEF OF SPECIAL DEVICES is Commander Luis de Florez, an engineer and Navy pilot who understands fledgling training.



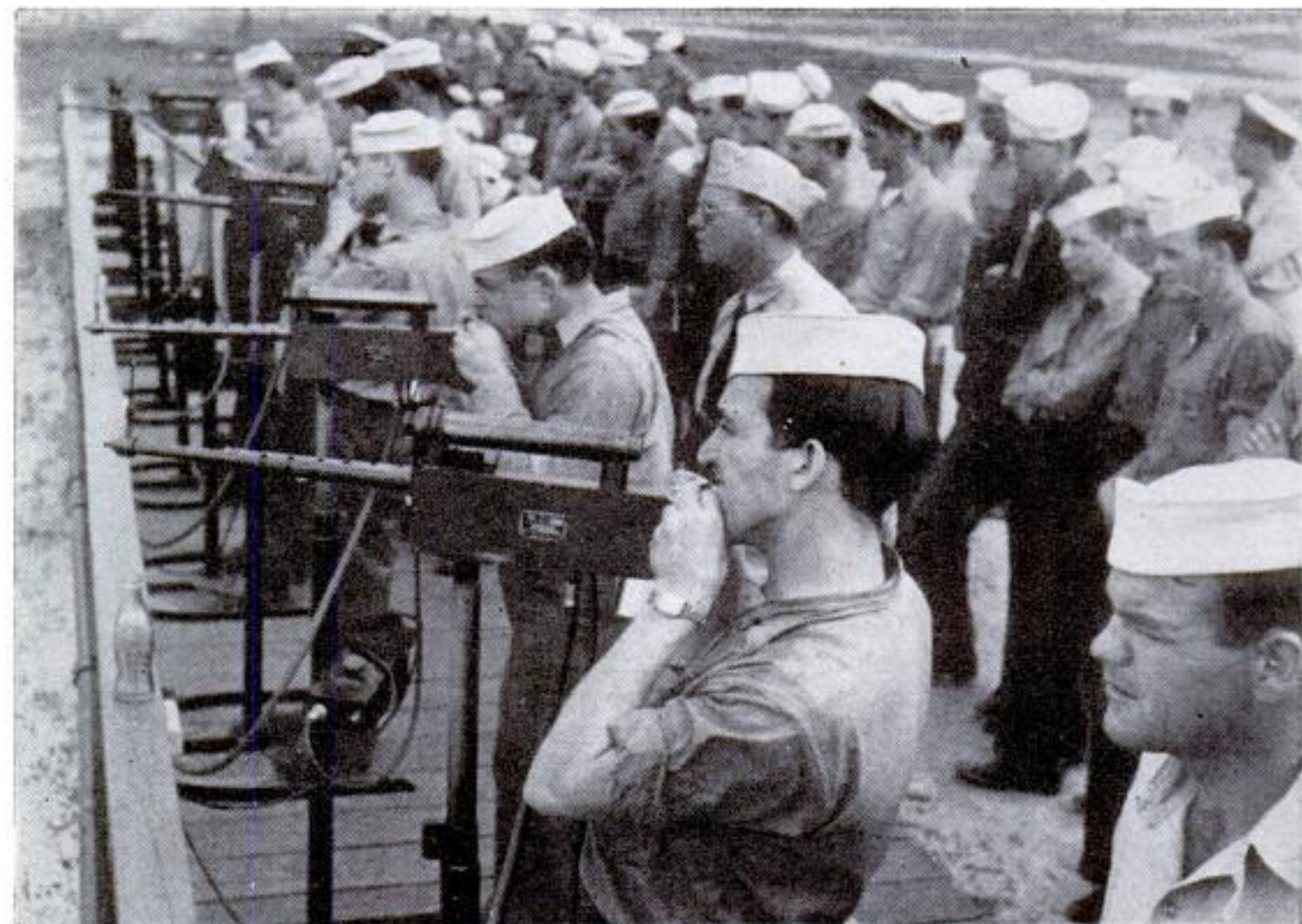
DUMMY WOODEN GUNS with regular machine-gun sights are used by Jacksonville sailors to estimate and call range of Cub trainer as it approaches within shooting distance. Cub wing-spread is same as fighter plane's, hence fills same proportion of ring sight for figuring range.



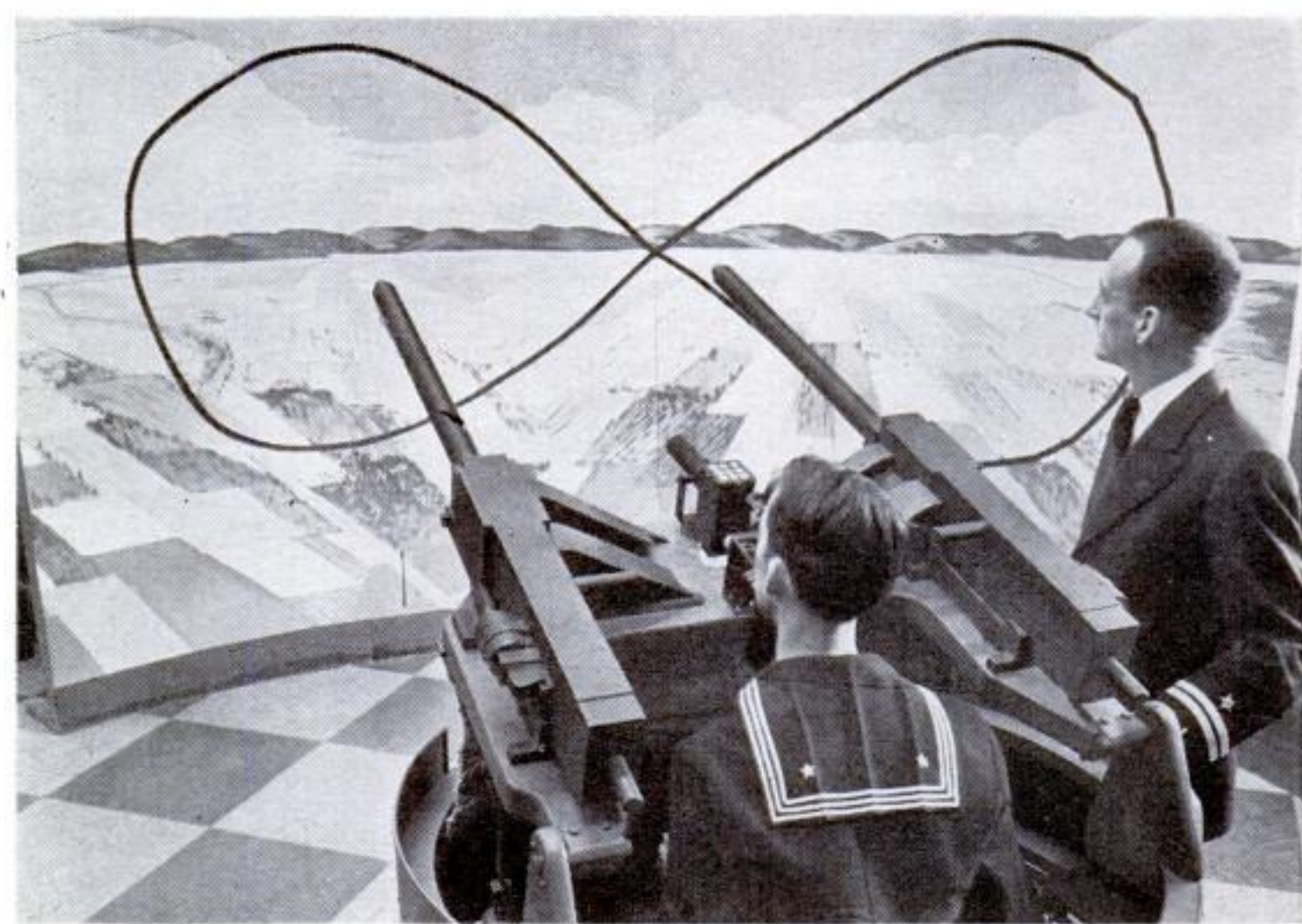
MIRROR RANGE ESTIMATOR requires student first to identify model plane, then determine its distance away by comparing its wingspread to extent it fills the machine-gun sight. After practice with this device, students can call off ranges accurately in less than a second.



FIXED GUNNERY-DEFLECTION TRAINER is designed for fighter pilots who want practice in "leading" the target with a device geared for high speed. While an instructor constantly alters the speed and altitude of target plane, student looks through illuminated ring sight—



COMPRESSED-AIR MACHINE-GUN RANGE teaches trainees to swing with the target and lead it, fire in short bursts to conserve ammunition, group their shots and "chin the gun." Jacksonville students shoot at individual paper silhouettes of enemy planes, mounted on a moving rail.



TRAINING TURRET operates on an electric-hydraulic system and moves just like a combat gun turret mounted with twin .50's. Here new Navy gunner gets his first familiarization with turret operation, learns to coordinate smoothly by firing his "light gun" along path of figure 8

one similar to that in combat planes but built for one-ninth of the cost—and squeezes a trigger to shoot his light-beam gun. In this device the light beam is designed to hit the enemy plane when fighter pilot judges his lead correctly. The score is recorded by photoelectric cell.



BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

This army was raised to **ATTACK!**

Maybe you've never thought of food as an aggressive weapon of war — *but that's what it is today.*

Food fuels the workers who are making tanks, planes and ships to attack the Axis. Food reinforces the soldiers who launch those attacks. *And food will turn neutrals into friends, friends into fighters, as each new front opens up!*

What's more, service men eat 50% more than they did in civil life. Civilians eat more as they work harder for Victory. And that adds up to a huge order for the folks who raise, process, and distribute food — *folks*

whose war work is as vital as any welder's. Last year, America's farmers and food processors set new records for production. This year, the need is greater — and the difficulties under which they work are greater, too.

Every patriotic family will have to pitch in and help — by buying wisely and avoiding waste—by gardening and canning—by making the most of basic, balanced foods.

Food is life — food is hope — and America is trustee for much of the world's supply. That's a big responsibility. A share of it falls on us, as processors of nature's most nutritious food — milk — as well as other dairy

and food products. We're glad that our experience and organization equip us to make a real contribution.

Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of dairy products as human food . . . as a base for the development of new products and materials . . . as a source of health and enduring progress on the farms and in the towns and cities of America.

**NATIONAL DAIRY
PRODUCTS CORPORATION**
AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES

Originators of the Sealtest System of Laboratory Protection



MOVIES of actual enemy plane attacks furnish targets for the turret trainer in this prize device which the Navy has installed, complete with battle sound equipment, on all aircraft carriers. In the composite picture above, the student in a bomber's top turret started track-

ing the enemy Messerschmitt on the screen the second he saw it as a pinpoint in the sky. He held fire till effective range—1,500 ft.—then squeezed the trigger of his light gun. That he is “leading” wrong is indicated by correcting circles his instructor flashed below target plane.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 47

Note—This is one of a series of messages from the meat industry to help civilians better to understand the meat supply, and to aid them under rationing.

There's nothing like Meat from Home

It's a strange sun over a strange land . . .

Even the birds in the trees look different—don't sing like birds at home . . .

It's a long, long way from home . . .

. . . but ain't it a grand and glorious feeling, soldier, in a spot like that to run into

. . . a face from home?

. . . a letter from home?

. . . meat from home?

The man in the picture is eating meat and vegetable stew, one of many tasty meat dishes included in the C Rations.

The U. S. Army Quartermaster Corps has looked to flavor and palatability as well as to quality, quantity and nutrition.

The foods that come out of compact, official tins not only contain the right combination of nutritional essentials, but there's much of that "like-mother-used-to-cook" flavor and goodness which nourishes the heart of a boy as well as his body.

In addition to C Rations, there are K Rations, Desert Rations, Mountain Rations, Jungle Rations and Five-in-One Rations (to feed five men for one day).

War hams and bacon have been developed to stand several months in tropic or arctic climates.

Frozen boneless beef and frozen boned pork loin are shipped by the millions of pounds for our troops on maneuvers and in battle zones.

Battleships, whose cooking facilities are equal to those of the finest hotels, have their great coolers stocked with fresh beef and pork.

All the research, "know-how" and facilities of the meat industry, including its 30,000 refrigerator cars and 26,000 refrigerated trucks, have been thrown into the fight.



More than 1200 meat packing plants and nearly 1000 sausage makers are doing their level best to take care of both the fighters and the folks at home.

To make the most of meat under your rationed share, we suggest

1. Manage your meat supply by budgeting your points for the meats available from day to day and the nutritional needs of your family.
2. Learn how to prepare the lower-point and often unfamiliar cuts.
3. Remember that all cuts of meat, regardless of price or point value, contain complete high-quality proteins,

essential B vitamins (thiamine, riboflavin, niacin), important minerals (iron, copper, phosphorus). These nutritional essentials are not stored in the body to any appreciable extent; must be supplied in the daily foods you eat.

4. Cooperate with rationing. Buy no meat except with ration stamps. Pay no more than legal ceiling prices. Buy only from reputable dealers who are supplied by licensed slaughterers.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE, Chicago

This Seal means that all statements regarding nutrition made in this advertisement are acceptable to the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.



Timely Summer Values

NOW ON SALE AT Firestone



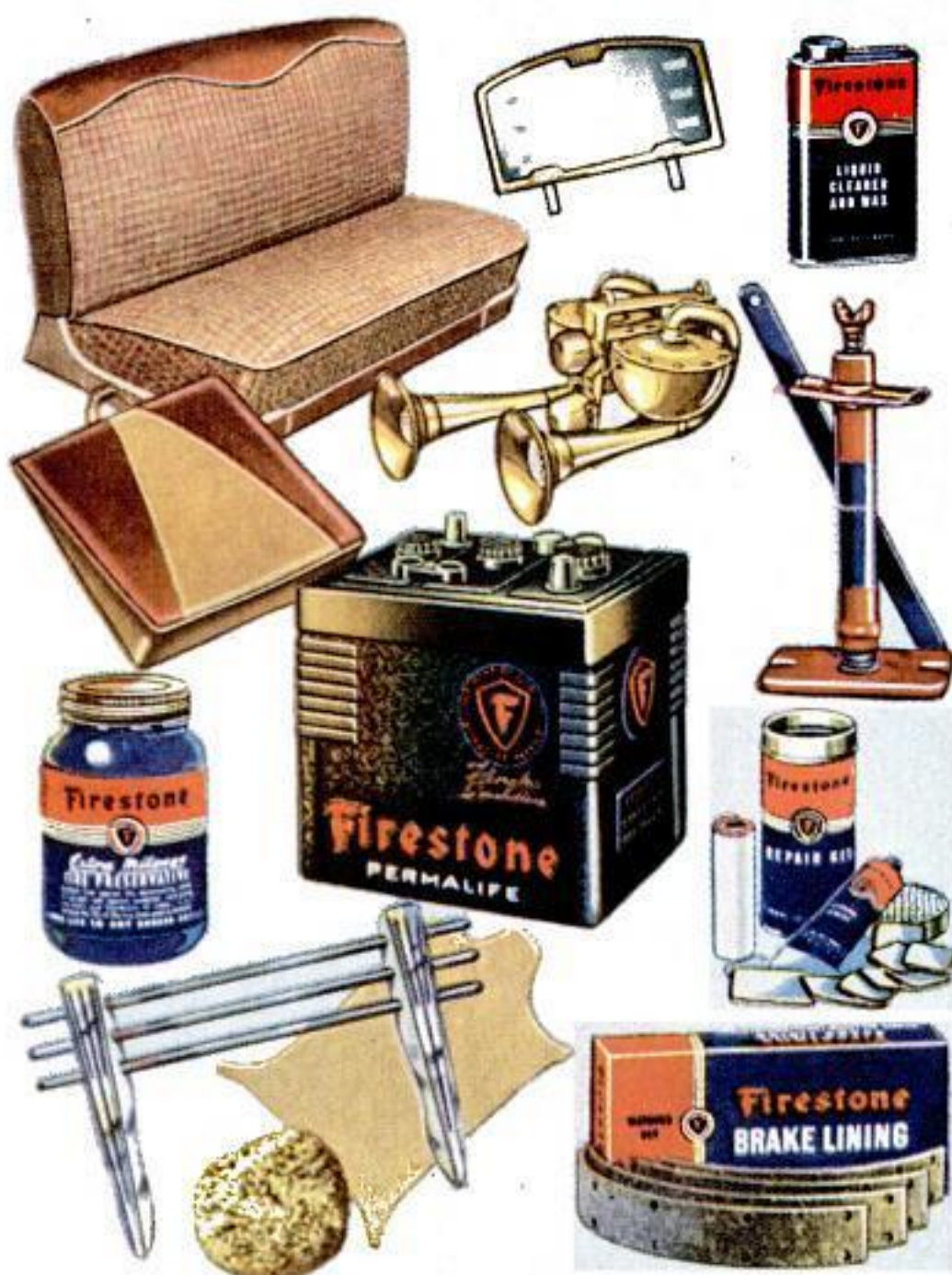
IT WILL PAY YOU WELL to do your shopping at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Firestone Store. There you will find a large stock and wide variety of necessities for the car, for the home and for working hours as well as a big assortment of recreation supplies that will make your summer more enjoyable. At the same time you can have your tires and your car thoroughly inspected and any service work required will be expertly performed at low cost. You save tires, save gasoline, save time and save money by one-stop shopping at Firestone.

Listen to the Voice of Firestone with Richard Crooks, Margaret Speaks and the Firestone Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Alfred Wallenstein, Monday evenings, over N. B. C.

FOR THE CAR

FOR THE HOME

FOR WORK AND RECREATION



WHEN YOU GET A CERTIFICATE TO BUY NEW TIRES—BUY FIRESTONE TIRES



At no extra cost, Firestone Tires give you patented and exclusive construction features that assure longer mileage and greater safety.

FIRESTONE Factory-Controlled RECAPPING For LONGER MILEAGE and GUARANTEED QUALITY



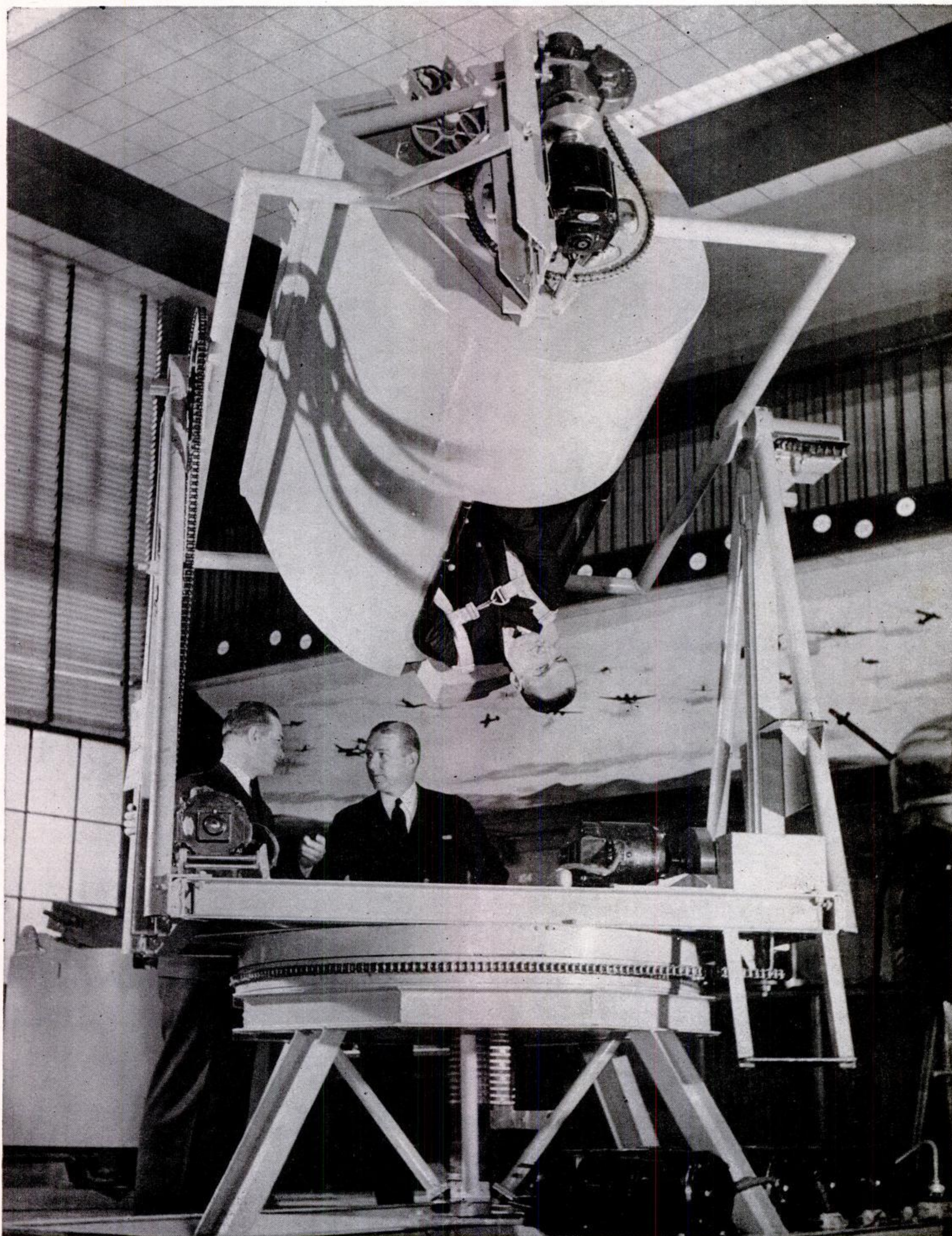
Now that you can have your tires recapped without a rationing certificate, you owe it to your country and to yourself to get the best recaps that money can buy — and that means Firestone Recaps.

SAVE TIRES • GASOLINE • TIME • MONEY BY ONE-STOP SHOPPING AT YOUR FIRESTONE DEALER OR STORE

These Departments to Serve You

TIRES • TUBES
BATTERIES
SPARK PLUGS
BRAKE LINING
AUTO ACCESSORIES
RADIOS • MUSIC
HOME APPLIANCES
HOUSEWARES

HARDWARE
LAWN • GARDEN
WHEEL GOODS
RECREATION SUPPLIES
TOYS • GAMES • BOOKS
PAINTS • WALLPAPER
CLOTHING FOR
WORK • RECREATION
LEATHER GOODS



INVERTED FLIGHT TRAINER is a new device still under development. It grew out of a desire to correct the student pilot's fear of flying upside down and his natural tendency to keep himself in the plane by gripping the controls or instrument panel, instead of having hands

free for action and depending on the safety belt to hold him in. After a short session of loops, turns and roll-overs in this unique device, in which the students wear parachute and safety belt, new pilots go easily into actual flight acrobatics and don't mind "hanging on the belt."

Swim to keep Trim

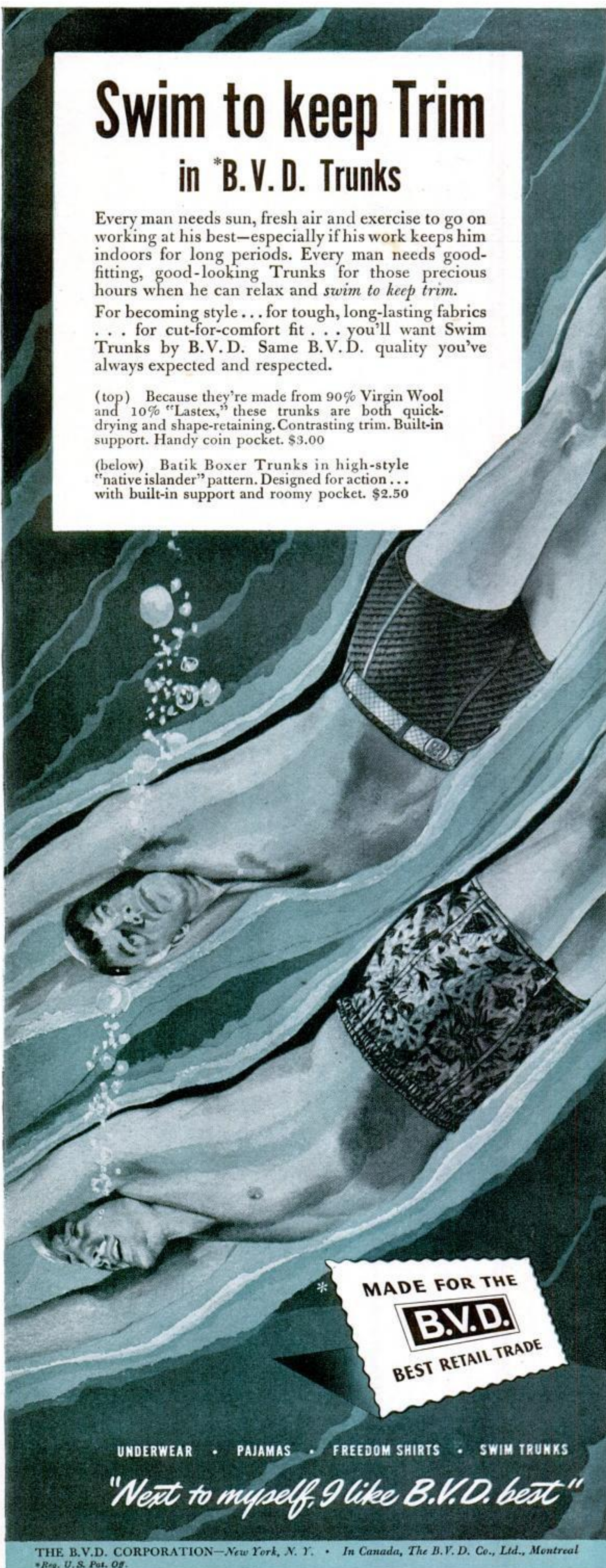
in *B.V.D. Trunks

Every man needs sun, fresh air and exercise to go on working at his best—especially if his work keeps him indoors for long periods. Every man needs good-fitting, good-looking Trunks for those precious hours when he can relax and *swim to keep trim*.

For becoming style... for tough, long-lasting fabrics... for cut-for-comfort fit... you'll want Swim Trunks by B.V.D. Same B.V.D. quality you've always expected and respected.

(top) Because they're made from 90% Virgin Wool and 10% "Lastex," these trunks are both quick-drying and shape-retaining. Contrasting trim. Built-in support. Handy coin pocket. \$3.00

(below) Batik Boxer Trunks in high-style "native islander" pattern. Designed for action... with built-in support and roomy pocket. \$2.50

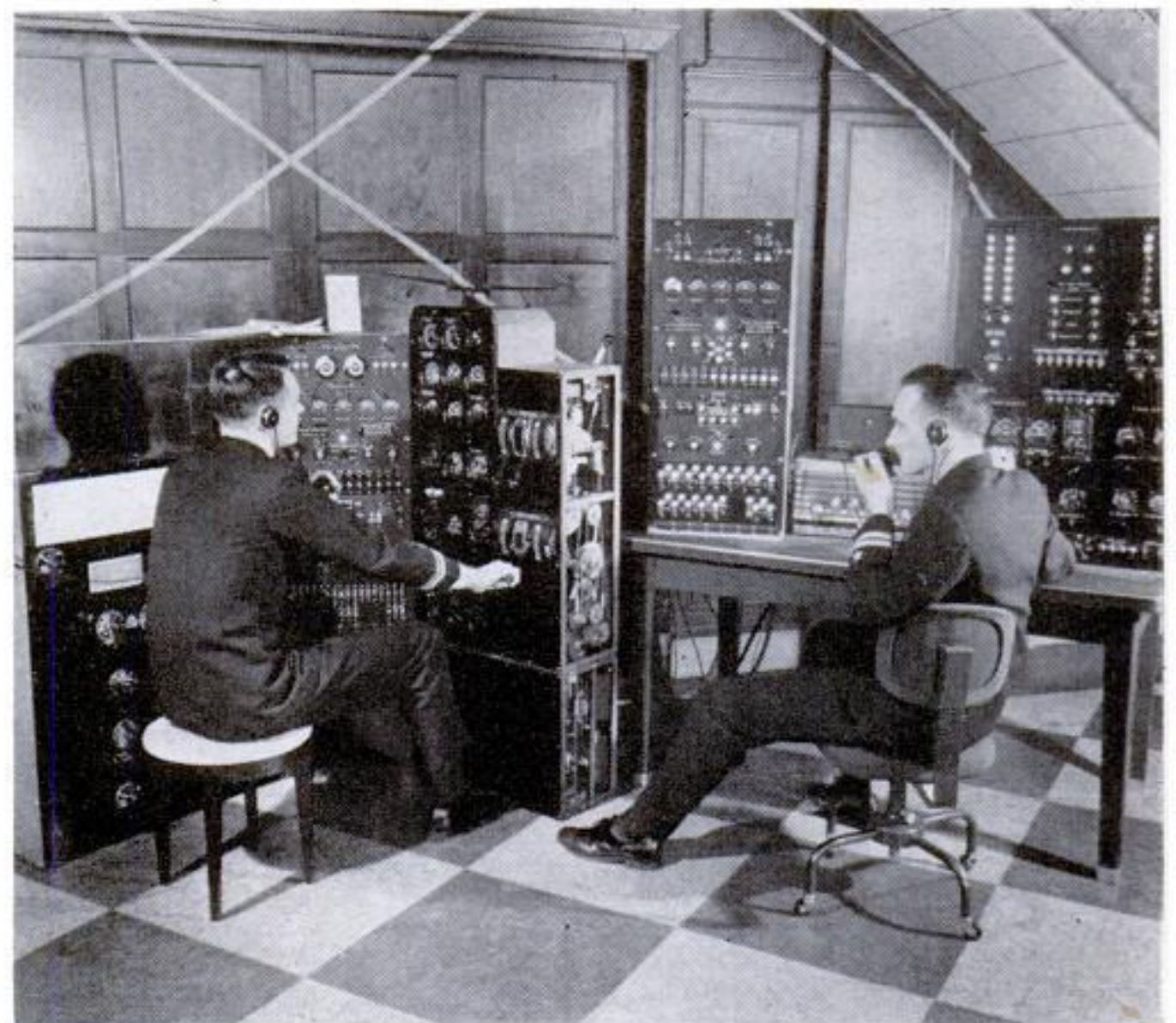


UNDERWEAR • PAJAMAS • FREEDOM SHIRTS • SWIM TRUNKS

"Next to myself, I like B.V.D. best"

THE B.V.D. CORPORATION—New York, N. Y. • In Canada, The B.V.D. Co., Ltd., Montreal
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

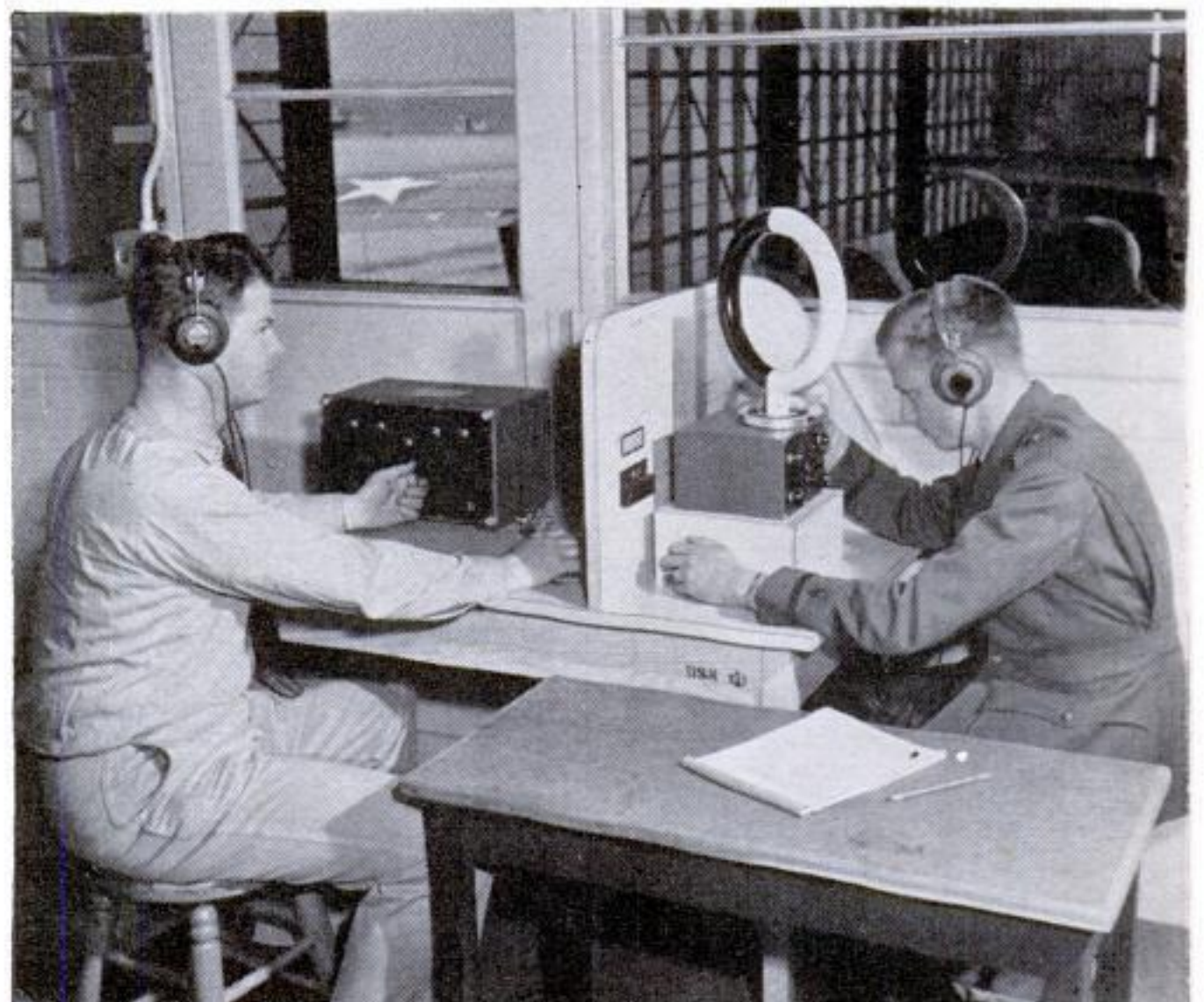
SPECIAL DEVICES (continued)



FLIGHT ENGINEER'S PANEL (left) duplicates every dial, switch and control on a Navy patrol plane. With it students master take-off procedure, handling of engines, and learn more from simulated emergencies than they could in months of actual flying.



CELESTIAL NAVIGATION TRAINER developed by Link takes a crew of four on all-night "flights" that seem amazingly authentic. With sextants, student navigators shoot through dome of their bomber mockup at stars which revolve as in a planetarium.



RADIO DIRECTION-FINDER TRAINER teaches operators to take bearings on synthetic radio stations set up by instructor (left), then plot the position by triangulation. Developed by Pan American, device is one of the most fundamental in Navy training.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 50



How to make a wish come true!

A wish filled with hope and promise.
Of Victory! Peace! Then a home of their own!
A home with happy, healthy children—secure and unafraid.
That's the heartfelt wish of all America.

Your peacetime home of tomorrow is well worth the wishing—for then even the most modest cottage can have electric servants to banish household cares and drudgery—to give more leisure for living.

After Victory, General Electric will go back to the job we know so well—equipping homes for better living—with even finer appliances.

To make *your* wish come true . . . buy War Bonds—to the very limit of your ability. For every Bond you buy helps bring our boys back sooner and safer—and is a solid investment in your own future happiness.

APPLIANCE AND MERCHANDISE DEPT., BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

General Electric Consumers Institute at Bridgeport, Conn., is devoted to research on wartime home-making problems such as: Nutrition • Food Preparation • Food Preservation • Appliance Care • Appliance Repair • Laundering • Home Heating and Air Conditioning. Bulletins and booklets are available through your General Electric Appliance Dealer, or from General Electric Consumers Institute, Dept. L6-3.



TAN
WITH
Gaby
GREASELESS SUNTAN LOTION

Start using Gaby the first time out in the sun. No alcohol to dry your skin... no oil to fry your skin! And GABY prevents sunburn and promotes a beautiful tan.

DOUBLE MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE
If it doesn't prove 100% effective, return to GABY, Philadelphia, Pa., and we'll cheerfully refund double the purchase price!
10c 25c 50c \$1.00
(Slightly higher in Canada)

Stockings
YOU POUR ON

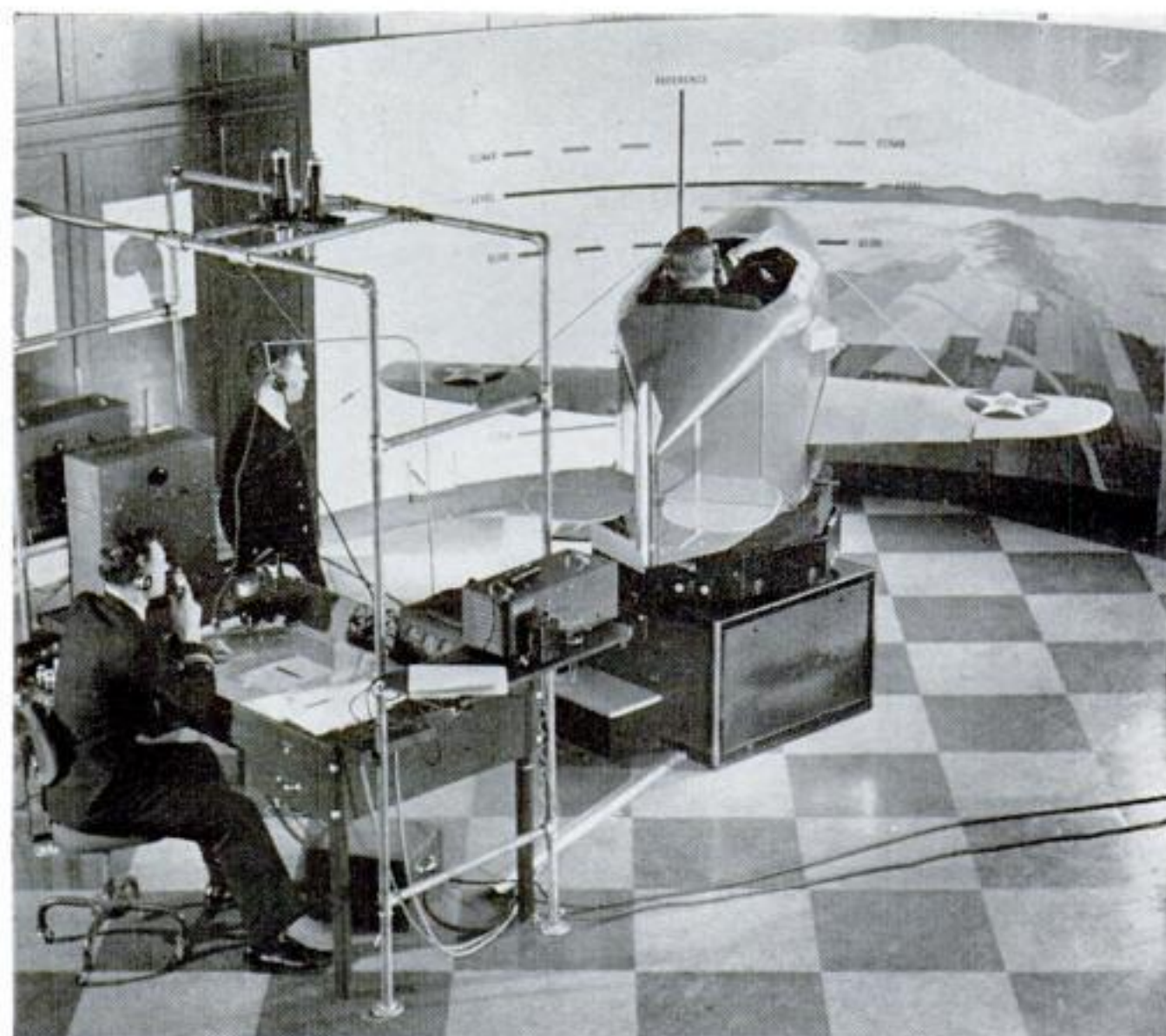
★ WON'T RUB OFF!
★ LOOKS LIKE SILK!
★ BLENDS SMOOTHLY!
★ WATER PROOF!

This new miracle formula meets every requirement! The creamy texture blends smoothly without streaking! Wind or rain can't smear or stain! Won't rub off. Won't soil clothes! 2 Nu-Natural shades.

Gaby
NU-NATURAL
LEG MAKE-UP

25c • 50c
AT DRUG COUNTERS EVERYWHERE

SPECIAL DEVICES (continued)



PREFLIGHT TRAINER, actually the familiar Link with the blind-flying hood removed, gives aviation cadet a chance to feel controls of an airplane, see how it reacts, and learn normal glide, climb and level flight positions before he ever gets off the ground.



DEAD-RECKONING NAVIGATION trainer is excellent device for solving search problems by instrument. Student simultaneously has to plot his course and pilot his little cart, moving a foot for each flight mile and leaving chalk-mark evidence of errors.



AUTOMATIC RATER, which is enjoyed as much in officers' clubs as its pinball ancestor, scores men on their accuracy and speed in answering multiple-choice questions on every subject from airplane identification to parts of an engine and Navy regulations.

A 100% RECORD

Awards on May 8th, 1943 to two plants in Kenosha, Wisc., completed this 100% record for The American Brass Company.



ALL TEN AMERICAN BRASS CO. PLANTS IN U. S. A. HAVE EARNED RIGHT TO FLY ARMY-NAVY "E" FLAGS

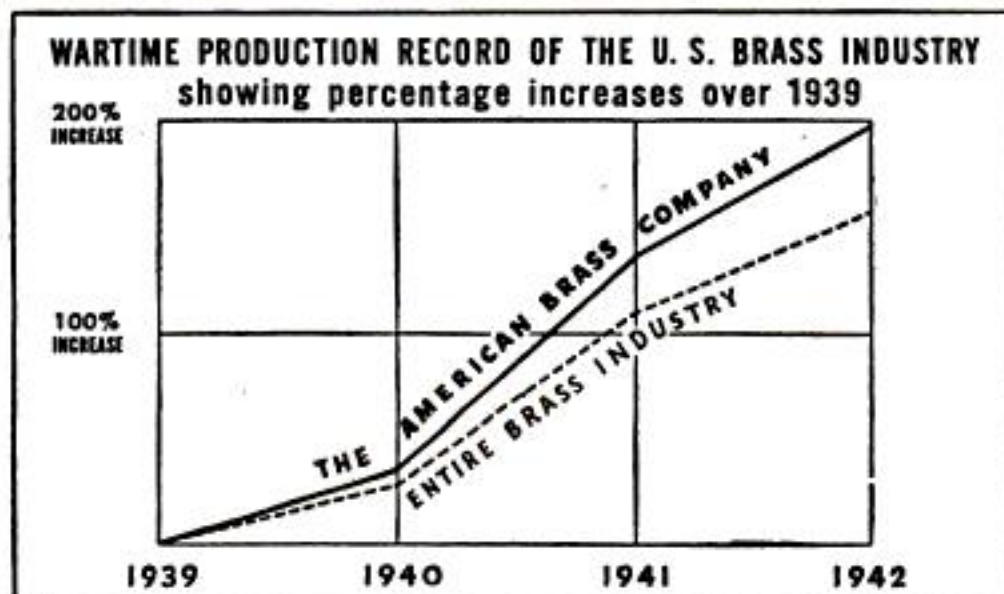
This is the story in terms of war production

Our Connecticut plants were among the first in the brass industry to receive the coveted "E" Award for outstanding production of war materials. Since then *all* our plants, including those in the States of Michigan, Wisconsin and New York, have been similarly honored.

As the largest fabricator in the copper and brass field, The American Brass Company is keenly aware of its responsibility and its opportunity to serve the cause of the United Nations. Since 1939, production has tripled, with virtually every pound today going for war purposes.

This record was accomplished by close cooperation between management and labor . . . careful planning for rapid conversion to wartime operations . . . intensive training of new personnel . . . plus efficient utilization of existing and new plant equipment.

Detailed figures, of course, cannot be revealed, but The American Brass Company is consistently breaking all previous volume records.



This chart*, based on 1939 peacetime production, shows the rapid swing into all-out war production, both by the copper and brass fabricating industry and The American Brass Company (not including Government-owned plants). All-time production records have been continually broken ever since the National Defense Program was initiated in 1940.

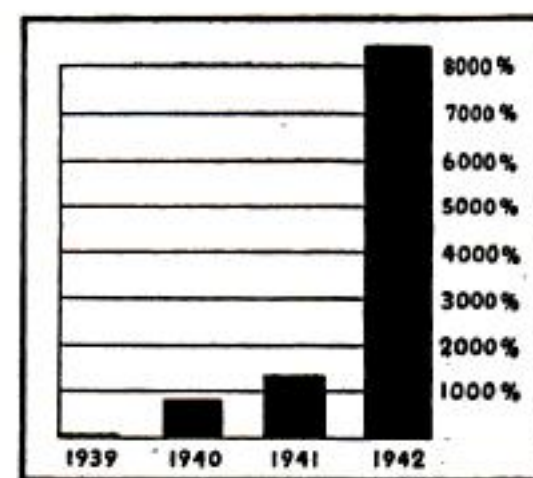
*Based on compilations of The American Bureau of Metal Statistics

In addition to its U. S. plants and that of a Canadian subsidiary, Anaconda American Brass Ltd., the company's production also embraces three plants operated for the United States and Canadian Governments.

Shipments this past January were the largest in the company's history. March exceeded January. The first quarter of '43 was by far the greatest tonnage quarter in the records of the company.

PRODUCTION OF COPPER ALLOYS FOR AMMUNITION by The American Brass Co.

This chart shows the vast increase in production of copper-base alloys directly earmarked for ammunition in plants operated by The American Brass Company. This is one of the most vital needs for copper and brass. Tremendous quantities are required for all types of ammunition.



The American Brass Company is proud indeed that all the plants it operates in the U. S. A. have won the honor of flying the Army-Navy "E" for excellence in production. But it is even prouder of the organization and the will-to-produce that have made this record possible . . . *and will keep it going.*



Employees are proud of their "E" buttons

This is the story in terms of human effort

Mere statistics can't reveal the spirit of production that carries on at The American Brass Company—a spirit shared by those at furnace and machine . . . foremen . . . office employees . . . everyone in the company.

Figures can't tell of the many men and women who have worked on Thanksgiving Day and other traditional holidays. Of Sundays as busy as Fridays. Of the effort and skill devoted to turning out the finest copper and brass products possible, realizing how much depends on their work. Of

the methods and means taken to utilize every last piece of equipment to help increase production. Of voluntary pay-roll deductions throughout the company to buy War Bonds.

Nor do mere figures tell of the inspiration of 4,418 former fellow-workers now in the Armed Services . . . sons, husbands, fathers, brothers, friends.

One small way of acknowledging what *they* are doing for *us* is to dedicate *to them* all our production awards.

43184B

THE AMERICAN BRASS COMPANY

Subsidiary of

Anaconda Copper Mining Company



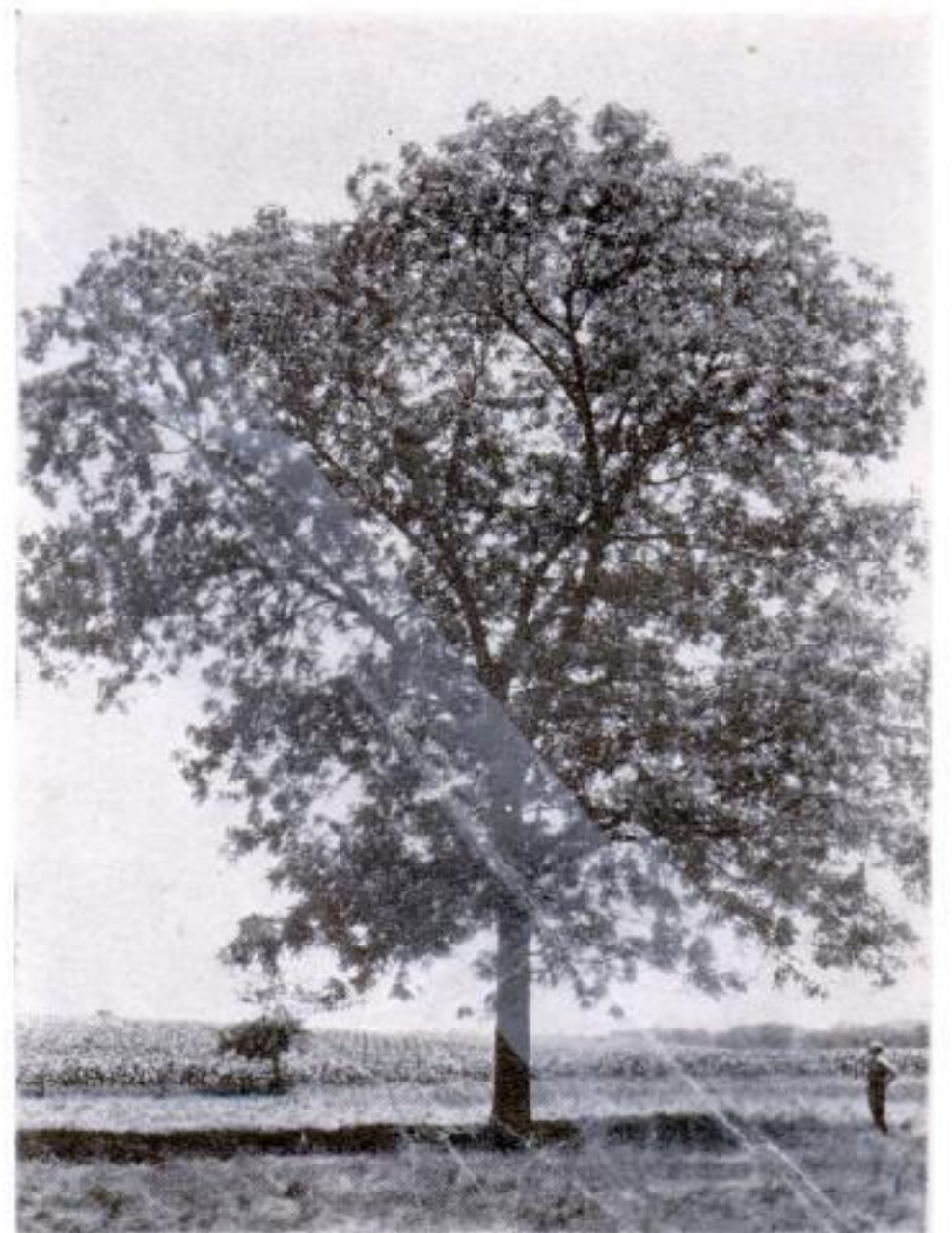
BUY ALL THE BONDS YOU CAN AFFORD . . . TURN IN ALL THE SCRAP YOU CAN FIND



The wild black cherry grows very widely in the U. S., ranging from the east coast to South Dakota and Texas. A tall, open, spreading tree, it bears clusters of small cherries which ripen during the summer and have a pleasant winey taste.



The shagbark hickory has a rectangular shape and a rough shaggy bark which hangs loosely from the trunk of the mature tree and gives it its name. A distinctly American tree, this hickory grows over eastern U. S. from Maine to Texas.



The black walnut is a round headed tree with a tall trunk, deeply grooved bark and rather scanty foliage which falls off early in autumn. It grows along roadsides but thrives best in moist soils from the eastern U. S. out to Oklahoma.

TREES

Now as summer comes in the trees are at their noblest. They are out in all their leafy loveliness, the sharp, hard patterns of their trunks and boughs masked by heavy foliage. Sparse stands of skinny trees now take on the look of thick, inviting groves. The woods have become deep and still and shadowy. The great forests which still stretch along the American mountainsides are more than ever remote and primeval places.

This summer a great many Americans, forced by shortages into more leisurely and reflective trips in the country on bicycle or on foot, will begin to recog-

nize their trees as something more than mere green shapes that rush by along the road. After years of blissful ignorance, they will begin to think about what a tree is and which tree is which. In itself a tree is an extraordinary hydraulic mechanism which is explained on pages 59-60. On the following pages are shown some of America's best-known trees. These color photographs were taken by Rutherford Platt, whose book, *This Green World* (Dodd Mead, \$3.75), is one of the most absorbing nature books published in recent years.

It is not very difficult to tell most trees apart.

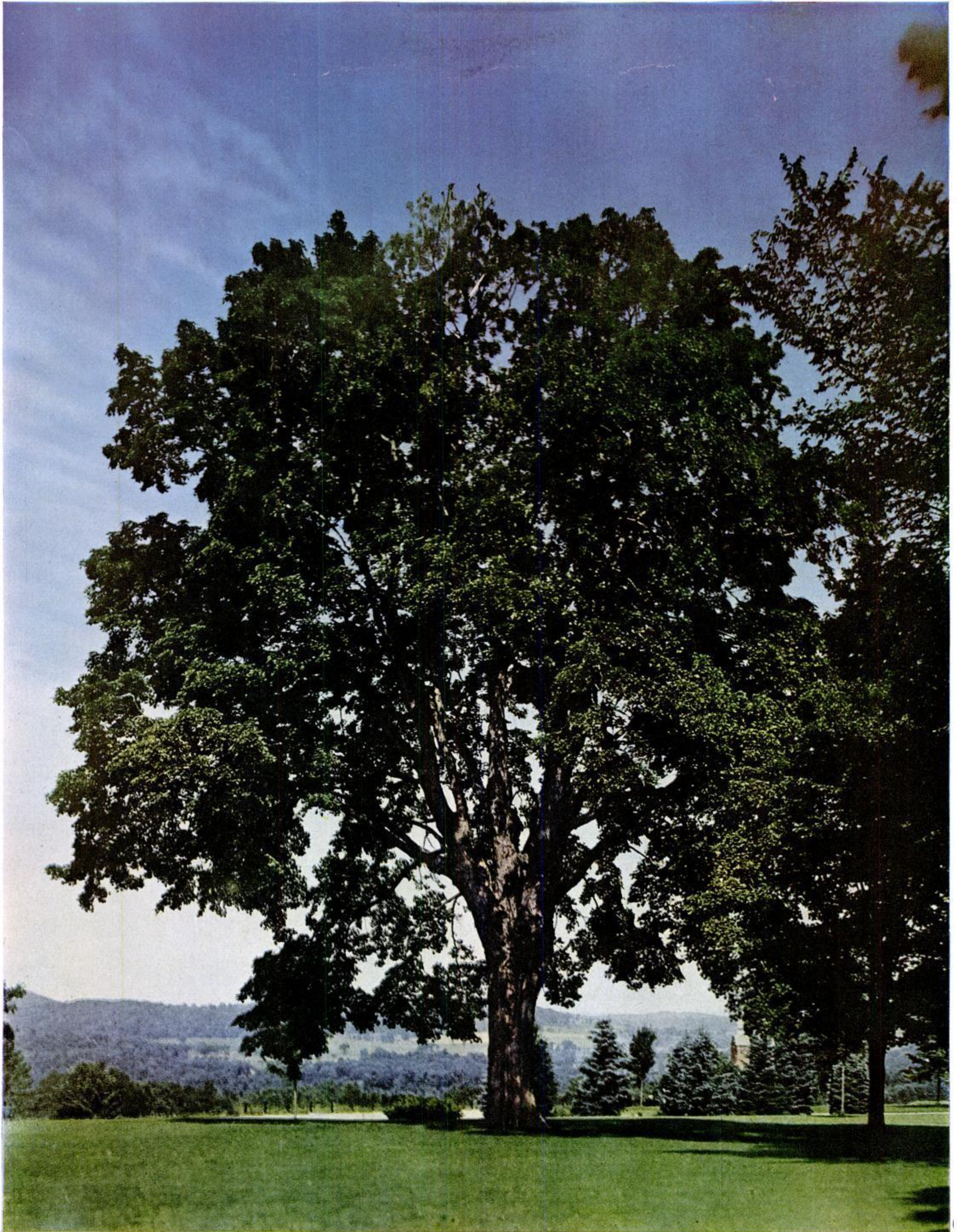
Their shapes often give clues to their identity. The lovely symmetry of the tree on the opposite page, for instance, marks it as a sugar maple. The leaf is the simplest kind of identification because no two kinds of trees have exactly the same leaf shape. Even the bark betrays the tree though this is more useful in the winter than in the summer. But it is not necessary to study trees in order to enjoy them. Mostly it is enough to look at their pleasant green shapes, to listen to the rustle as the wind moves through the leaves, or sit in their grateful shade which somehow can seem the most peaceful place in the world.



The black gum is sometimes straight and compact, at other times it is broad and straggling like one in picture above. It is often called tupelo, pepperidge or sour gum tree. It prefers moist places, is found mostly in poorly drained lowland soil in the southern states. In fall the black gum bears acrid little blue-black berries which birds and animals like to eat.



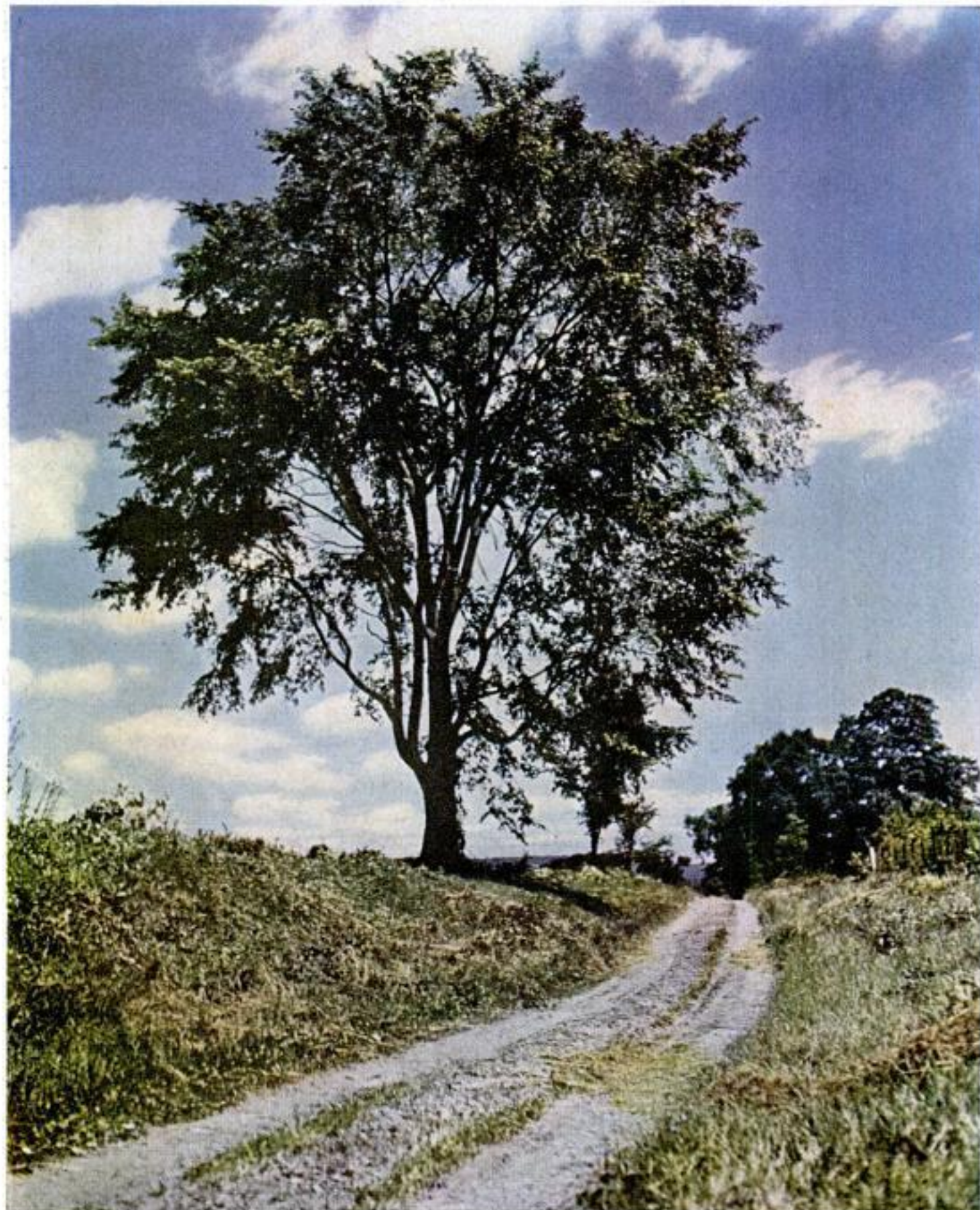
The live oak is a southern tree and, although a real oak, differs from others of its family. Its leaf has a slender oval shape, unlike the familiar oak-leaf pattern, and it is an evergreen. Its leaves hang on the tree until the end of winter, falling off when spring leaves come on. This is the poet's moss-covered oak, the one that has the beard resting on its bosom.



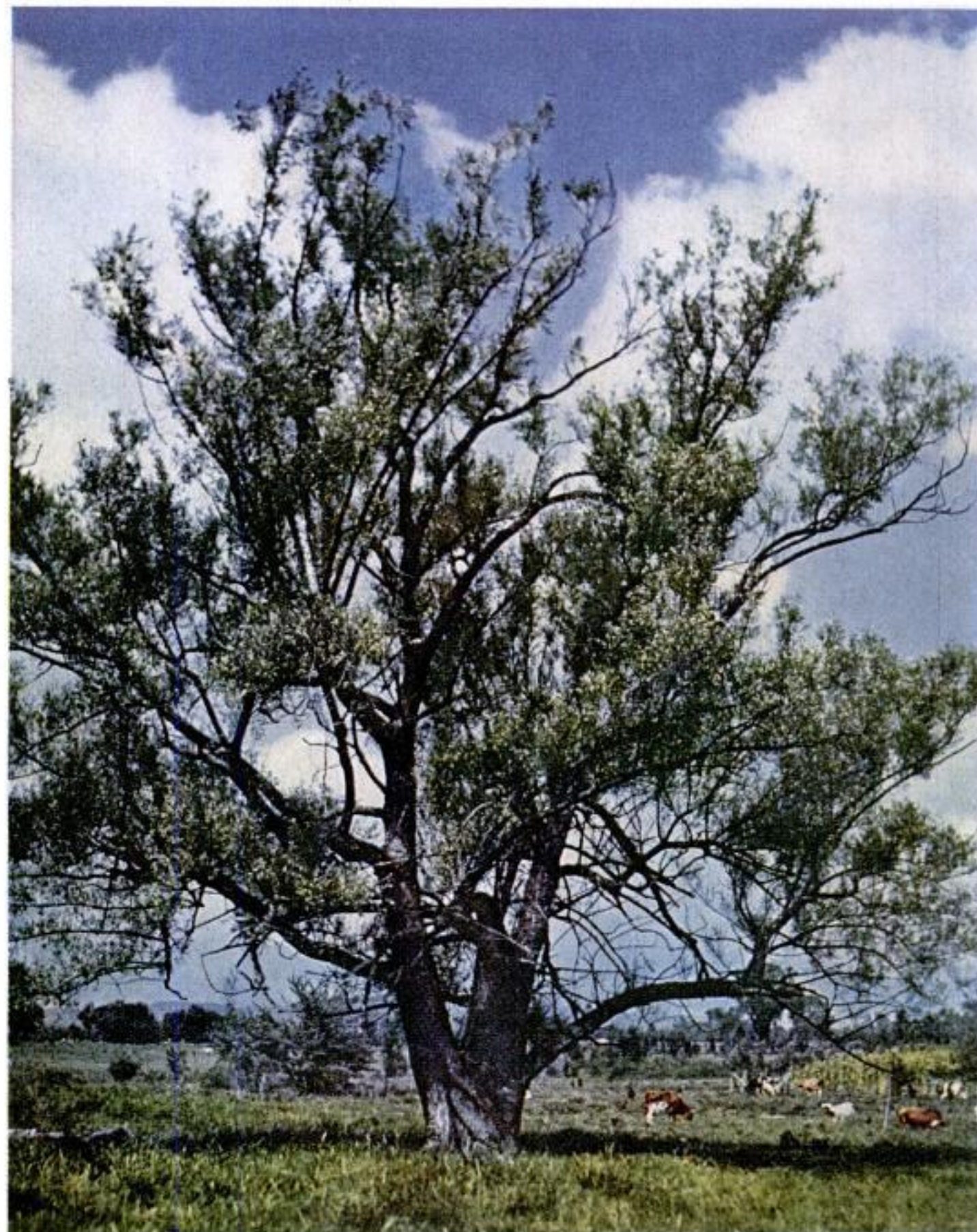
Sugar Maple is one of the prettiest trees that grow. Its shape is symmetrical—a long, compact oval which is never straggly except when the tree is very old. It grows more than 100 feet high and measures four feet thick through its gray-barked trunk. One reason for the regular shape of the sugar maple is that its

branches and leaves grow in pairs on opposite sides of the trunk or stem. Only a few other trees have this neat characteristic. The maple leaf, shown in drawing at left, is symmetrical and unmistakable. A completely American tree, the sugar maple is native only to the U. S. and Canada. Mostly it is New England's tree.

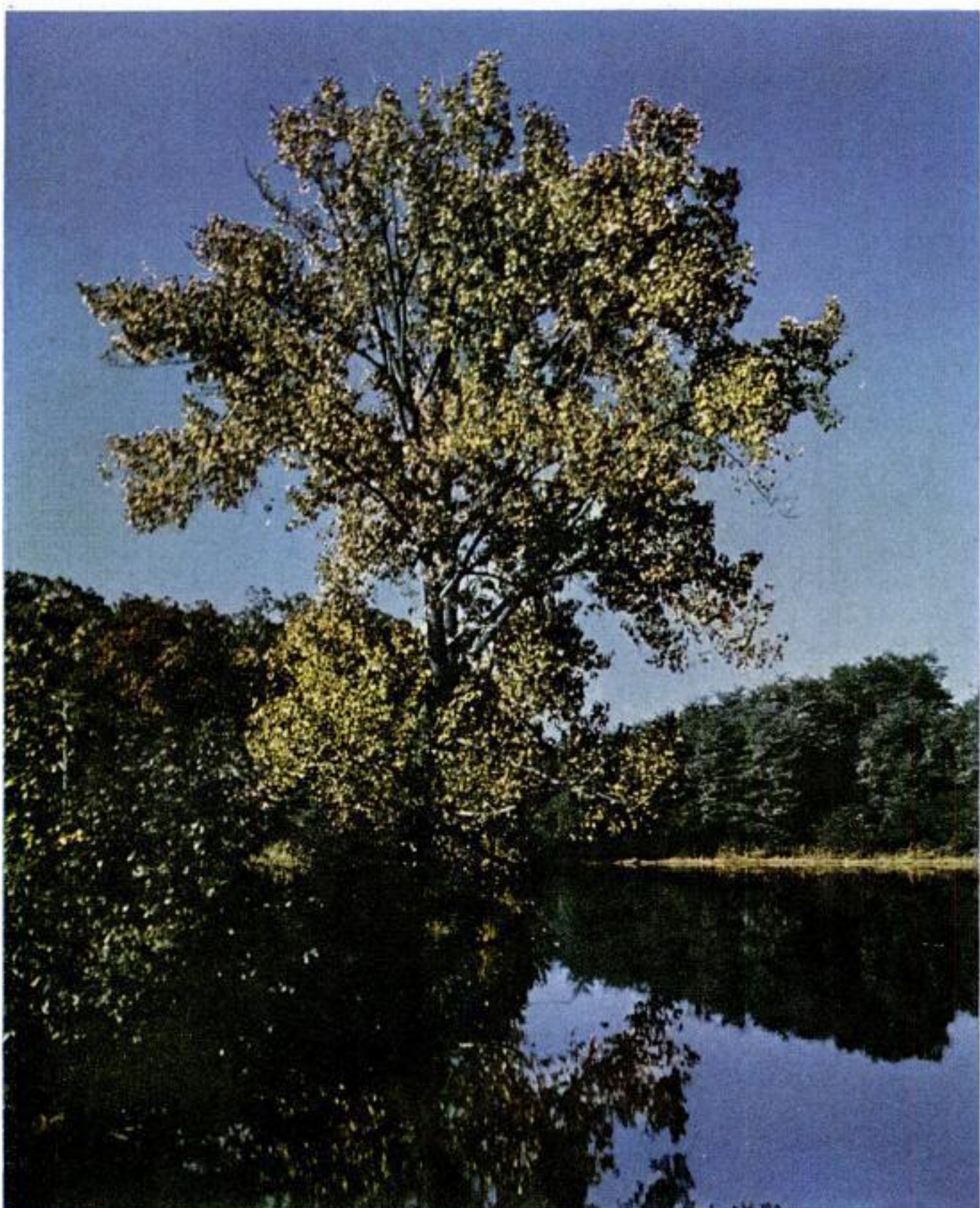
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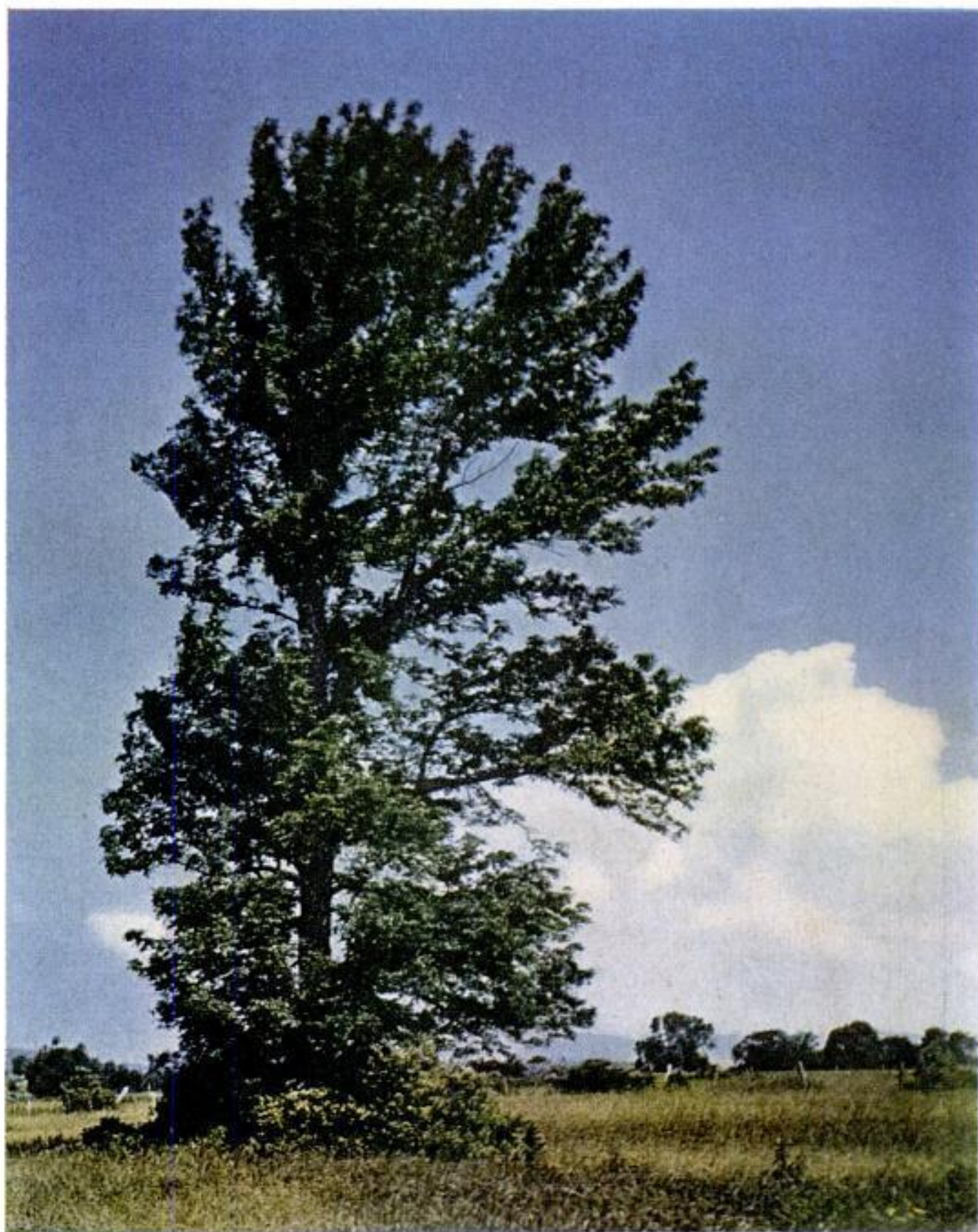
American Elm, which grows everywhere in the U. S. except the Far West, has a main trunk which breaks apart into many trunks. Each subsidiary trunk divides and subdivides until the tree seems to spray up like a fountain. Oval leaf has double teeth and a lop-sided base.



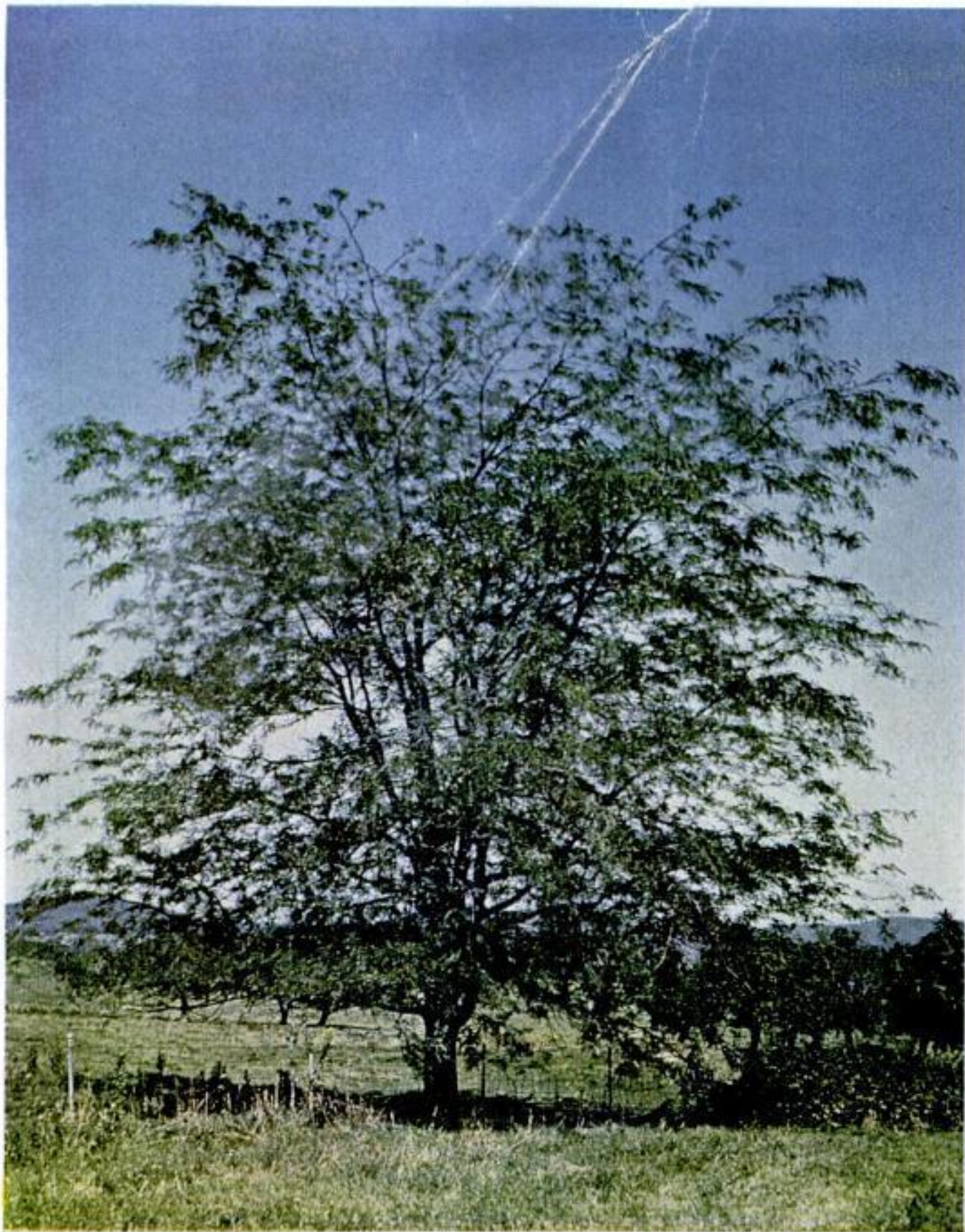
Black Willow is the common American willow tree. (The weeping willow is imported.) A black-barked disheveled-looking tree, it has soft, easily-broken wood which puts out shoots and suckers in all directions. The long willow leaf grows alternately along the stem.



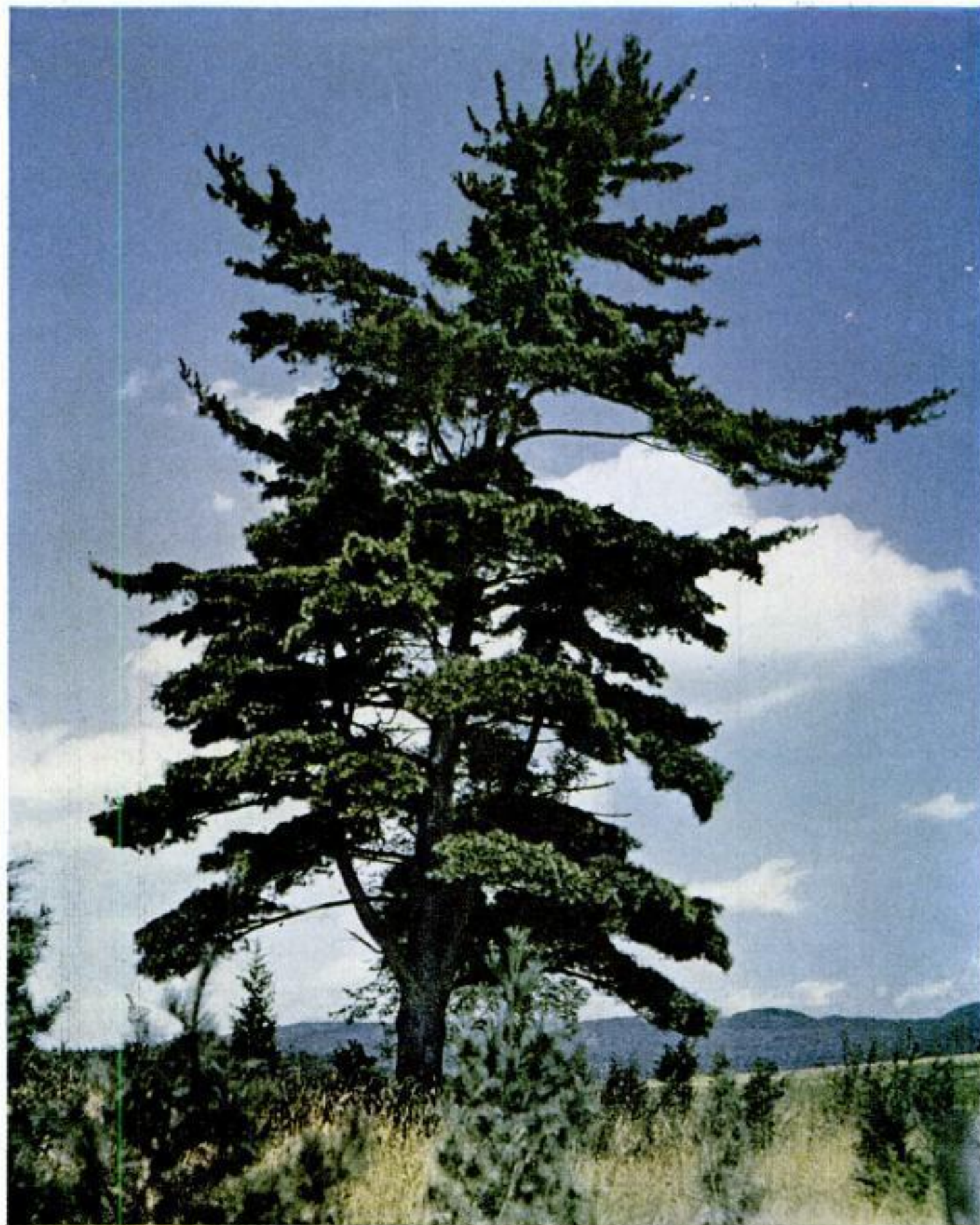
Poplar is a straight, slender tree whose branches grow out from the trunk at an acute angle. There are many kinds of poplar. This is *Populus tremuloides*, the familiar quaking aspen whose foliage stirs in the slightest wind. The poplar leaf is ovate and has an irregular edge.



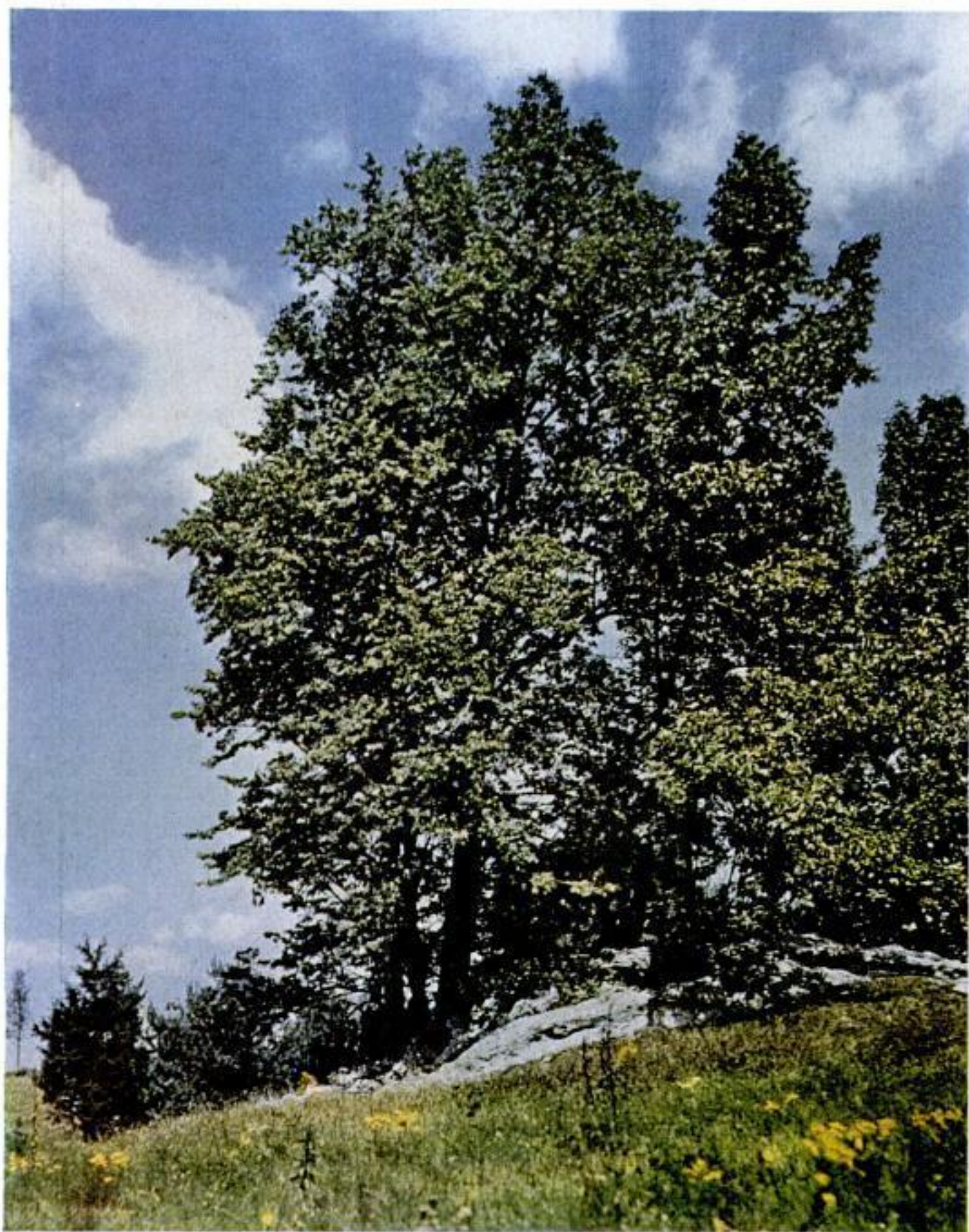
White Ash, a member of olive family, has leaves which turn purple in the fall, instead of red or yellow. Like maple, horse-chestnut and dogwood, ash leaves and branches are paired. Ash leaf is compound, made up of five to nine leaflets, like one at left, growing along stem.



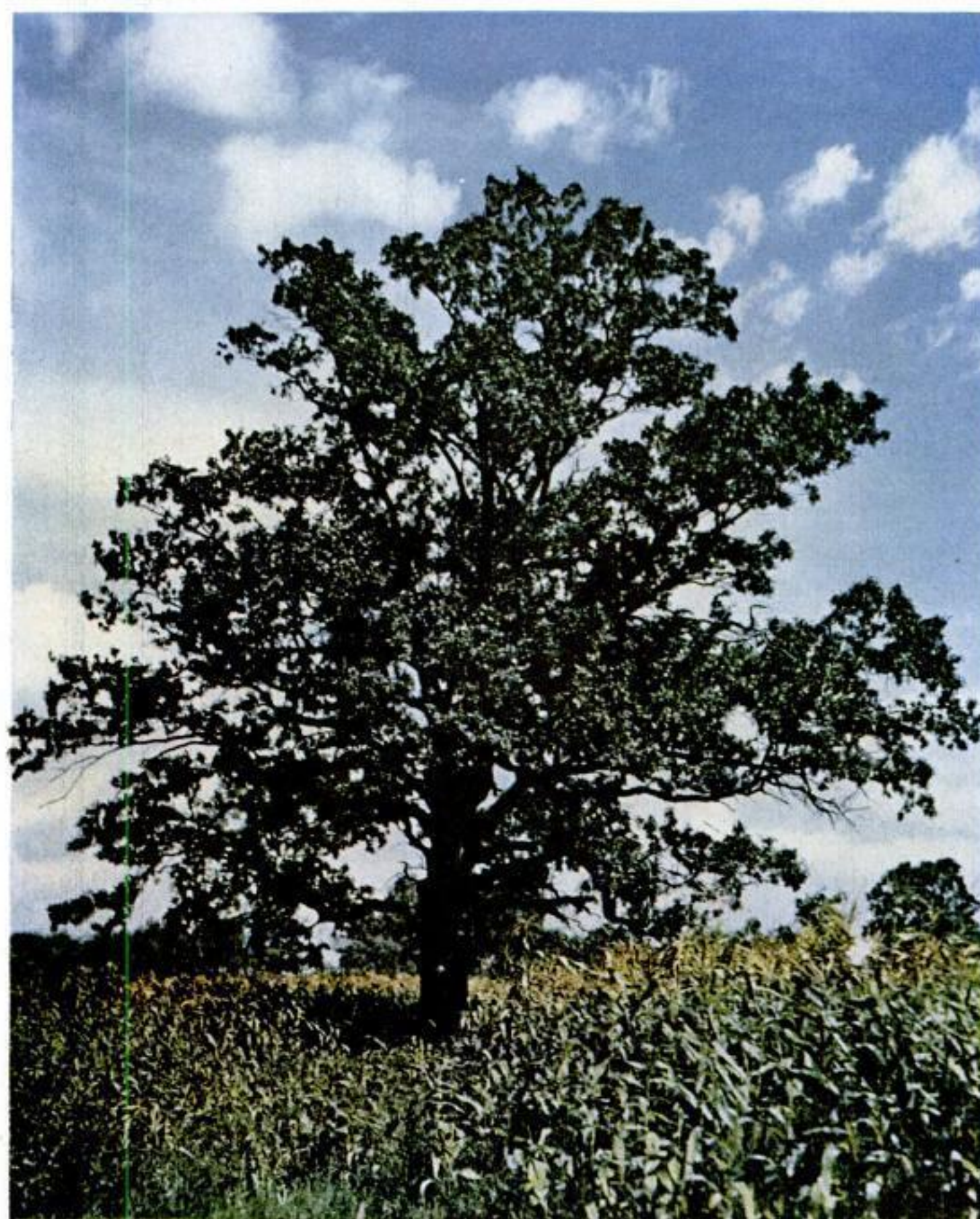
Honey Locust, a relative of pea, has flowers which look like sweet peas. It also has big thorns growing along its branches. The tree's top is flat, its branches pendulous. Leaf is often formed of four to seven leaflets, each leaflet (*left*) in turn made of many little leaflets.



White Pine is the noblest native pine and can always be recognized by the way its branches grow almost straight out from the trunk. The tree's needles form in clumps of five and its cones are very long. The white pine is a tall tree. Sometimes it grows more than 200 feet high.



Linden, also called Basswood, often leans over a little bit, like the one above. A small, compact, oval-shaped tree, it has light-brown, furrowed bark. In early summer it is full of fragrant blossoms. The linden's serrated, unsymmetrical leaf is deeply indented at the base.

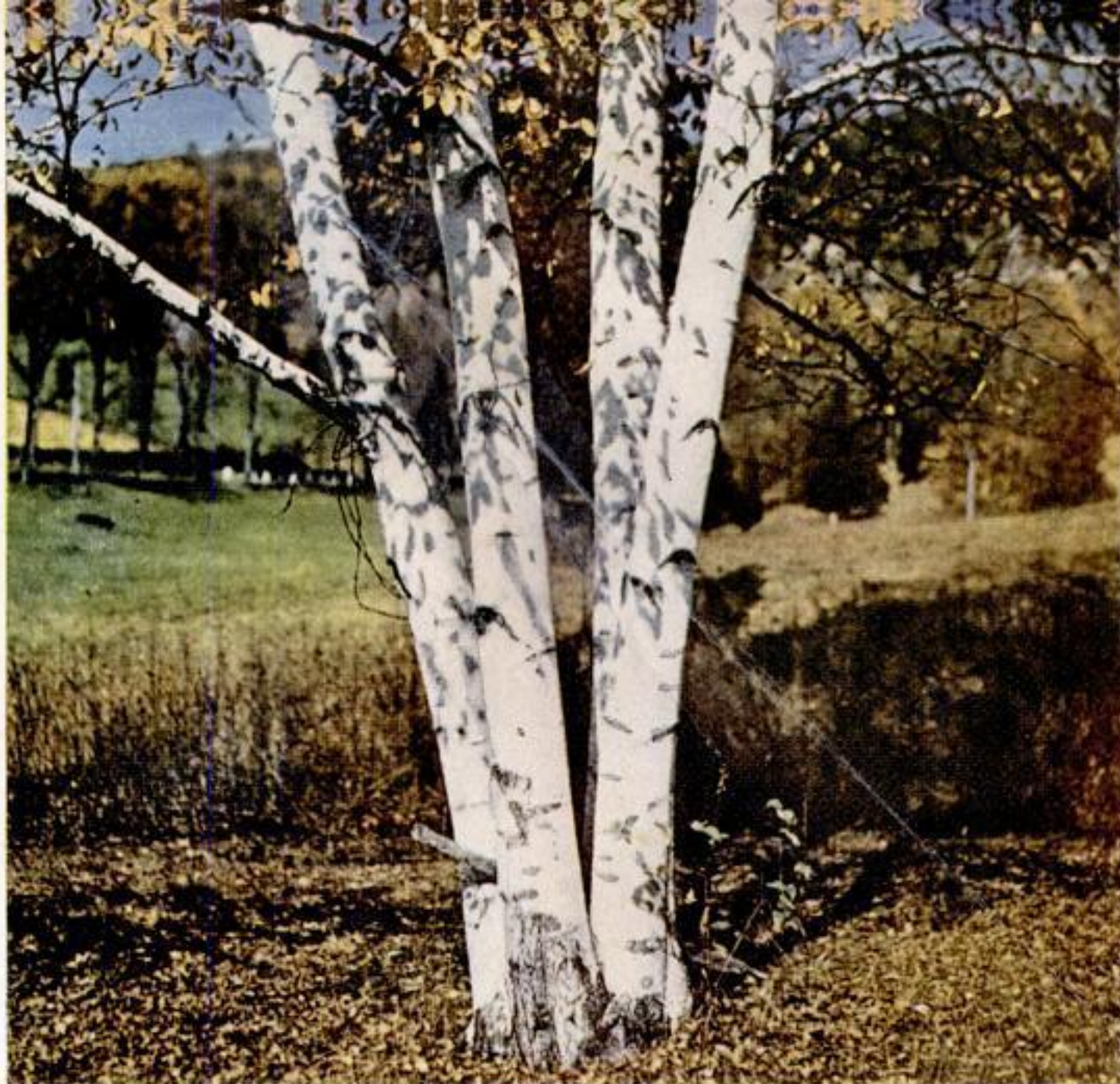


White Oak grows straight up in the forests, where it is crowded. But in the roomy fields its limbs spread far out and give the tree a strong and mighty appearance. The white oak is not a tall tree, its height seldom exceeding 100 feet. The long leaf is deeply cut, has rounded lobes.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Tulip tree bark has a regular, even texture. Its unusual leaf is deep green on the upper surface, and pale on the under side. Its straight, tall trunk grows without a break up to a height of more than 200 feet. A relative of the magnolia, the tree is named for its tuliplike flower.



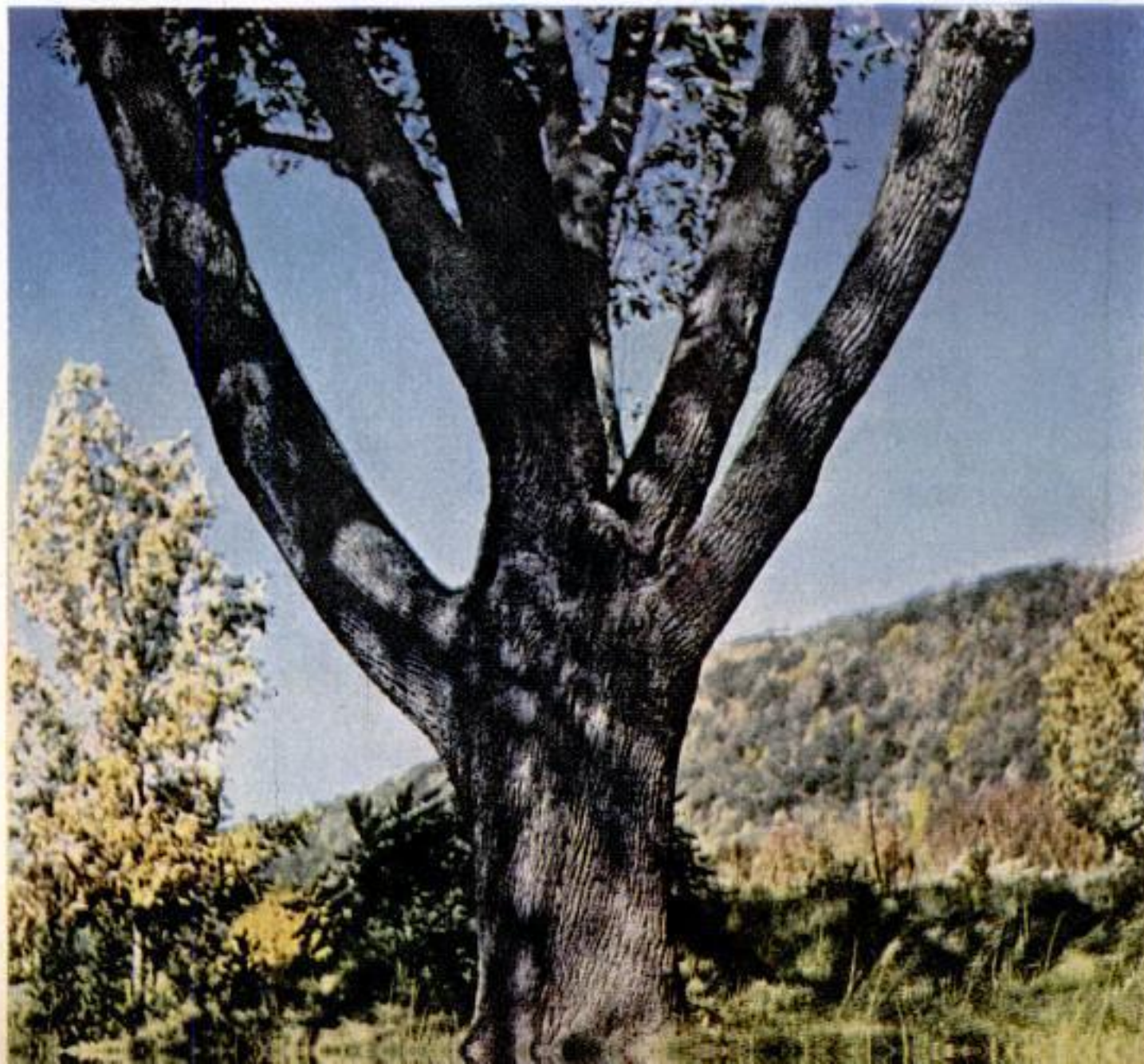
Paper birch has a flexible chalky white bark whose inner surface is bright orange. The Indians used the bark of this birch to make their canoes. A small and slender tree, the paper birch often grows in clumps like the one above. Its regular leaf has saw-toothed edge.

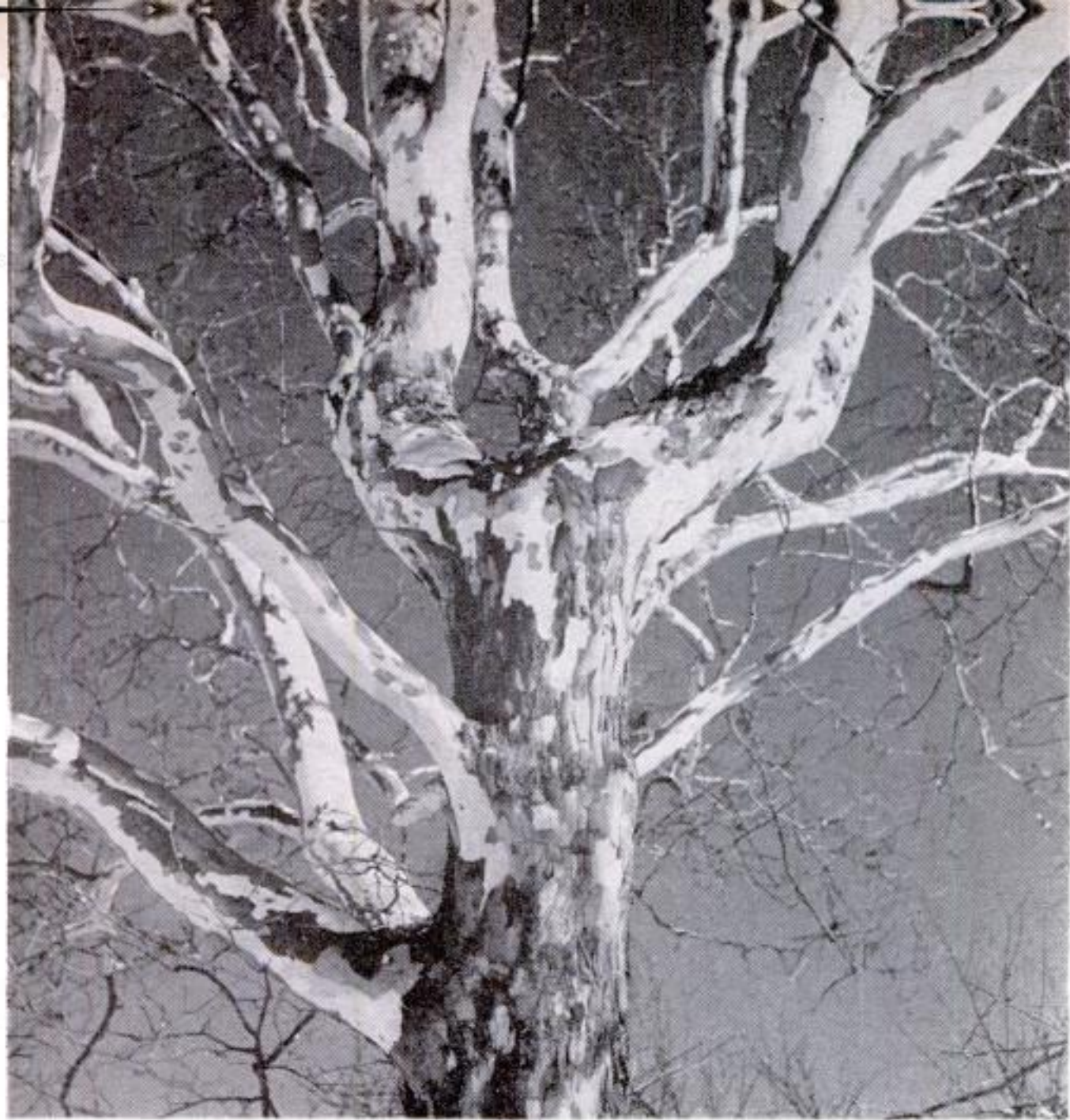


Cypress is a southern tree whose bark is cinnamon-red color and whose thick trunk has strong roots to buttress it on the wet ground in which it grows. A conifer like the pine, the cypress is not evergreen, losing leaves in winter. White pine bark (*below*) is dark, sticky with resin.



White Oak bark is lighter in color than that of other oaks and has a gray tone which distinguishes it from others of the oak family. The bark of the white ash (*see below*) is very thick and is crisscrossed in long ridges, which give the bark a regular diamond-shaped pattern.





The sycamore tree, which is called the buttonwood and plane tree, has a very inflexible outer bark. As the tree grows, outer bark splits and shreds off in big strips from the trunk and branches. White inner bark, which stretches more easily, shows through. The resulting mottled look makes identification of the sycamore very easy.



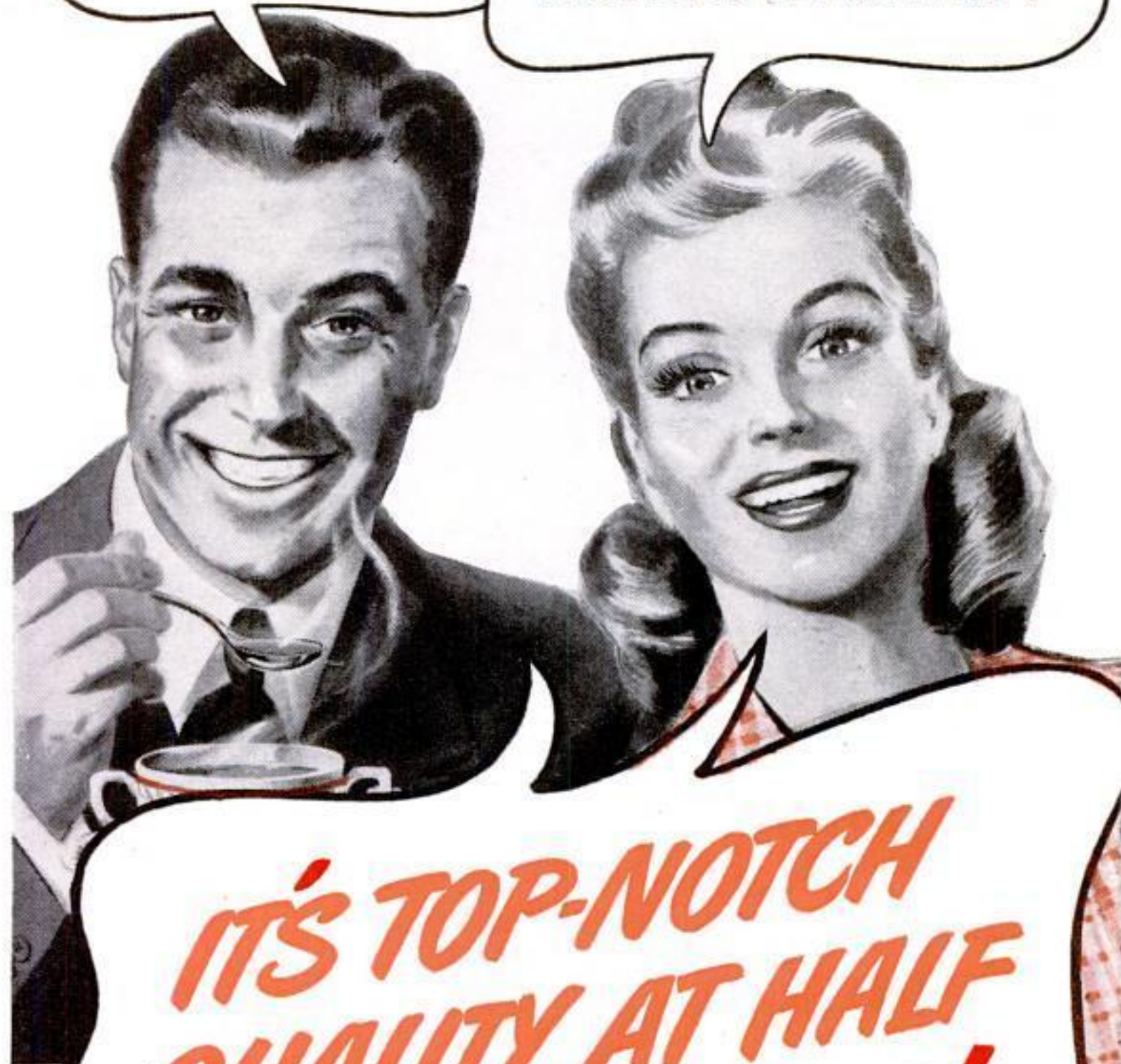
The beech tree has flexible bark which stretches as the tree's girth grows. The bark neither peels off, like the sycamore, nor becomes ridged, like so many trees. Instead it remains smooth and silvery-gray. The arbor-vitæ bark (below) forms into very narrow ridges and sometimes looks as if it were flowing down the trunk of the tree.



CONTINUED ON PAGE 59

MY WIFE MAKES
THESE NEW
**DEHYDRATED
SOUPS** TASTE
HOMEMADE!

THANKS TO
FRENCH'S
WORCESTERSHIRE!



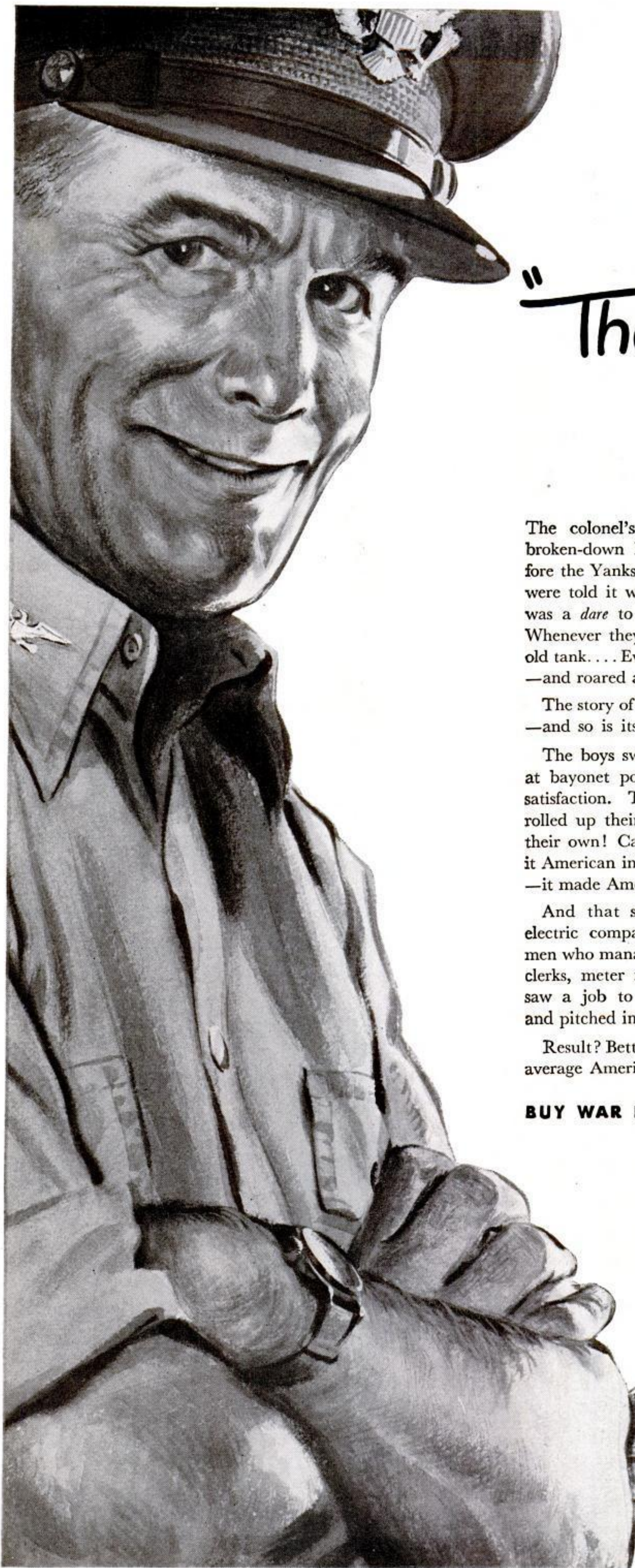
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I COOK THE SOUP
AS DIRECTED ON
PACKAGE, ADD A
TEASPOONFUL OR
MORE OF **FRENCH'S**
WHILE COOKING.
MAKES IT RICHER,
MORE FLAVORFUL!



"Those doggoned kids!"

Give 'em a screw-driver and a pair of pliers and they'll make anything run!''*

The colonel's "kids" had come upon a broken-down French tank, abandoned before the Yanks reached North Africa. They were told it would never run again. That was a *dare* to boys who loved machinery. Whenever they could, they worked on the old tank. . . . Eventually, it grunted—lurched—and roared across the field!

The story of "those doggoned kids" is true—and so is its peculiarly American moral.

The boys sweated those extra hours, not at bayonet point, but freely—for fun and satisfaction. They saw a job to do, they rolled up their sleeves, they pitched in on their own! Call that "free enterprise," call it American initiative. Whatever you call it—it made America grow!

And that same spirit built America's electric companies. Many of the business men who manage them today were linemen, clerks, meter readers. Ordinary folks who saw a job to do, rolled up their sleeves and pitched in.

Result? Better service at lower prices! The average American family gets *twice as much*

electricity for its money as it did about 15 years ago. And, at the same time—

These companies under experienced business management are supplying over 80 per cent of America's wealth of electric power! Power for production. Far more power than in all the countries combined!

Yes, some folks wanted to make things run—and run smoothly! They *had* the initiative. They *acquired* the know-how. They were allowed to work in freedom! . . . *Know-how, freedom*—those are the tools in the hands of initiative! They're the "screw-driver" and the "pliers"! . . . With those two simple tools, Americans can make anything run! *Americans are doing it!*

**THIS PAGE SPONSORED BY A GROUP OF 114
ELECTRIC COMPANIES* UNDER
AMERICAN *BUSINESS* MANAGEMENT**

*Names on request from this magazine. Not listed for lack of space.

BUY WAR BONDS AND HELP "THOSE KIDS" MAKE THE AXIS RUN!



★ Quoted from an AP despatch from Tunisia

Trees (continued)

FROM ROOTS TO TOPMOST LEAF TREES ARE ACTIVE AND AMAZING WATERWORKS

The tree that people see—the poetic shape of trunk and branch and leaf—is only part of a tree. There is almost as much tree beneath the ground as above. Anchoring the tree to the earth and tapping the soil for moisture is a huge root system many miles in total length. It wedges deep into the earth, forcing itself around and even through big rocks in its search for water. No one has measured a tree's root system. But some idea of its size can be gathered from the fact that a single plant of winter rye grew 6,500 miles of root hairs. The shape of the tree's root mass, as the drawing at right shows, roughly resembles the shape of the tree above the ground. Its roots grow in a circumference which matches the circumference of the tree's outside branches.

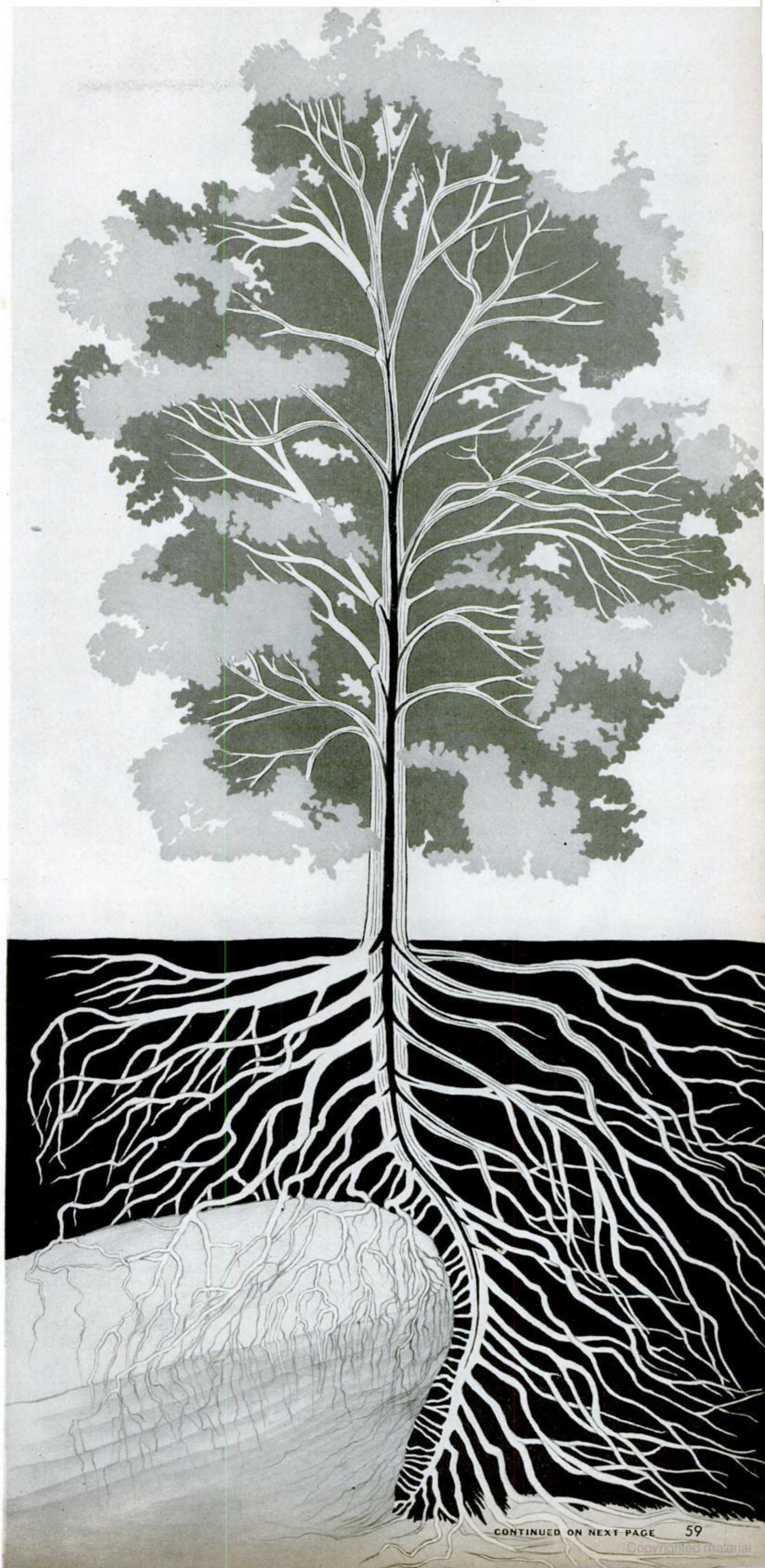
The root system extracts an enormous quantity of water from the soil, making the tree a very active waterworks. On a single summer's day a middle-sized apple tree will lift 800 lb. of water out of the ground, spraying all but a small part of that water out into the air. All vegetation, of course, acts as waterworks. A stalk of corn can lift up 440 lb. of water in its growing season, and an acre of lush grass will lift up more than six tons of water on a June day.

Botanists have long puzzled over the tree's ability to lift so much water to such heights. Neither suction nor root pressure fully explained it. Botanists now think that cohesion of tree sap is the answer. A tree is almost always a solid column of water or sap from roots to leaves. As water evaporates from the leaves, more water is pulled up into the leaves from the tree. Sap has great tensile strength—2,250 lb. per square inch—which is theoretically enough to lift it to the top of a tree almost a mile high.

The tree contains most water in the springtime before its foliage is full. In the dry summer spells, the water content falls off somewhat because there are so many leaves using water so prodigally. About 98% of the water taken up by the roots is passed off through the leaves as vapor. Only 2% of it goes back as food to build and nourish the tree. How the tree is put together to perform its amazing functions is told on the following pages in drawings by Ralph Graeter, done with the help of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden.



As waterworks gives off vapor through its leaves, acting as a kind of fountain which sprays moisture out into the air.





◀ When she cuts
you off like this...

Instead of hanging
on like this... ➡



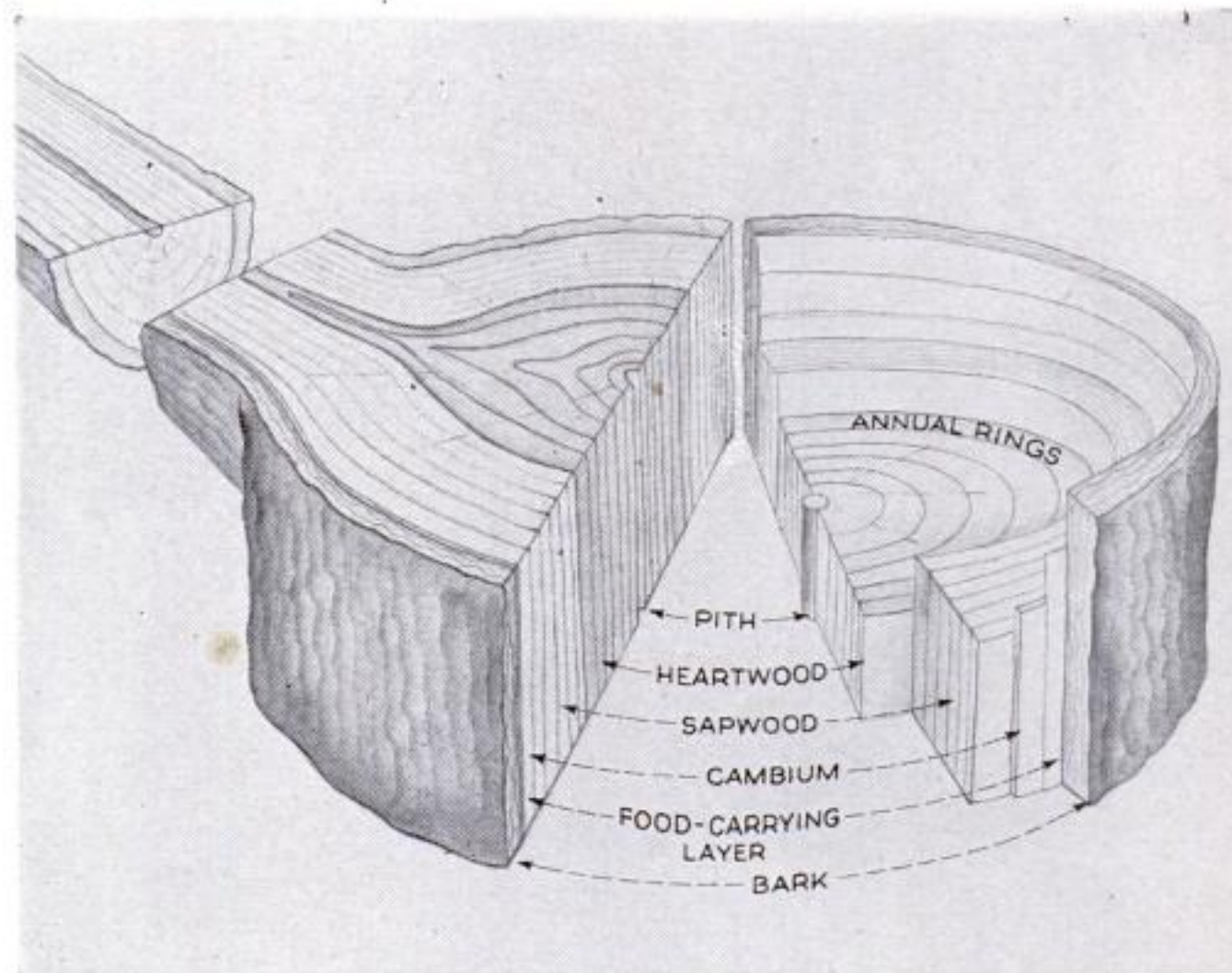
◀ TRY THIS

Everybody's breath offends
sometimes—after eating,
drinking, or smoking. Let
LIFE SAVERS save yours.
Only 5¢.



◀ Our soldiers, sailors, and marines enjoy
LIFE SAVERS, too, and are ordering more
of them every day. So...if you have trouble
getting some favorite flavor, we know you
won't complain.

Trees (continued)



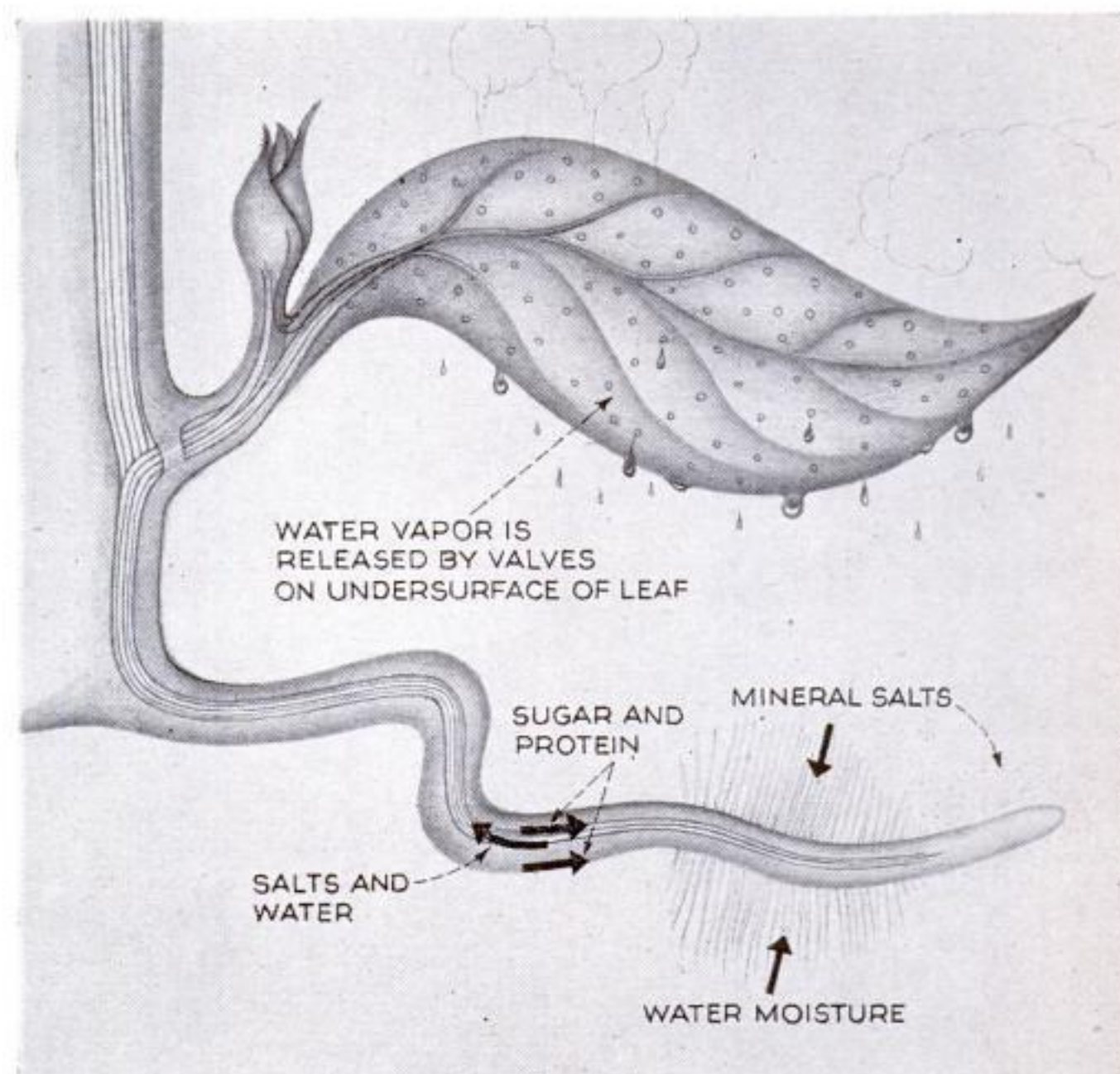
The trunk of the tree is built up in layers which, when cut crosswise, lay bare the grain of the wood. The pattern of the trunk is duplicated in the branches and twigs.

TRUNK AND BRANCHES CARRY WATER

The vital functions of the trunk, branches and twigs of a tree are to transport water and to carry food through the tree. The drawing above shows how the tree is built to do its work.

The outermost layer of the bark is purely protective. Just underneath is a layer of cells which carries the processed tree food—a slippery, jelly-like fluid which is most noticeable in spring—from the leaves. Inside the food layer is the critical part of the tree, a sheath of cells just one cell thick called the cambium. This is the main growing part of the tree, which turns into wood cells, food cells, bark cells, bud cells.

Just inside the cambium are the tree's water conduits, the sapwood. This consists of columns of woody cells through which water flows upward from the roots. In a young tree all the woody cells are actively carrying water. Each year the cambium layer forms a new layer of sapwood, making annual rings by which botanists tell a tree's exact age. As the tree grows older, the innermost sapwood loses its connections with the leaves. Instead of carrying water through the tree, it simply stores up water and serves as a reservoir on which the tree calls in dry spells when roots cannot find enough water. As the tree grows very large, the oldest wood—the heartwood—no longer needs to serve as a reservoir. It fills up with gum or hardening substance and, turning solid, serves as sturdy support for the big trees. The center of the tree is pith, remnant of the earliest growing cells.



The flow of water through the tree moves upward from the roots out into the leaves. From tiny openings in the leaf's undersurface, the water vaporizes out into the air.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 62

"FEEL FIT" IN REGAL SHOES!

*Which is
which?*



Can you tell the \$44 Oliver Moore Original from the \$6.60 REGAL REPRODUCTION?

YOU "FEEL FIT" in Regal Reproductions because you *are* correctly fitted. That's especially important today because an improperly fitted shoe means a wasted coupon—and you can't replace the coupon.

In fitting you, custom bootmakers take not one but many measurements of both feet. So does Regal's exclusive "Prescription Fitting" system—operating with scientific exactitude—measure both feet in sitting, standing and stepping positions.

Regal styles, too, are *authentic*. In the actual photograph above you see the original of a black calfskin town shoe as interpreted by Oliver Moore, noted New York custom bootmaker. And you also see the faithful Regal Reproduction. The original cost \$44 a pair; the reproduction costs \$6.60.

Remember, too, that this and other Regal Reproductions follow the bootmaker originals stitch for stitch. How can we reproduce \$44 styles for just \$6.60? The answers are three:

- (1) Regal Shoes are volume-produced.
- (2) Regal buys its fine leathers in large quantities.
- (3) Regal sells the entire output of its factories direct to you through Regal Stores.

\$44 Oliver Moore originals and \$6.60 Regal Reproductions are both outstanding values in their respective fields. Drop in at any Regal Store today and see these unsurpassed buys at \$6.60.

P. S. See page 107 to learn "which is which" in the actual photo above.



*What is a "PRESCRIPTION FIT"?

"Prescription Fitting" is the world's most nearly perfect shoe-fitting system! By means of the patented, scientific Resco Fitting Machine, both your feet are measured in three basic positions (sitting, standing and stepping) . . . to assure you a healthful, comfortable fit!

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For YOUR CAR Too

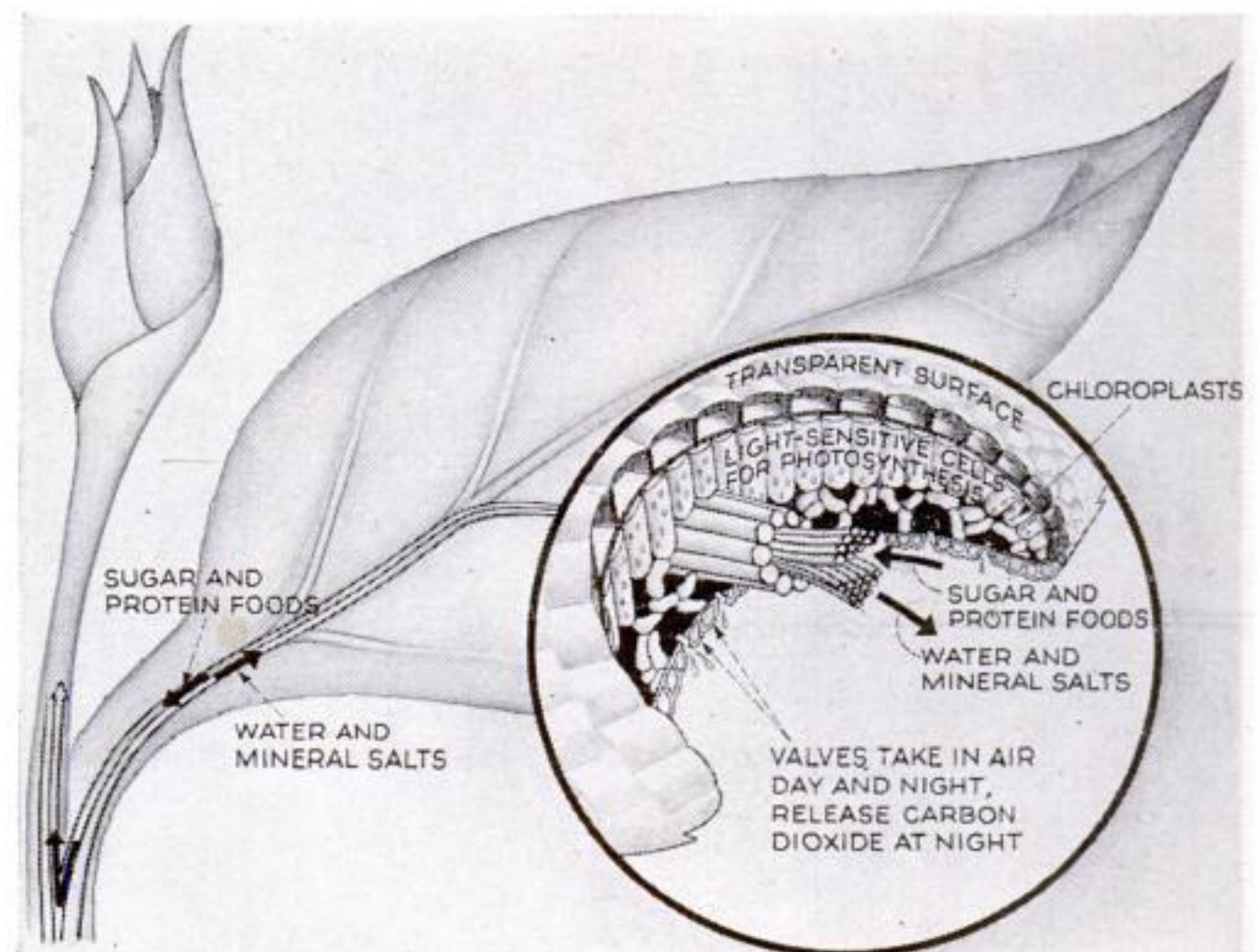
Willard Batteries are serving at the front—and serving well. On the home front, too, Willards are serving well—starting cars, trucks, tractors—aiding essential transportation with its wartime load. But take care of your battery—save critical war material by making it last as long as possible. And when you DO need a new battery buy wisely—buy a Willard.

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Trees (continued)



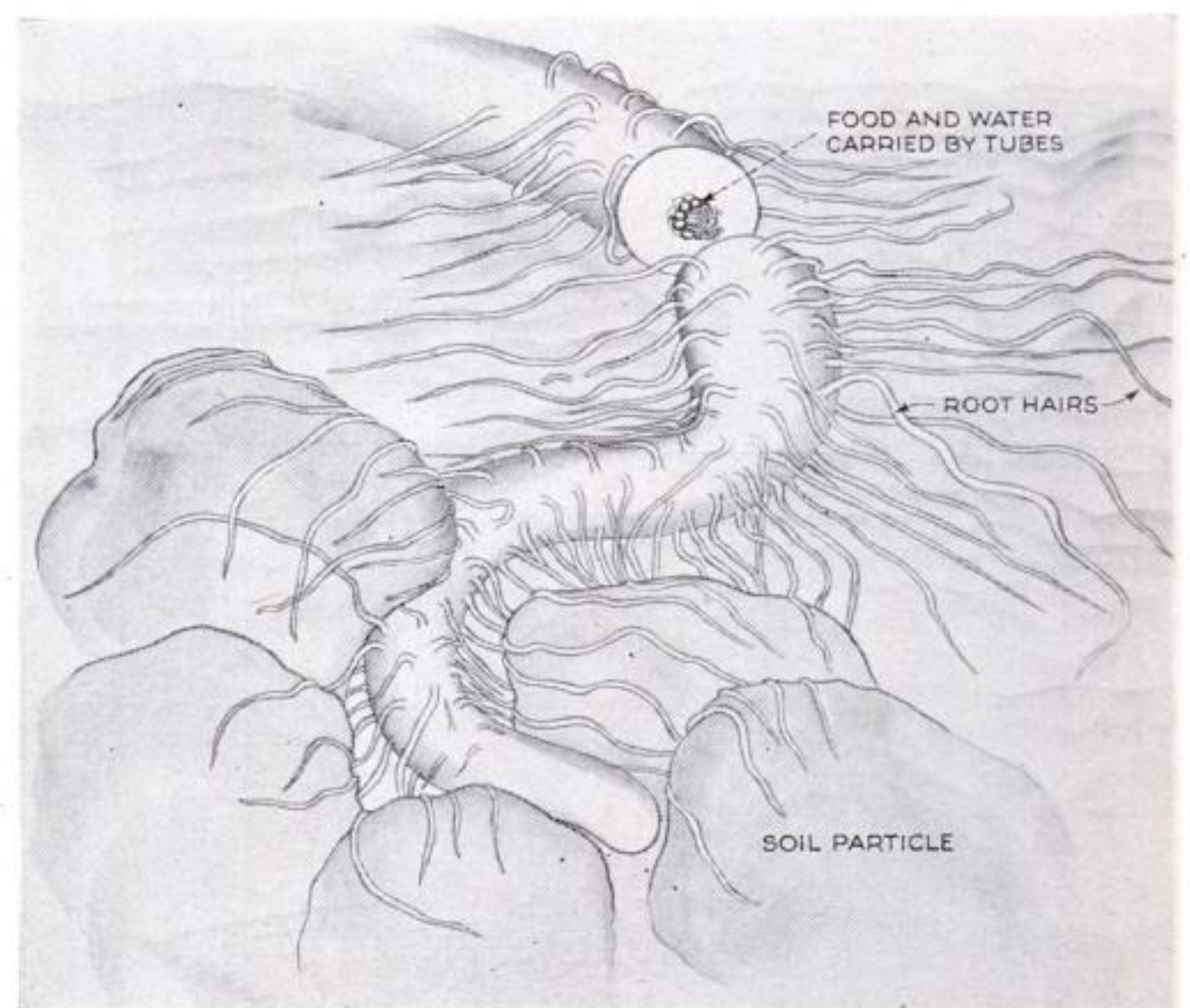
The structure of the leaf is shown in this cross-section. Water is carried into the leaf through its veins which also serve to carry the processed food away from the leaf.

LEAF MAKES FOOD FROM AIR, SUN, WATER

The leaf, as the drawing above shows, is a wonderfully devised mechanism for using sunlight to turn water and air into tree food. The leaf's top surface is waxy, waterproof and transparent. The sunlight pours through on a layer of vertical cells lying just under the surface. In these cells are little bodies called chloroplasts, filled with a substance called chlorophyll. These cells absorb red and blue light, give off green light and thus make the leaf look green.

Water traveling from the root tip (below) arrives at the chlorophyll cells. The leaf gets air through openings on its undersurface. In the air is a very small amount of carbon dioxide. By a process called photosynthesis, the chloroplasts and sunlight change water and carbon dioxide into sugar. Chemists have never discovered just how chloroplasts work. They do know that chloroplasts resemble red blood corpuscles except that red blood corpuscles contain iron whereas chloroplasts contain magnesium. Mineral salts coming up from the roots are converted into proteins in the leaf. This process also takes place in other parts of the tree.

The leaf is always taking in air, for two purposes: 1) to breathe, and 2) to get carbon dioxide for food-making. By day, the process of photosynthesis consumes the carbon dioxide from the air and the leaf gives off oxygen. By night, when there is no sunlight, the process of photosynthesis stops. Then the leaf gives off carbon dioxide for which it has no use. The leaf is always releasing water vapor through the valves by which it breathes. In dry spells, when water is scarce, the valves close down automatically to conserve the tree's water.



Root hairs growing from near root tip soak up the film of water around soil particles. Water and food travel through tubes, similar both in root and in leaf (see top).



Studebaker's big military trucks stand out in all the major war zones

IN virtually every theater of this global war, mighty military trucks produced by Studebaker are moving the men and supplies of the United Nations.

From the Alcan highway to the Russian front, from Africa to China, tens of thousands of big, powerful Studebakers are writing brilliant new pages of transport history.

The stand-up stamina, for which these rugged Studebaker trucks are already world-famed, is nothing new. It's as old as the Studebaker business. It goes back more than 91 years to the days when the Studebaker brothers made the phrase, "give more than you promise," the watchword for all Studebaker activities.

In this war, for the sixth time in a

national emergency, Studebaker is supplying military transport on a large scale—in fact, Studebaker is now one of the world's leading builders of big, multiple-drive military trucks. Studebaker is also producing great quantities of Wright Cyclone engines for the Boeing Flying Fortress as well as much other vital war matériel.

Obviously, no new passenger cars or trucks for civilian needs are being made at Studebaker now. The all-important job is military production. But finer Studebaker trucks and passenger cars will be available to the public, once decisive victory is accomplished. And, you may be sure, they will be outstanding examples of brilliant engineering and sound manufacturing.



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This dramatic picture of a Flying Fortress is available in 24x22 inch size on a special stock suitable for framing, free from advertising. If you wish one, address Studebaker, South Bend, Indiana, enclosing 10¢ to cover mailing cost.

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WE'RE giving old TOUGHNESS the air,
And that's why this whiskey's so rare—
Yes, 5 Crown is lighter
Without that crude blighter
As millions of folks are aware!

BUT Shakespeare himself couldn't write
A verse to describe the delight
That 5 Crown has in it,
So go out this minute
And sample good taste at its height!



In the FAMOUS
Host BOTTLE



I'M SMOOTHNESS...
Take note how I soothe
your throat!



I'M RICHNESS...
They say that I
give "bouquet"!



I'M FLAVOR...
I lend fine taste to
this blend!



I'M BODY...
I'm rare as a
popular "air"!

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TOUGHNESS OUT
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WAR SOUVENIRS

Gifts from troops overseas range from beads to hairy mammoth tusks

Not all the gifts being sent or brought home by men in overseas service are helmets, gas masks, iron crosses, swastika or rising sun flags captured from the enemy. Typical of the trinkets and treasures being received by the startled folks at home are the objects shown on this page, the page following and the cover. Many are brought back by men in the Air Transport Command or on Navy escort ships. Most are sent through the mails and are allowed to enter duty free up to a value of \$50.

The first troops to land in far-off outposts were the lucky ones in the sport of souvenir hunting. Natives, unspoiled by the feel of U. S. money, eagerly traded a red fox skin, a string of sea shells, a teak-wood box or a caracal rug for a few cartons of cigarets or packages of chewing gum. Now the trading is a rat race with the bazaar merchant, usually ending up with the Yank's skin. The marines, whenever they get there first, have been known to corner the market on flashy native doodads, then sell them as a favor, but for fancy prices, to the soldiers when they arrive.

The odd packages from overseas reflect the global aspect of the present war. There are boomerangs from Australia, tapa-cloth sarongs from the South Seas, jade from China, hooded jackets from Newfoundland, kilts from Scotland, furs, carved heads and the usual tourist junk from Africa. From Alaska practical jokers delight in sending tusks of the prehistoric hairy mammoth which are plentiful and cheap.



The robe of an Ashanti Chief is one among many souvenirs received from African Gold Coast by Miss Paulette Asch of

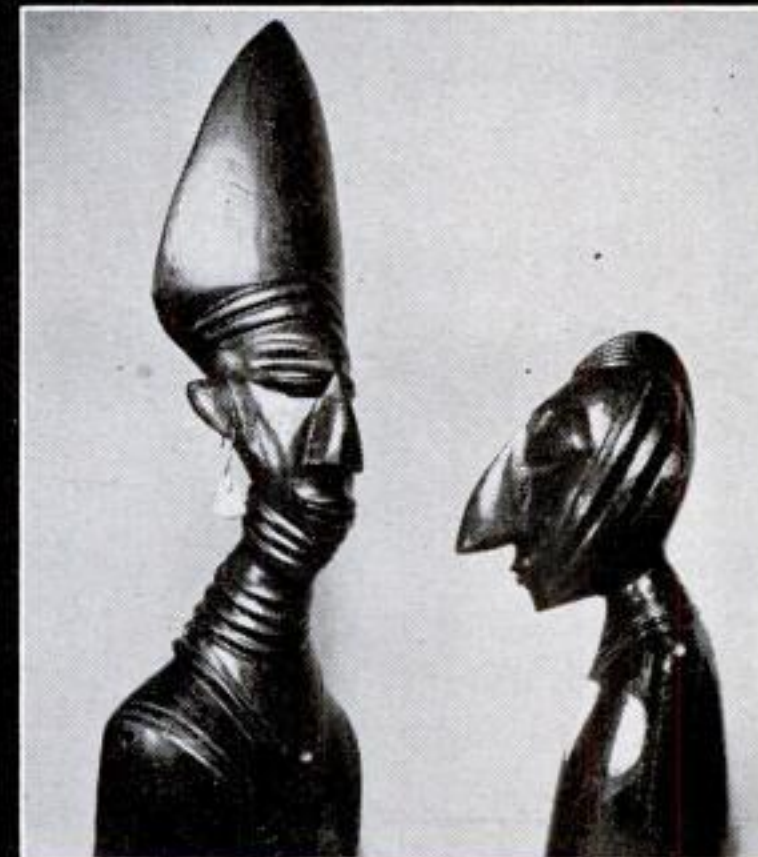
New York City. Other objects are African warrior's knife, native's tomtom, bracelets and slippers from Casablanca.



ODD ANIMALS ARE CARVED OF BLACK WOOD



MRS. W. J. NOVEMBER RECEIVED THESE MAHOGANY FIGURES FROM AFRICA



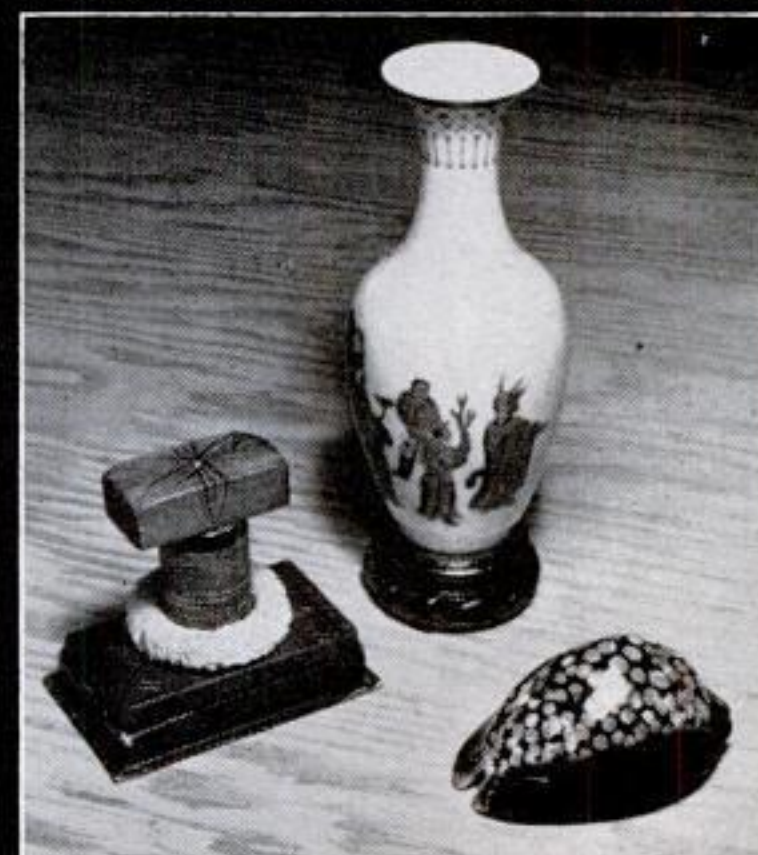
ALSO FROM AFRICA ARE THESE EBONY HEADS



THESE ARE MINIATURE ALASKAN FUR BOOTS



AFRICAN GEWGAW: WITCH DOCTOR RATTLE; BEAD AND SILVER NECKLACES



FROM FAR EAST CAME PERFUME VASE, SHELL

Famous Highs by C.A. Voight



Butterfly high!

WORLD'S **BIGGEST** BUTTERFLY IS THE FEMALE PAPILIO GOLIATH WITH A WING EXpanse OF 8 INCHES! DO YOU KNOW THE BIGGEST TREAT IN BOURBONS? IT'S TODAY'S **SUPER-SMOOTH, SUPER-SATISFYING TEN HIGH!**



Parachute high!

A **RUSSIAN AVIATOR** PLUNGED 38,713 FEET TO SET A HIGH MARK FOR PARACHUTE JUMPING. BUT YOU CAN SET A RECORD FOR BOURBON **ENJOYMENT** JUST BY STEPPING UP TO TEN HIGH, THE FAMOUS WHISKEY WITH "NO ROUGH EDGES"!

..and Ten High!

A new high
in whiskey smoothness!



Please be patient. If your store or tavern is temporarily out of TEN HIGH there are two reasons: (1) Since all distilleries are now making war alcohol instead of whiskey, the available supply of TEN HIGH is on quota "for the duration." (2) Railways must give war materials and food the right of way, so your dealer's shipment of TEN HIGH may sometimes be delayed. This Straight Bourbon Whiskey is 4 years old. 86 proof. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

War Souvenirs (continued)



Rock python snakeskins, one 16 ft. long, are among Mrs. Peter Brohme's souvenirs. What to do with them puzzles her since cost of having shoes, purses made is steep.



Five-foot mammoth's tusk weighing 100 lb. was received by Mrs. Mary Dell'Amore of Brooklyn from her son who is in Alaska. She keeps it, still crated, in her parlor.

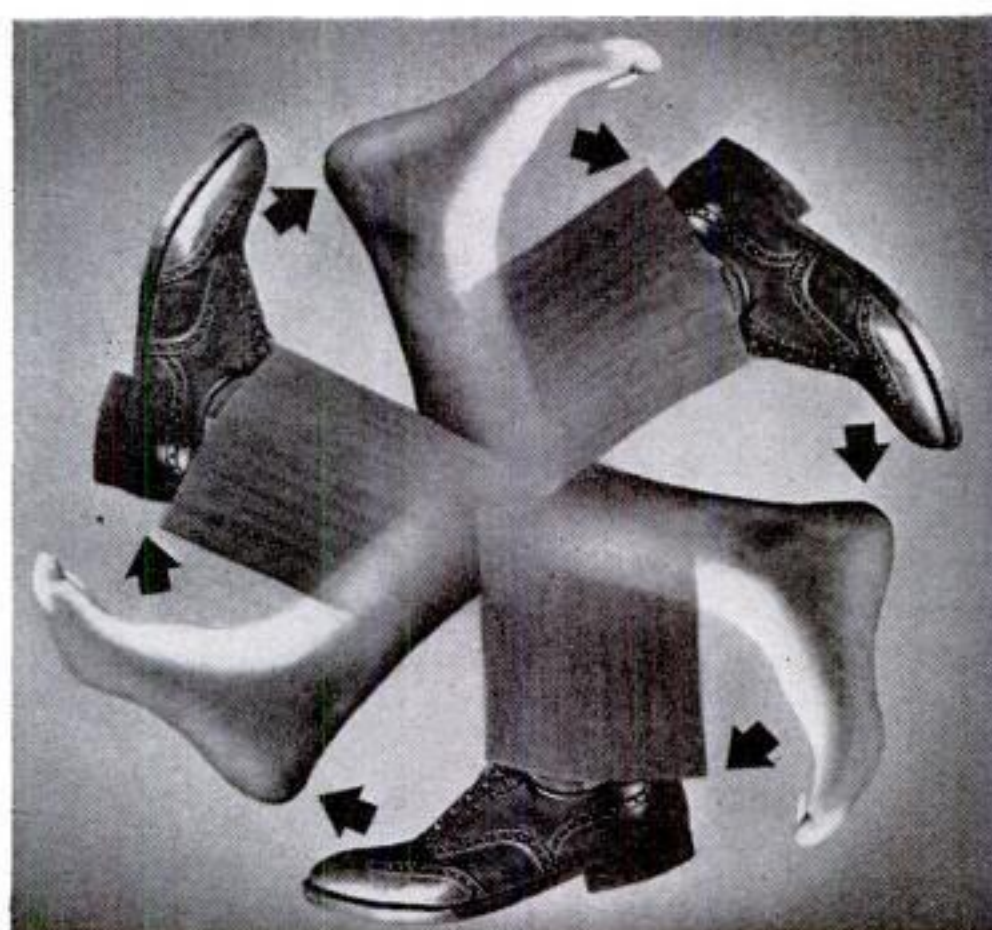


SCIENCE KEEPS AMERICA MARCHING— FIGHTS ATHLETE'S FOOT TWO WAYS

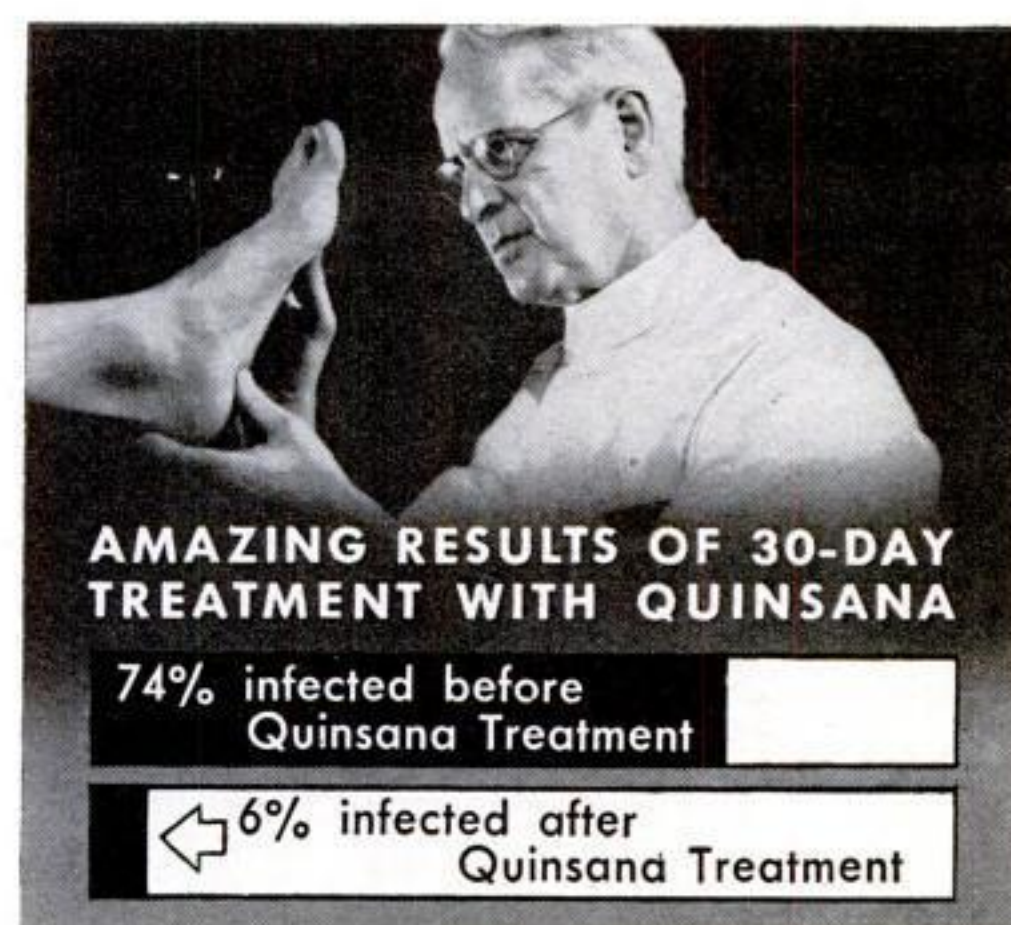


SCIENCE is aiding U. S. war effort with important new successes over Athlete's Foot. The disease is a real threat to the war effort, as it infects over 70% of adults some time during the year. Everyone should fight the infection in order to keep working, to keep marching, to help avoid serious foot troubles that may cause inefficiency and absenteeism. Today a new fungicidal powder—Quinsana—produced in the Mennen laboratories, is proving amazingly effective in combating Athlete's Foot. Quinsana action is based on knowledge that the fungi which cause infection cannot live under certain *alkaline* conditions; and that re-infection may occur from shoe linings.

The fungi which cause Athlete's Foot are prevalent almost *everywhere*; you can't avoid them completely. For protection, everyone should use Quinsana as regularly as soap and water; it is as easy to use as talcum powder. Quinsana is fungicidal, bactericidal, non-irritating, highly absorbent. (Diabetics should be doubly sure to use Quinsana daily). *Pharmaceutical Division, The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J., San Francisco.*



VICIOUS CIRCLE of re-infection is a constant threat. Athlete's Foot fungi may thrive in shoe linings, causing the disease to "keep coming back." Used in shoes, Quinsana absorbs moisture, reducing chances of re-infection. Unlike liquids and ointments, Quinsana powder is conveniently used in *shoes*, as well as on feet.



INFECTION DISAPPEARED in practically all cases among thousands of persons using Quinsana (see chart above). Watch for common symptoms of Athlete's Foot... chronic peeling and cracks between toes, blisters, itching, soggy skin. Inflammation may mean bacterial infection, see physician or chiropodist at once.

HOW 2-WAY TREATMENT FIGHTS ATHLETE'S FOOT



1. USE QUINSANA ON FEET DAILY TO HELP PREVENT AND RELIEVE INFECTION.



2. SHAKE QUINSANA IN SHOES TO ABSORB MOISTURE, REDUCING CHANCES OF RE-INFECTION.



LARGE PACKAGE ONLY 50¢ (ALSO EXCELLENT FOR EXCESSIVE PERSPIRATION, FOOT ODOR)



TO AN EXPECTANT MOTHER VISITING WHERE HE IS DELIVERING A BABY, DR. BARTELL SAYS, "MADAM, YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO WAIT." FRANCIS DE SALES PLAYS DUTIFUL FATHER

THREE'S A FAMILY

It establishes a record for the number of pregnancies in a play

Three's a Family is a simple domestic comedy which has very little to do with the war. For those who concede that diapers, working wives, the "family way" and gags like "You don't have to be a hen to know that an egg is bad" constitute adequate theater, it will doubtless prove to be what is euphemistically described as "good hot-weather entertainment."

But *Three's a Family* does possess undeniable distinctions. One is the fact that it bulges with more

pregnant women than any play within memory. The other is a 70-year-old actor, William Wadsworth, whose portrayal of Dr. Bartell, a doddering, deaf, almost-blind baby doctor, is one of the high comedic moments of the Broadway season. When an anxious mother informs him that her baby has just thrown up and asks what she should do, he delivers one of the most cogent comments ever given on the care and feeding of infants. Says Wadsworth, "Wipe it up."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 71

TO BE FREE TO ENJOY TOMORROW...BUY BONDS TODAY!

a moment like this...

moments for sunning and swimming are moments for Jantzen, with all the glamour and glow you want to make each moment something to remember. Heavenly slimming, smoothing knitted fabrics that hold their lines, thrilling colors, marvelous bra technique for the girls... smart rugged knitted fabrics, Jantzen's marvelous trim-fit tailoring for the men.



DEL MONTE
patterned Velva-lure 5.95

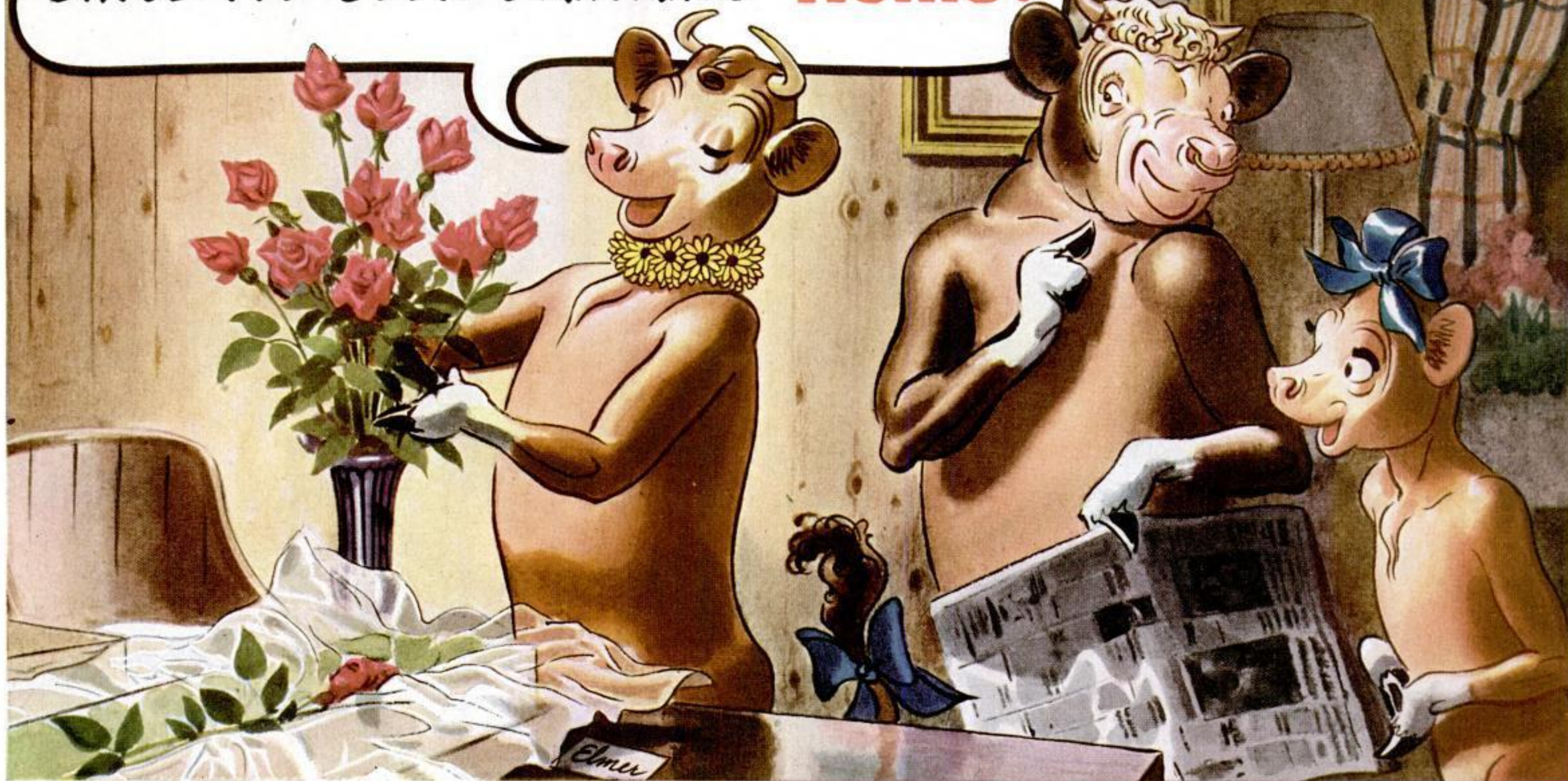
HALF-HITCH
all-wool trunks 3.95

Jantzen

AMERICA'S SWIM SUIT

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS, PORTLAND, OREGON • VANCOUVER, CANADA

ELMER IS COURTING ME ALL OVER AGAIN
SINCE I'VE BEEN DRINKING **Hemo!**



Get your Hemo today, folks!—Drink your

Vitamins and like 'em!

JUST ONE GLASS OF HEMO GIVES YOU:

The Vitamin A in 3 boiled eggs!

PLUS

The Vitamin B₁ in 4 slices of whole wheat bread!

PLUS

The Vitamin B₂ (G) in 4 servings of spinach!

PLUS

The Vitamin D in 3 servings of beef liver!

PLUS

The Niacin in 3 servings of carrots!

PLUS

The Iron in $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of beef!

PLUS

The Calcium & Phosphorus in 2 servings
of cauliflower and 1 serving
of cooked green beans combined!



"Aw, cut it out, Elsie!" protested Elmer. "HEMO had nothing to do with those roses! I sent 'em because—shucks!—because—"



"I hope because you love me," prompted Elsie.

"Sure! Sure! That's it!" mumbled Elmer. "I mean—I mean it's because you're so peppy and full of life!"

"And why do you suppose I'm feeling so well?" countered Elsie. "Because I'm getting all the vitamins and minerals I need every day!"

"Do you mean to tell me," asked Elmer slyly, "that all the women in America could have your pep if they drank their HEMO every day?"

"I wouldn't go *that* far," laughed Elsie. "But it might be a wonderful help... You know, Government nutrition authorities tell us that 3 out

of 4 Americans may not get enough vitamins with their meals. And JUST ONE GLASS OF HEMO (mixed in milk) gives you half your daily needs of Iron, Calcium, and Phosphorus; and Vitamins A, B₁, B₂ (G), D, Niacin—"

"If you're going through the alphabet—you missed C!" said Elmer.

"Why, dear, we *purposely* omitted Vitamin C," replied Elsie. "Folks get it readily if they drink fruit and tomato juices. Now to get back—"

"To roses?" asked Elmer.

"No, you sentimental old dear," answered Elsie. "To HEMO. It's the



most delicious kind of drink for only 2½¢ a serving! A full-pound jar—24 drinks—costs just 59¢ at the grocery or drug store!... And folks can have HEMO made up in any flavor they prefer at fountains!"

© Borden Co.

Borden's Hemo

IF IT'S BORDEN'S, IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD!



"Three's a Family" (continued)



Dr. Bartell, so blind that he collides with carriage despite being warned, examines baby over whom anxious mother has fussed, remarks, "That's the tiredest-looking baby I ever saw."



The two expectant mothers (Virginia Vass and Dorothy Gilchrist) who symbolize play's theme are examined by Dr. Bartell. Although his role is a "bit" part, Wadsworth draws 28 laughs.



The baby's grandfather (Robert Burton) is congratulated while its father (Edwin Philips) extends his hand. When asked whether it is a boy or girl, Bartell replies, "I didn't notice."



"Madam, you're next" says Bartell, leading family's protesting maiden aunt (Ethel Owen) toward bedroom. Biggest laugh comes when Bartell announces he is about to go in the Army.

THE KID AND HIS LETTER

It is late afternoon in a camp behind the front.

Men back from weeks of fighting in the foxholes are resting.

Suddenly a shout rings through the camp. The mail has come! Men crowd around a battered jeep . . . and cheer. Hands reach up and grab. The mail has come!

Look. There's the kid you know, smiling from ear to ear.

☆ ☆ ☆
Now his eyes race down a tiny piece of paper . . . reading fast, then once again . . . and slowly.

Dad mowed the lawn today and fixed the screens. Pete Jones dropped in. You ought to see our Victory garden after last night's rain.

We cut Joan's pigtails off. She got through grammar school this week, you know. We see Dottie almost every night and she looks fine.

It's wonderful to get your letters. I guess you know how much we miss you. Every time I pass your room, I think of you — and pray that God will keep you safe. Barnacle Bill wags best regards.

Love, Mother.

☆ ☆ ☆
Deep down inside he's warm and glowing now.

Because a loved one half a world away wrote the cheerful things that happened one day here at home.

And all along the line, men thought and worked and cared enough to speed that letter on its way.

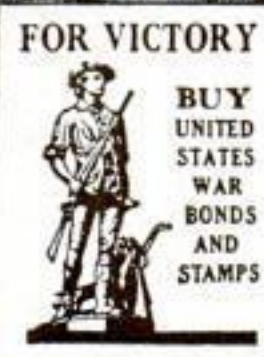
☆ ☆ ☆
When your train is late, think of the Kid and his letter.

You may stop on a siding—so fresh troops can go to help him.

You may wait in a station — so there will be field guns over there to cover his advance.

You may even get home hours late — so he'll have tanks, bullets . . . yes, and letters.

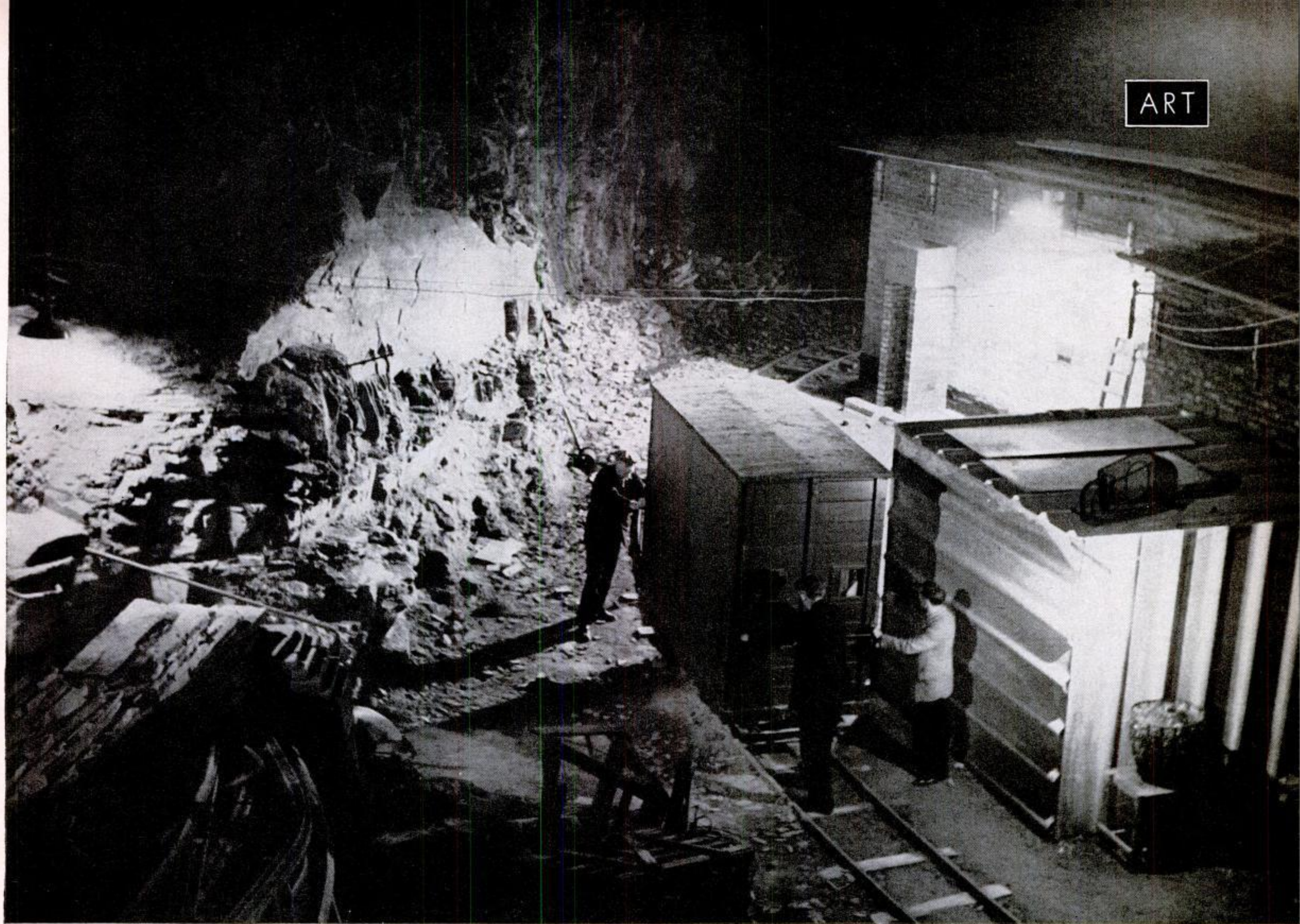
For every needed sacrifice we make, helps to speed that day when he'll come home.



THE NEW HAVEN R.R.

Serving New York and the Great Industrial States of Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut, in War and Peace.

For FREE Reproductions of this advertisement address: Manager of Public Relations, The New Haven Railroad, Grand Central Terminal, N. Y.



PRICELESS PAINTINGS HIDDEN IN WARTIME ENGLAND'S MOUNTAIN GALLERY ARE TRUNDLED ALONG 1,000-FT. TUNNEL TO RESTORING ROOM IN HERMETICALLY SEALED CONTAINER

BRITISH ART HIDE-OUT

British art curators were better prepared for war in 1939 than their Government. Even before the war, libraries, museums and galleries in England had sent their masterpieces to safety. Some were shipped to America, others dispersed about the countryside in underground shelters.

Most elaborate hideaway of all was hewn out of the heart of a mountain in a remote part of Wales where England's greatest paintings are now stored and cared for. Here in chambers 300 feet under a roof no bomb can pierce are piled Titians, Rembrandts,

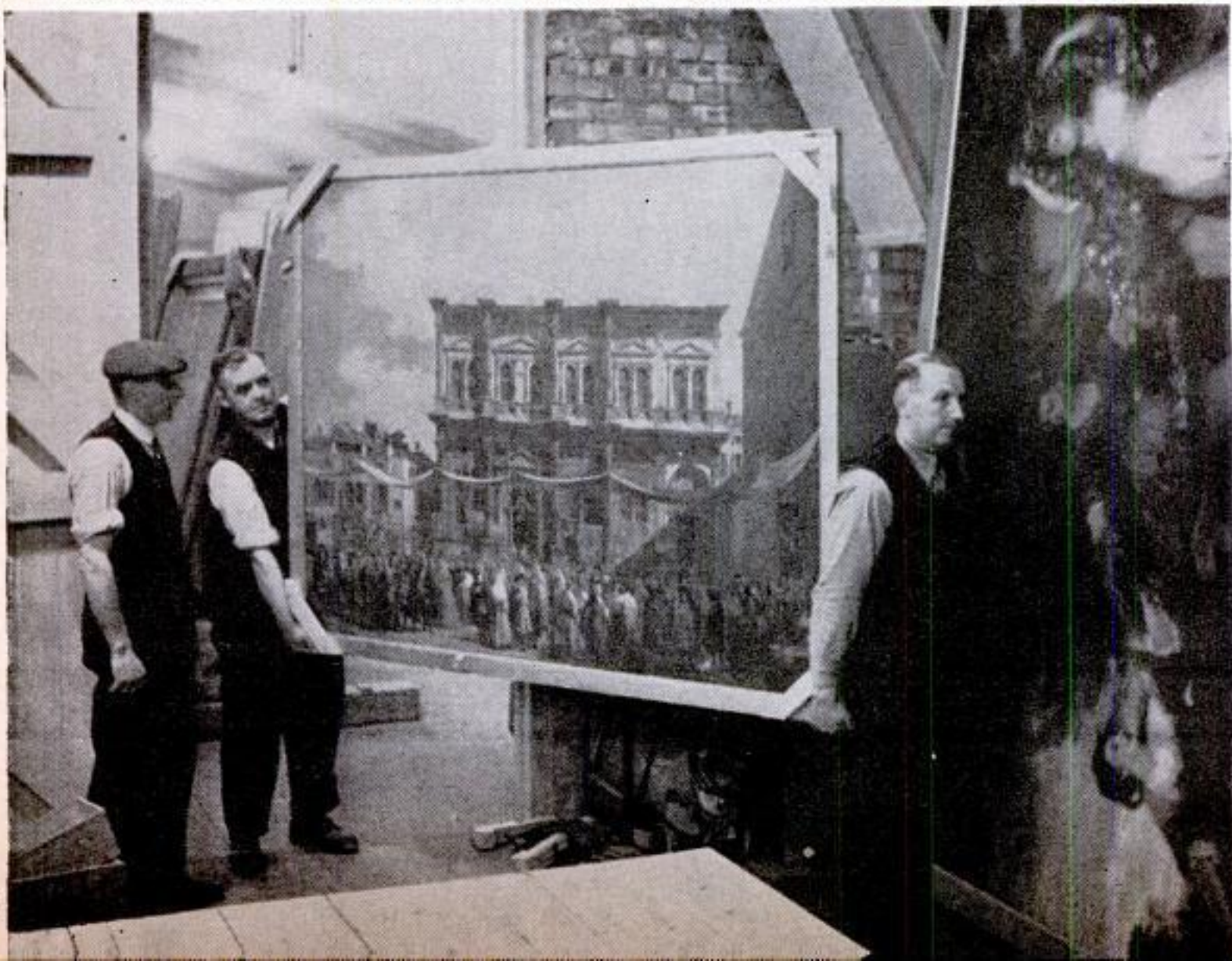
Turners and Reynolds' (*see below*) in a well-lit, air-conditioned atmosphere that preserves them far better than a museum. When a painting needs cleaning or restoring there is a trained staff of 30, some from the National Gallery in London. Engineers constantly check heat and moisture.

The whereabouts of this subterranean gallery is a military secret unknown even to close-mouthed locals, and it will be a few years after the war before England's treasures are all back in the museums. But a few pictures from here still go out on exhibit.



GUARDED ENTRANCE TO HIDEAWAY IS CUT IN MOUNTAIN

PANORAMA OF THE VENETIAN SCHOOL IS MOVED NEXT TO PORTRAIT BY JOSHUA REYNOLDS



GALLERY DIRECTOR CLARK INSPECTS CACHE. AT THE RIGHT: ITALIAN MADONNA



MAIDEN FORM
reminds you . . .

WASTE NOT

WANT NOT

Saving what we have is essential these days, so let's all abandon any wasteful habits and—for the duration—go back to thriftier pioneer ways. Give your brassieres by Maiden Form more attention, follow directions more carefully, in order to help them keep their shape and usefulness longer. When Victory is gained, increased supplies will permit you once more to indulge your personal needs more liberally.

Send for free Conservation and Style Folders: Maiden Form Brassiere Company, Inc., New York

DO YOUR SHARE—BUY U. S. WAR BONDS

Maiden Form
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
LOOK FOR THIS TRADE-MARK ON BRASSIERES

"There is a Maiden Form for Every Type of Figure!"

Drink

Nesbitt's

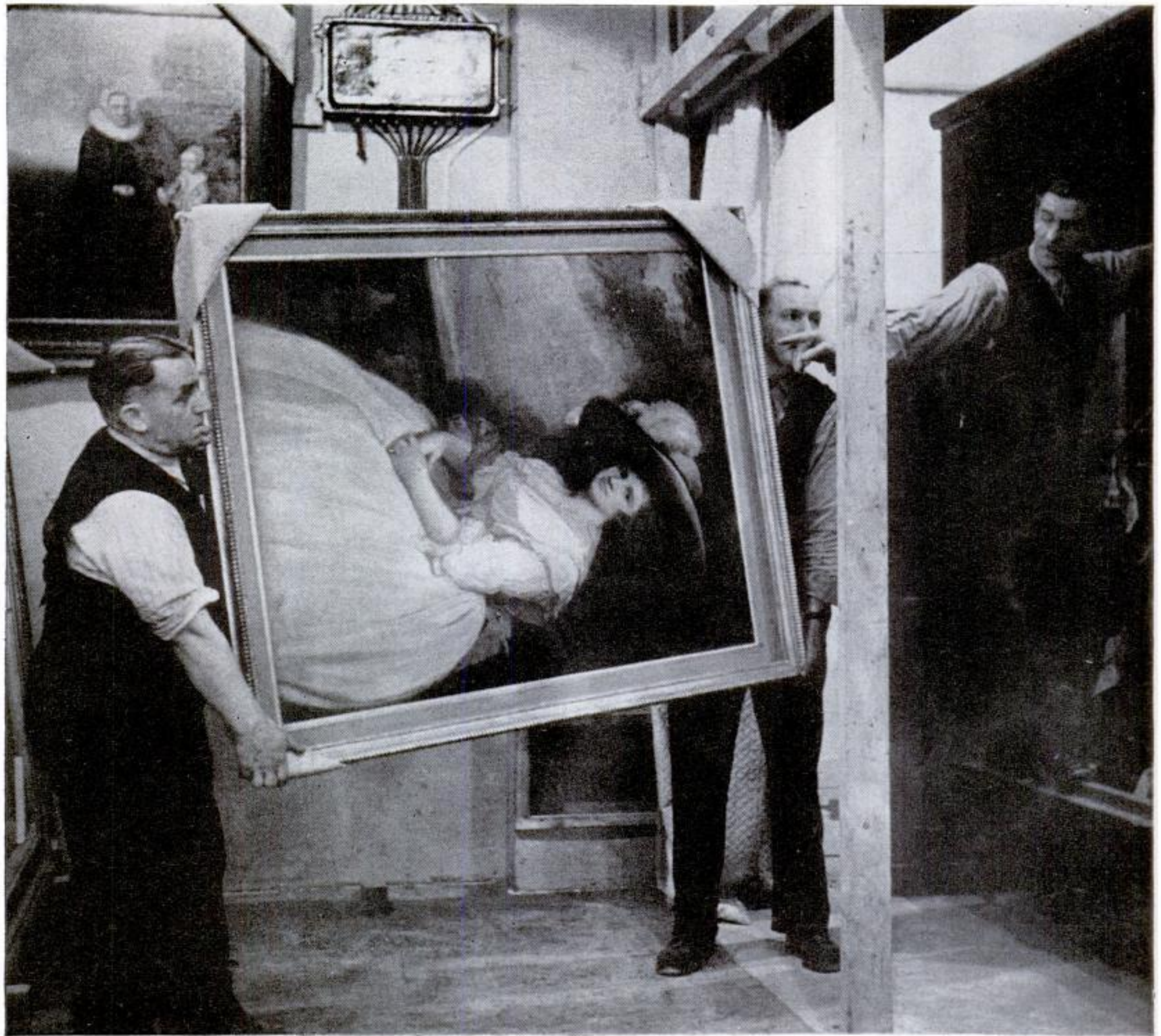
ORANGE

Nesbitt's
OF CALIFORNIA
1938

5¢

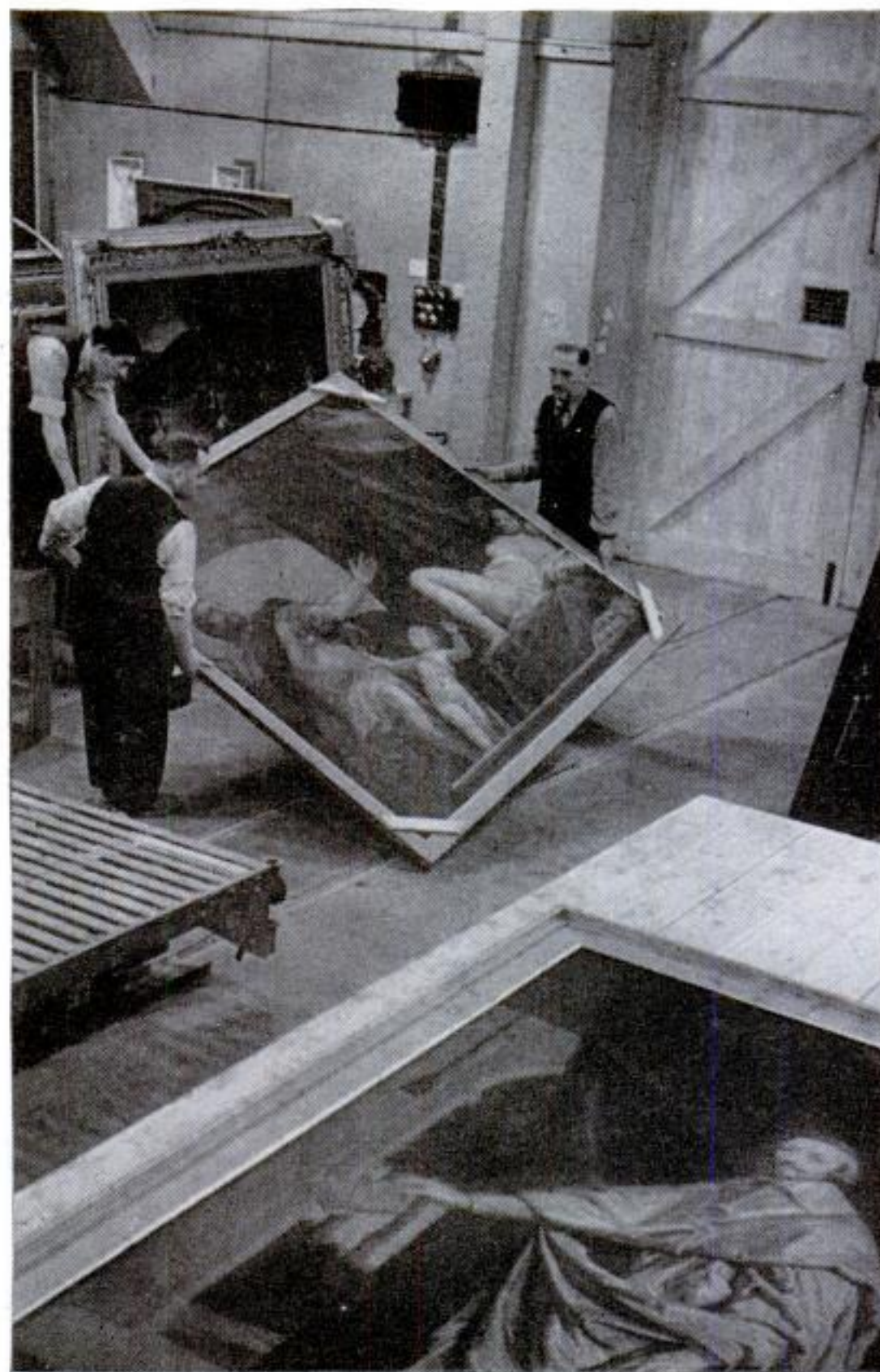
FOUNTAIN FAVORITE FOR YEARS

NOW IN BOTTLES, TOO



"Portrait of a Lady" by England's George Romney is about to be taken to the restorer's studio. While in hiding, there is more time for paintings to be cleaned and restored by gallery experts than

ever before. Guard (right) is standing on rolling container in which picture will be sealed tight for trip through damp, chilly tunnel. Staff of ex-servicemen lives in village, is bored with country life.



Attendants handle a Paolo Veronese of 16th Century. Face-up on packing case is Cardinal Richelieu, 17th Century painting by Philippe de Champaigne. In rooms all schools and periods are mixed.



Hygrometer for measuring degree of moisture in the air is filled with distilled water by engineer. Temperature, moisture and light are carefully controlled to keep the delicate surfaces from cracking.



Copyright 1943, The Pullman Company

“Okay, guys – this is it !”

Assembly in 20 minutes. Full kit and no farewells. Their next letters home will be V-mail; their address an APO. That's what travel orders mean.

To Pullman, those orders mean that sleeping cars must be waiting when the boys are ready to roll. 20 cars here—40 there—100 somewhere else. Every night, special trains of Pullmans move an average of almost 30,000 troops.

That takes a lot of cars. It leaves only *part* of the Pullman fleet to handle regular passenger travel that is far heavier than in peacetime, when the *whole* fleet was available. So no wonder trains are crowded and accommodations sometimes scarce.

But most passengers understand the situation. And the fact that boys in uniform come first with them, as they do with Pullman, is not the only reason for the tolerance with which they take whatever space is open. It's also that *wartime*

travelers seem to look on Pullman in a different light. A Pullman trip, to them, is no longer simply the gay adventure in good living that it was before the war. Now, Pullman privacy and comfort are a *means* to an end instead of an end in themselves.

They help a harassed man relax after a troubled day. They give him a few restful hours—undisturbed—in which to think things over. Then, when bed-time comes, they invite the deep, refreshing sleep from which a wartime traveler wakes with the new energy and vigor he needs to do the kind of job that Uncle Sam expects of him.

These things, though they may not themselves win battles, are *important* to those whom war keeps on the go. So *please*:

Cancel promptly, when plans change, and make the Pullman bed reserved for you available to someone else.

Travel light and give yourself and fellow passengers the room that excess luggage would take up.

Ask your Ticket Agent on which days trains may be least crowded on the route you want to take. Try to go on one of those days if you can.

PULLMAN

America's Most Comfortable Way To Travel

— THE SURE WAY TO GET WHERE YOU WANT TO GO



Doctors Prove 2 out of 3 Women can get More Beautiful Skin in 14 Days!

Beauty plan tested on 1285 women with all types of skin!

READ THIS TRUE STORY of what Palmolive's Proved New Beauty Plan did for Mrs. Bruce Boyce of Huntington, New York



"My complexion had lost its come-hither. So I said 'yes' quick when invited to try Palmolive's New 14-Day Beauty Plan—along with 1284 other women all over the U.S.A.! My group reported to a New York skin doctor. Some of us had dry skins; some oily; some 'average.' After a careful examination, we were given the Palmolive Plan to use at home for 14 days.

"Here's the proved Palmolive Plan: Wash your face 3 times a day with Palmolive Soap. Then—each time—massage that lovely, soft Palmolive beauty-lather into your clean face . . . just like a cream. Do this for a full 60 seconds. This extracts the full beautifying effect from Palmolive lather. Then rinse and dry. That's all. But you mustn't miss even one massage!

"After 14 days, I went back to the skin doctor. He confirmed what my mirror told me. My complexion was fresher, smoother, *cleaner!* Later I learned these and other skin improvements had been observed by all the 36 examining doctors. Actually, 2 out of 3 women got see-able, feel-able results. So Palmolive's 14-day plan is now my 365-day a year plan!"



YOU, TOO, may look for these skin improvements in 14 Days!

- Brighter, cleaner skin
- Finer texture
- Fewer blemishes
- Less dryness
- Less oiliness
- Softer, smoother skin
- Better tone
- Fresher, clearer color

This list comes right from the reports of the 36 examining doctors! Their records show 2 out of 3 of the women who pre-tested the Palmolive Plan for you, got many of these improvements in 14 days! Now it's *your* turn! Start this new *proved* way of using Palmolive to-night. In 14 days, you, too, may look for fresher, clearer, *lovelier* skin!



NO OTHER SOAP OFFERS PROOF OF SUCH RESULTS!



TROOPS CLAMBER ABOARD WITH RIFLES AND BAGS THAT HOLD NECESSITIES FOR TRIP. BAGS WITH OTHER EQUIPMENT HAVE BEEN STORED IN BAGGAGE CAR FOR JOURNEY

TROOP TRAIN

IT CARRIES FIGHTING MEN ACROSS THE LAND

Before U. S. armies can be carried overseas they must be taken to ports of embarkation on both coasts. To train battalions, regiments and divisions adequately in new techniques of warfare and accustom them to the climatic conditions in which they will eventually fight, they must be moved from camp to camp in this country. This movement of men and their equipment is taking place by rail daily and, as our Army grows, on an ever-increasing scale. How many men are being carried and what their destina-

tions are is a military secret but some idea of the total may be grasped by the fact that in 1942 eight million fighting men were carried in Pullman cars alone. And every American soldier rides a troop train on an average of six times between the time of his induction into service and his departure for foreign duty.

To document every soldier's experience and show the complexities of the job being done by the Transportation Corps, Army Service Forces, LIFE Photographer Myron Davis recently traveled aboard a

typical troop train. His was but one of 50 trains taking a U. S. division from one part of the country to another. For many days it traveled across country, its passengers but a fragment of the vast military movement that has been going on since the war's start. On it they studied, slept and were fed in a routine as unvarying as that followed in the camp they had left behind. Only difference was the new and exciting country that flashed by as the troop train thundered toward their new, and temporary, home.



PULLMAN PORTER HELPS SOLDIERS BOARD TROOP TRAIN

ENTRAINING IS COMPLEX

To move an infantry division of 15,000 men thousands of miles in a few days is a stupendous task. Besides rolling stock to transport men and equipment, it requires intricate schedules to make sure that the proper men are aboard the first train to arrive at the destination so that this advance echelon can get things ready for the others who are following close behind. It means that the division must be split between scores of trains, each group of trains moving over diverse routes, so that each is a more or less balanced fighting unit, with mess and medical facilities, clerical forces and the proper number of officers and vehicles to take care of the men in each train. Every train becomes a mobile camp, on which equipment is guarded and officers look out for the physical, mental and spiritual welfare of their men.

When the High Command decides to move a division, word is sent to the Office of the Chief of Transportation which through its traffic control division makes arrangements to send the proper number of trains to the right place at the right time. Meanwhile the division's officers are checking equipment, dividing men and preparing schedules so that each train will be filled and on its way a few hours after its arrival. They must assign men to berths, lay in supplies of food for the trip, see that men have fresh clothing and toilet articles for a certain number of days in transit and that excess gear is packed and stored separately. Before the troop train is allowed to leave the embarkation area is thoroughly policed and all litter cleaned away. When all this is done the men break camp, file aboard and settle down to the long trip ahead.



Soldiers line up preparing to board the troop train. They have come from a tent camp in which they lived during ma-

neuvers and have just gotten out of the trucks to the right. Each man has been assigned to a specific berth in a certain

car and groups are now being checked over by sergeants and officers to make sure everyone is present and accounted for.



Jeeps form line at camp and roll up onto flatcars about two hours before the troop train leaves. First one travels length of the train and others follow over ramps between cars so all can be loaded at once.



Vehicles are blocked and tied to flatcars behind troops' Pullman cars. Men will next set hand brakes on this amphibious jeep and put it in low gear to make sure it will not roll.

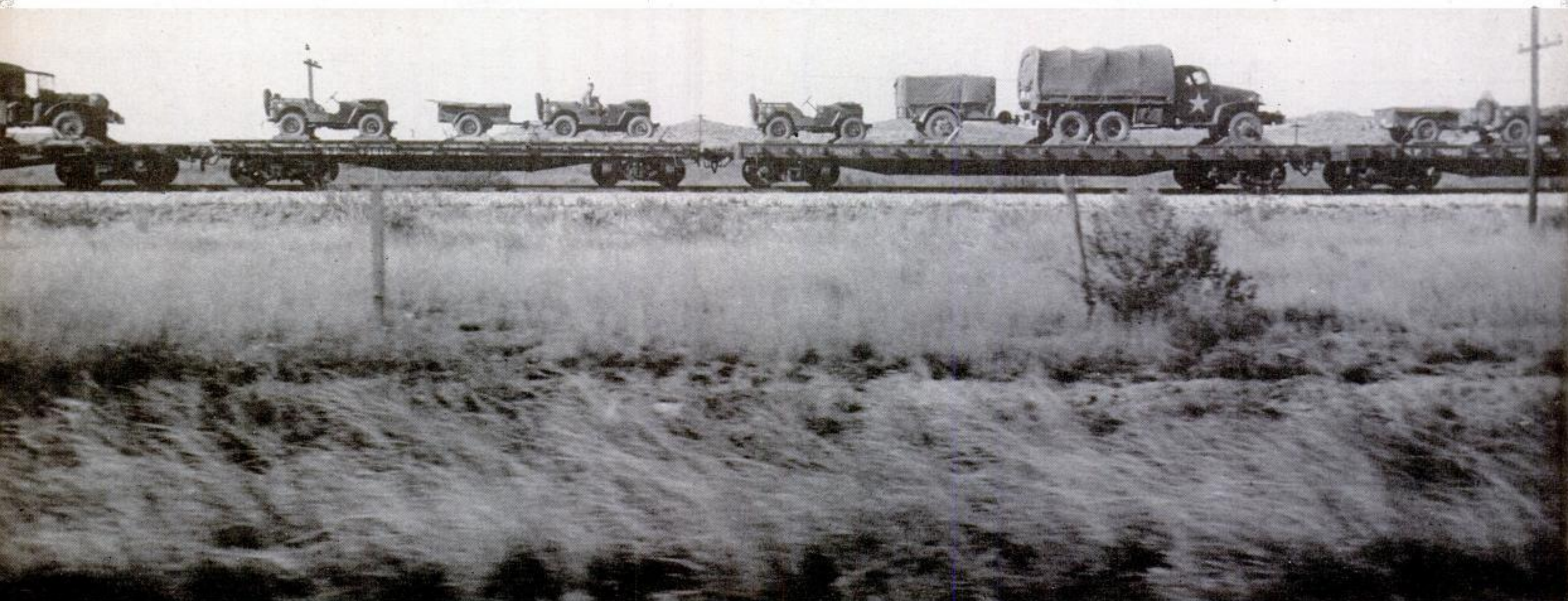


Heavy wire braces vehicles which also must have axle housings wiped with heavy oil, cooling systems thoroughly drained and a piece of canvas put over radiator to keep out cinders and other flying dirt.



37-mm. antitank guns are secured on gondola car during loading operations. Train commander and railroad officials will inspect these carefully before train is allowed to leave.

TROOP TRAIN (continued)



FLATCARS BEHIND PASSENGER CARS CARRY VEHICLES. THESE ARE GUARDED DAY AND NIGHT BY MEN WHO ARE ALLOWED TO SIT BEHIND WHEEL WHILE THE TRAIN IS GOING FAST

MEN AND THEIR EQUIPMENT ARE TAKEN BY TRAIN

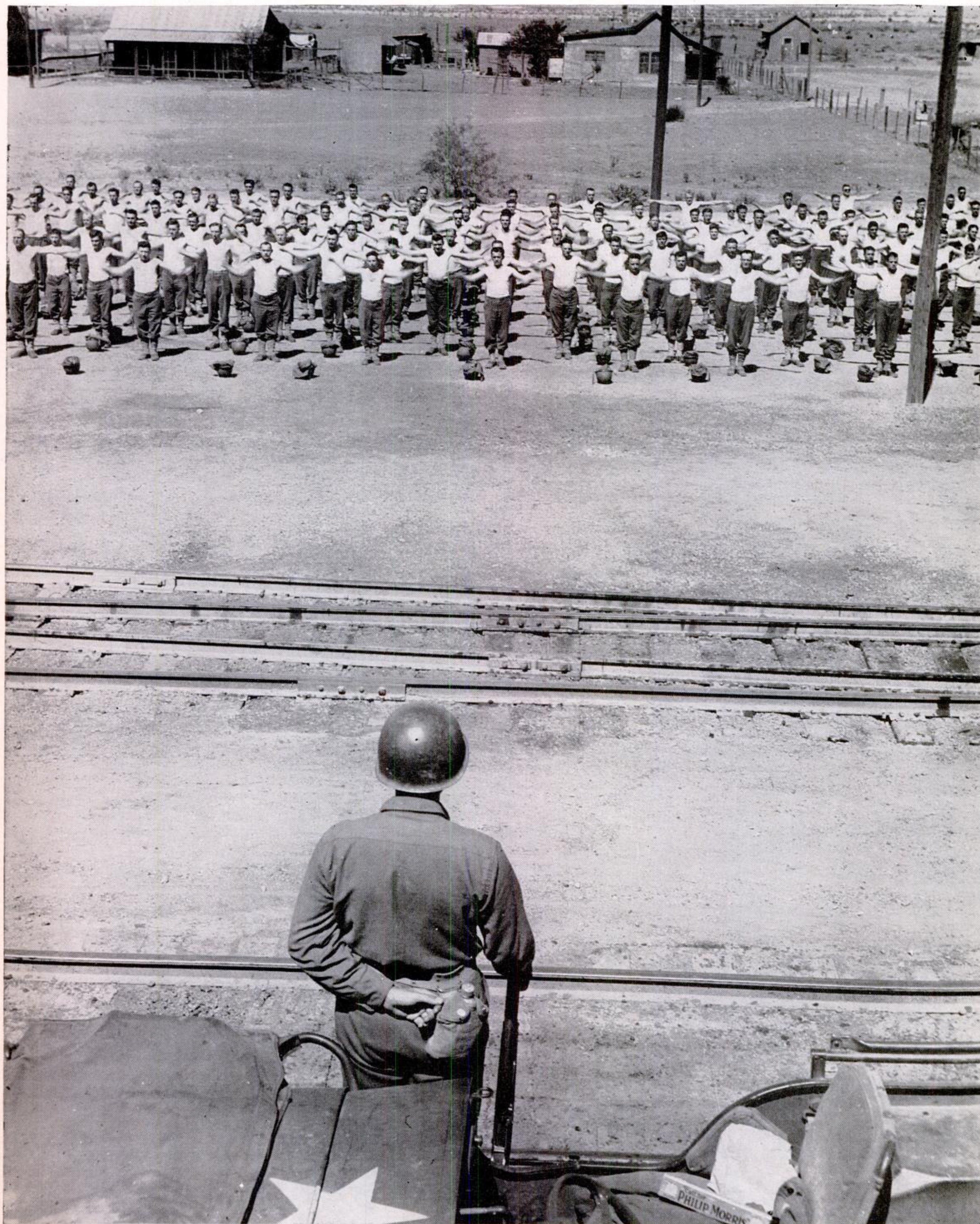
As the crowded troop train pulls out of the loading area, usually at night to keep the movement as inconspicuous as possible, many things have been done. The train commander has posted guards on the flatcars and issued them ammunition. He has checked on his rations, ice and water, instructed the men how to behave on the trip, and seen that everything has been stowed neatly and securely. Even more important, he has erased all unit marks, chalked on vestibule steps for

convenience in loading, and eliminated all other signs of identification that would give away his organization's identity to people along the route.

Now the guards on flatcars can sit comfortably in jeeps and trucks and watch the scenery go by. This is because it is impossible for men to stand safely on flatcars while the train moves. The guards have a good time as they pound through narrow tunnels, under low, overhead bridges and through new fields and valleys.

VIEW OF TROOP TRAIN SHOWS ENGINE, EIGHT PULLMANS AND STRING OF FLATCARS BEHIND. SUCH A TRAIN CARRIES ABOUT 500 MEN OR ONE-THIRTIETH OF A MODERN DIVISION





Exercises are held for the men at a stop somewhere along the route. The Army tries to give men on long trips calisthenics

at least once a day while they are in transit to keep them fit while traveling. This particular outfit found time to schedule

an exercise period about twice a day, which kept men from being bored and also improved their already healthy appetites.

TROOP TRAIN (continued)



Class in weapon nomenclature is held in cars enroute. Each man's pack, containing mess kit used for meals, is hanging

over his seat. Duffle bags are stored in the women's room. These hold fresh uniforms and other equipment the soldiers

might need on trip. One of the worst things that can happen to a man is to have his duffle bag buried at bottom of pile.

TRAIN LIFE IS EXCITING

The long days spent aboard the troop train are as busy as those spent in a military camp. When the men climb aboard they find they are assigned to berths, two to a lower (the Navy puts only one man in a lower) and one to an upper berth. The drawing room in each car is occupied by the sergeant in charge and officers travel in a separate Pullman. During the trip, the men are not allowed to go from one car to another and soldiers are stationed to see that this rule is obeyed.

The troops are called early in the morning, take turns shaving and then are fed by men who come through each car from the kitchen which has been set up in a baggage car. After breakfast, classes in field manuals and nomenclature of weapons are held and the rest of the day is taken up with exercising at stops on the way, reading, writing letters, playing cards or sightseeing. All the soldiers take their share of standing four-hour guard periods, in the vestibules of passenger cars and on the flatcars carrying vehicles. Far from a chore, the latter is a highly prized job, for the seat of a jeep is a wonderful place from which to look at the country. By night, when cars are darkened and the men asleep, the only person who is really worn out is the hard-working Pullman porter curled up fast asleep in the men's room.



Regular field kitchen is set up in the baggage car and meals are cooked as the train moves. Cans by door to right contain

gasoline for the stoves. In the foreground two soldiers peel potatoes, for K. P. duties continue wherever the Army goes.



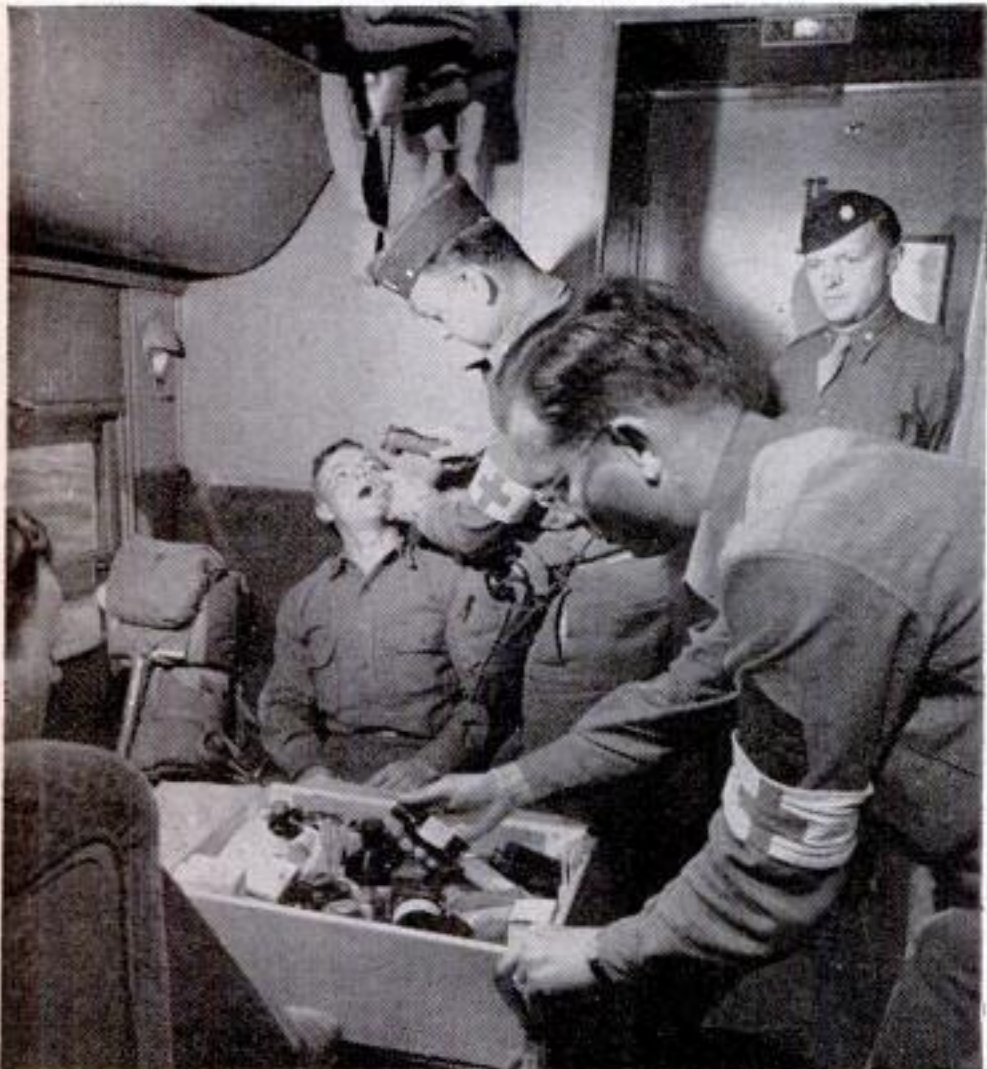
Food is served right in the car. Servers put successive items on mess kits so soldiers start with dessert and eat backwards.



Reading in bed is popular though most men, tired out after hard days in field, found trip ideal for catching up on sleep.



Card games flourish in any troop train. Most soldiers get as much fun kibitzing as they do in taking part in the game.



Sick call is held every morning as the train surgeon and orderlies go through train taking care of minor aches and pains.



Barber sets up shop in the men's room. This was a company barber who could only serve the men riding in his Pullman.



Mail is collected from soldiers on trip. Men are not allowed to send letters in transit because of the security regulations.

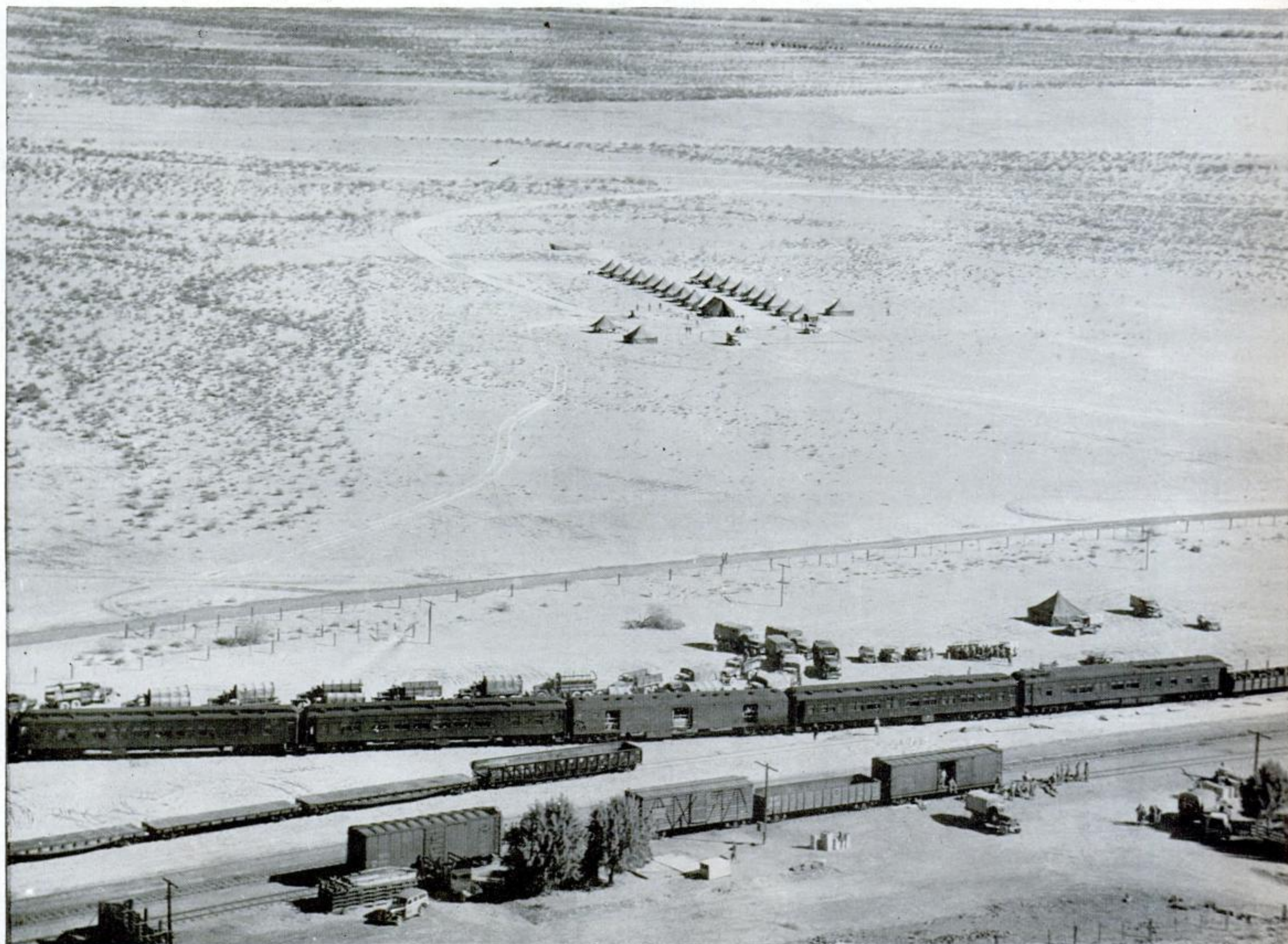
TROOP TRAIN (continued)



Men are lectured in a field next to the tracks by train commander who has found too many of them talking to people when the train stops. This is the easiest way for troop movements to get into the hands of the enemy and he is impressing them with the seriousness of their loose talk.



Red Cross women reach up to train windows as they distribute magazines at station. They also give away lemonade, candy and cigarets. Workers for organizations such as this talk and joke with the men, but they are not permitted to mail letters or carry messages to friends of soldiers.



Journey's end is this siding miles from civilization. Already men from the division who have arrived on earlier trains have pitched tents (some of which can be seen in background), dug latrines, set up mess kitchens and arranged for quarters for the thousands of soldiers following them. Now

the vehicles are unlashed, serviced and driven off the flatcars while the men are checked over again and then marched away to their new camp. Railway officials and train commander will now inspect the train for damage and the latter wire Office of Chief of Transportation of arrival.

**VEHICLES ON TROOP
TRAIN ARE GUARDED
BY U. S. SOLDIERS**



JUNGLE ADVENTURE

THREE SURVIVORS OF A TEN-MONTH ORDEAL IN THE WILDS OF NEW BRITAIN TELL THEIR STORY

by SIDNEY JAMES

WESTERN UNION
WASHINGTON, D. C.

June 8, 1942

HERMAN S. WALLACE
3352 ISABEL DRIVE
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

DEEPLY REGRET TO INFORM YOU THAT YOUR SON SECOND LIEUTENANT EUGENE D. WALLACE UNITED STATES ARMY HAS BEEN REPORTED MISSING IN ACTION IN THE FAR EASTERN THEATER SINCE MAY TWENTY-FOURTH STOP FURTHER REPORTS WILL BE FORWARDED AS RECEIVED.

ULIO THE ADJUTANT GENERAL

WESTERN UNION
WASHINGTON, D. C.

April 1, 1943

AM GRATIFIED TO INFORM YOU THAT THE COMMANDING GENERAL UNITED STATES ARMY FORCES SOUTHWEST PACIFIC AREA REPORTED YOUR SON SECOND LIEUTENANT EUGENE D. WALLACE PREVIOUSLY REPORTED MISSING HAS BEEN RESCUED MARCH 26 FROM NORTHERN COAST NEW BRITAIN ADDITIONAL INFORMATION WILL BE SENT WHEN RECEIVED.

ULIO THE ADJUTANT GENERAL

April 4, 1943

HELLO BACK AGAIN WELL UNINJURED HAD SOME EXPERIENCE IS EVERYTHING WELL THERE RECEIVED PURPLE HEART STORY WILL BE IN PAPERS RETURN CABLE ADDRESS AMBOYO

EUGENE D. WALLACE

April 10, 1943

TO MY DEAR SON EUGENE: YOUR RETURN FROM THE JUNGLE HAS MADE US ALL VERY HAPPY. YOUR PICTURE SMILES BRIGHTER FROM THE WALL. YOUR UNIFORMS HANGING IN THE CLOSET ARE NO LONGER DEPRESSING. THE GOLD STAR HAS BEEN YANKED FROM THE WINDOW. YOUR CAR AND ROOM ARE UNDISTURBED WAITING YOUR RETURN. MOTHER HAS LONG LETTER ON WAY BY AIR MAIL. ARE YOU COMING HOME?

YOUR FATHER

The adventure concealed in the foregoing communications, which cover a ten-month period, began at dawn on May 24, 1942 when a flight of three Martin Marauders (B-26's) took off on a bombing mission from Seven Mile Airdrome in New Guinea. Their destination was an airport at Rabaul, on the northeastern tip of New Britain Island, where they were to drop oil incendiary bombs on a concentration of Jap planes. It was a routine mission.

Imogene VII was flying in the right-wing position. Her crew was inexperienced. Copilot Eugene Wallace had been out only twice before against the enemy, while Lieutenant Harold L. Massie was starting on his first trip as first pilot. The rest of the crew that morning were as new as the war they were fighting in: Second Lieut. Marvin C. Hughes, navigator; Second Lieut. Arthur C. King, bombardier; Corp. Dale E. Bordner, radio operator; Corp. Stanley Wolenski, flight engineer; Pvt. Joseph Dukes, tail gunner; and Staff Sergeant Jack B. Swan, photographer. If any of them had special reason for nervousness on this flight it was Tail Gunner Dukes. A pint-sized youth who had been one of his country's earliest

Hundreds of U.S. men have been reported "missing in action" in the South Pacific. Undoubtedly many are dead. Many survive, however, existing somehow in the wild jungles until, with luck, they are discovered and rescued. This is the account of one such episode—how eight men crashed into the sea, six reached the jungle and three came out. These three returned to the U.S. recently and were interviewed for LIFE by Correspondent Sidney James.

selectees, Dukes was not only riding off to his first combat but was a passenger in an airplane for the first time in his life. In the desperate necessity of joining the foe in battle, his training had had to be entirely theoretical. He had mastered the machine gun, but had never fired one or sat behind one in a plane in flight. He was a quiet, friendly youngster with wide

blue eyes, and his new colleagues liked him.

The flight was completely without incident, even up to the point that the planes swooped down to 1,500 feet for their bombing run over the Jap airport. Just as Intelligence had reported, Jap planes lined the runways. Two enemy bombers were taking off as they roared toward the target, and it was obvious that they had taken the Japs by surprise. Three trains of bombs hurtled earthward. Soon Photographer Swan was snapping pictures of a line of twisted, blazing planes as they pulled away.

But the Japs weren't going to let their planes go for nothing. The sky, bright now with the midmorning sun, was filled with belated ack-ack. *Imogene VII* lurched. Hughes stumbled into the cockpit from the navigator's compartment. "I'm hit," he said, holding his bloodstained side. As Wallace broke open a medicine kit, the plane dipped violently to the right. Down, down went the plane; at 900 feet it was righted momentarily. When it was apparent that one motor wouldn't hold the load, Massie gave the order to jettison everything movable. Lighter by a good 2,000 pounds, the plane continued to lose altitude nevertheless. "Prepare for a crash!" was the only order Massie could give, for there was no longer altitude enough for parachuting. With a mighty thud the plane pancaked into the waves. Battered about like so much debris, members of the crew began popping through hatches that the angry waters had broken open. Soon there were six bloody heads bobbing in the blue water beside the half-submerged plane. In another second the tail raised skyward. The struggling men heard anguished cries of "Please!" "Please!" "Please!" Then the plane plunged under and was seen no more.

Each man began counting the heads about him. Massie, Wallace, Hughes, King, Bordner, Swan. But no Dukes; no Wolenski. It was they whose fearful cries had come from the plane. Little Joe Dukes had had his first and last airplane ride.

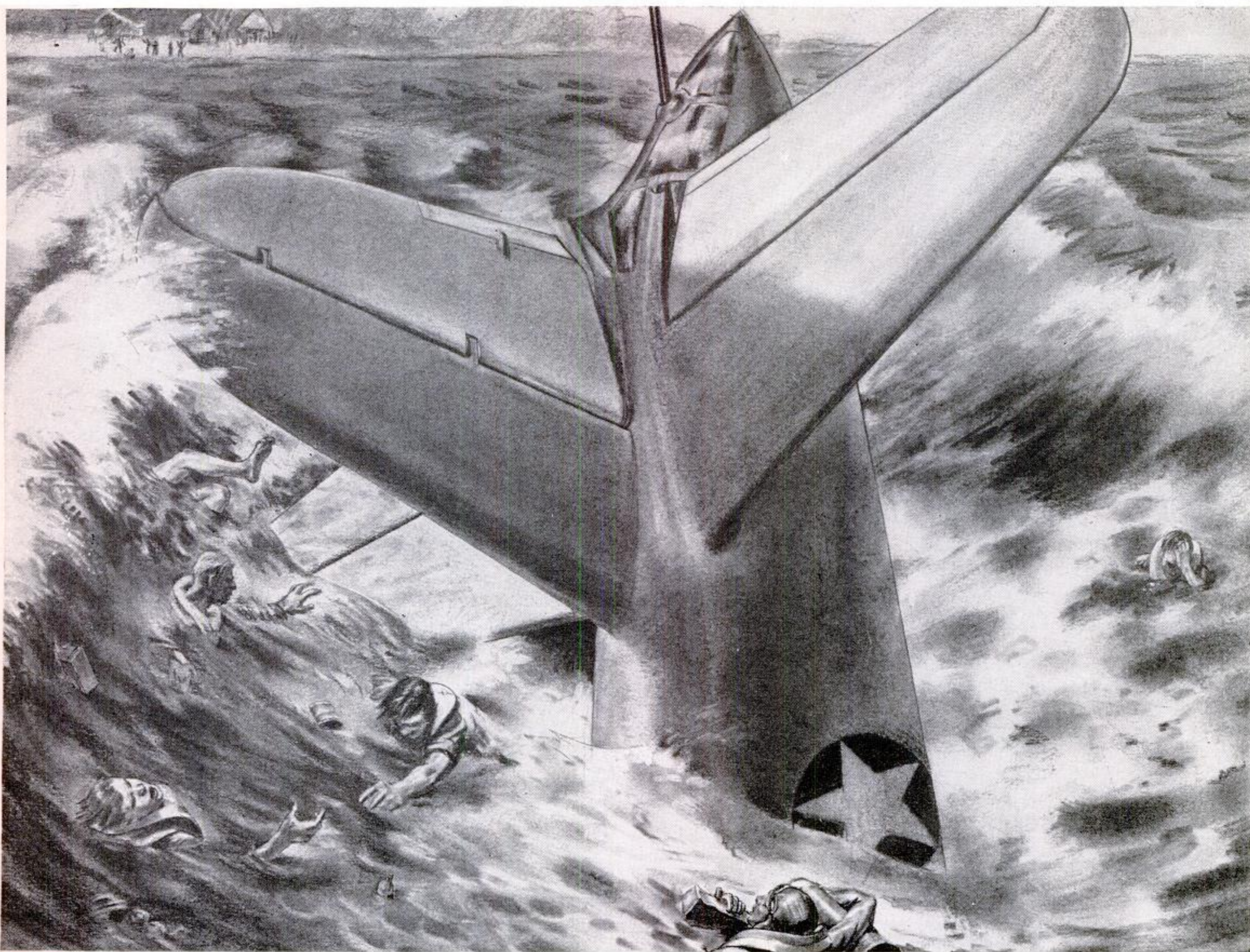
Wallace was clutching a bright yellow kapok-filled seat cushion and a large, empty, oxygen tank which had floated out of the plane with other debris. "Give me some help, Wallace, I can't move my arm," Hughes was calling. All but Massie had inflated their life vests, so they were at least able to keep afloat without difficulty. A strong swimmer, Harold Massie struck out for shore, some three-quarters of a mile away. His goal was a broad beach that spread out before a clump of thatched huts set under a row of stately palms.

The village seemed at first to be deserted, but as he drew closer a swarm of near-naked natives rushed out of the huts to the water's edge. They were young and old, male and female, and they waved their arms, jumped and ran excitedly about, screaming and whooping. Presently some order came out of the chaos ashore. Two of the natives launched an outrigger canoe and began paddling.

When they got close to the white men in the water, the two natives vaulted overboard and maneuvered the craft among them. Hughes, Bordner and King, who seemed to be most badly used up, were boosted in. The others clung to the sides along with the natives. When it was evident that Swan was having difficulty hanging on, King gave up his place to him. Bordner was virtually unconscious. Hughes lay motionless with a badly gashed leg hanging over the gunwale and Swansat hunched over, one distorted shoulder obviously broken.



Wearied and gaunt but happy to be alive, Bordner, Hughes, Wallace and their Australian friend Stokie pose for their first picture in the gun blister of Catalina flying boat that rescued them.



AFTER A CRASH LANDING "IMOGENE VII" TURNED TAIL-UP, QUICKLY SANK UNDER THE WAVES. LUCKILY SHE CAME DOWN NEAR NATIVE VILLAGE, VISIBLE IN BACKGROUND AT LEFT

When the two black men weren't cackling excitedly back and forth across the canoe, they smiled from ear to ear at the white strangers, revealing uneven rows of black-stained teeth. Their language was unintelligible, but it seemed to the untrained ears of Massie, King and Wallace that what they imagined to be phonetic equivalents of the English words "food" and "eat" occurred altogether too frequently in the jargon they spoke. It was 26-year-old Arthur King who first found words to describe their mounting suspicions. "Jeez!" he said. "Maybe these guys are going to have us for dinner." Massie and Wallace managed a brave, if weak, laugh.

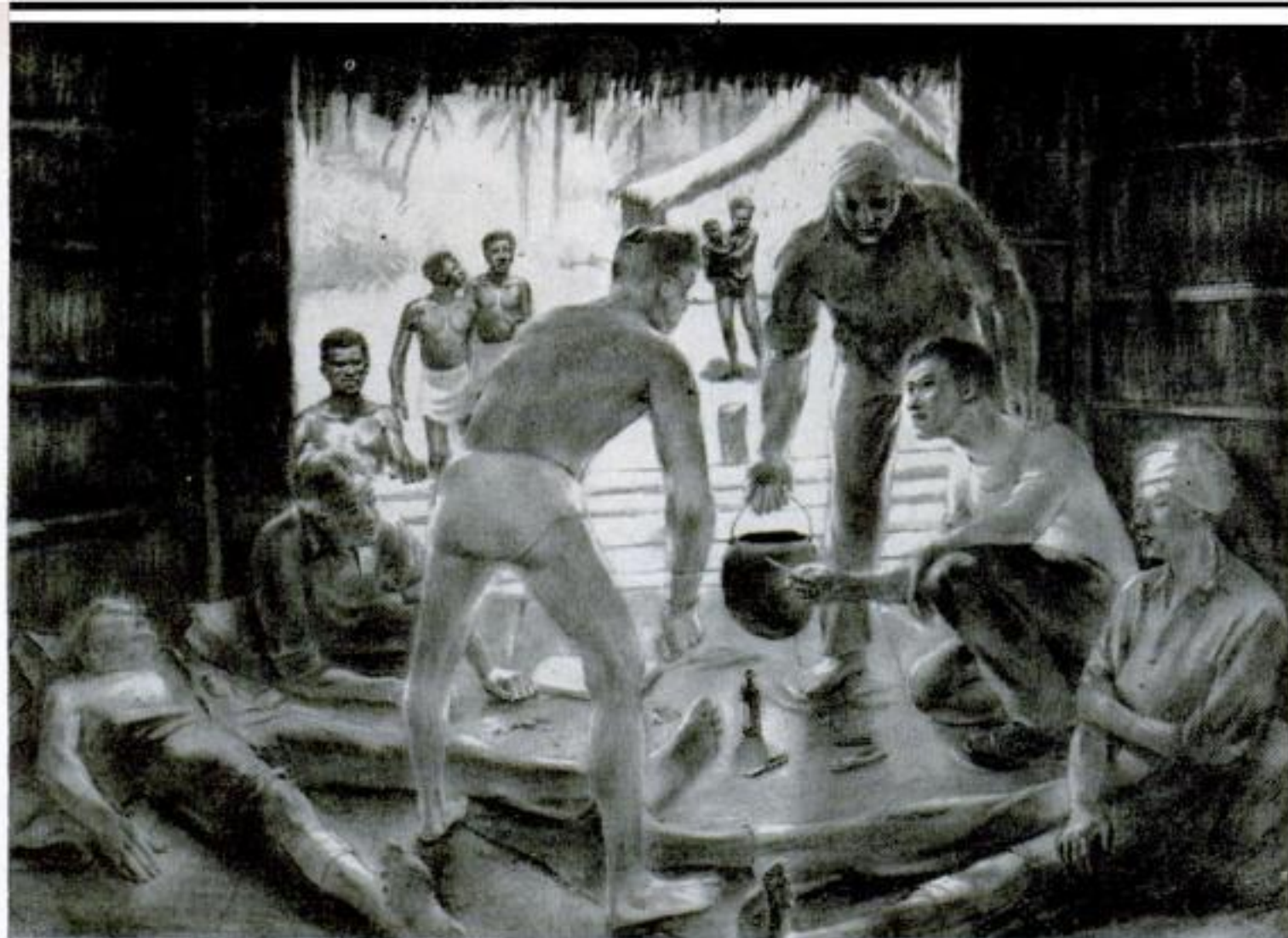
As the canoe pulled into the shallow water, young bucks ran into the surf to lend a hand. The natives helped Bordner, Hughes and Swan up the beach as the entire population of some 75 ran before them. At first none of their shouts made sense to the rescued fliers, but one query seemed to dominate the talk of the less excited members of the group. Phonetically the query seemed to be *You palla English?* Readily reducing it to "You fellows English?" they nodded their heads affirmatively, stabbed at their own chests with their index fingers and threw in "We English, we English" for good measure. They were led and carried to a hut at one corner of the village. "*Place blong you palla,*" said the apparent leader as he directed them up the steps of a hut that stood on stilts. It measured about 12 ft. by 15 ft. and was roofed with sturdy palm-tree fronds. The injured men were laid on the bare floor and curious natives swarmed onto the porch to gawk in at them.

The leader of the village, a middle-aged man who they were later to learn was called the *luluai*, motioned Wallace aside. The *luluai* said what sounded to Wallace's ears like *wan palla allesame you palla close to*. After several renditions Wallace took it to mean that there was a reasonable facsimile of themselves somewhere in the vicinity. "Go to, go to," he said, getting over the idea that he wanted to go to the *allesame palla*. The *luluai* assigned two guides to him and he was on his way. The path they took led straight into a jungle as thick as Wallace had ever seen. They walked at a clip that was all his weary legs could stand, so he welcomed the frequent brief stops they made when they encountered another native on the way. These meetings gave him confidence, for the natives invariably greeted him with a shy and respectful "Hello, Master." He waved his hand to them and said "Hello" in return. The thought of cannibalism seemed ridiculous now.

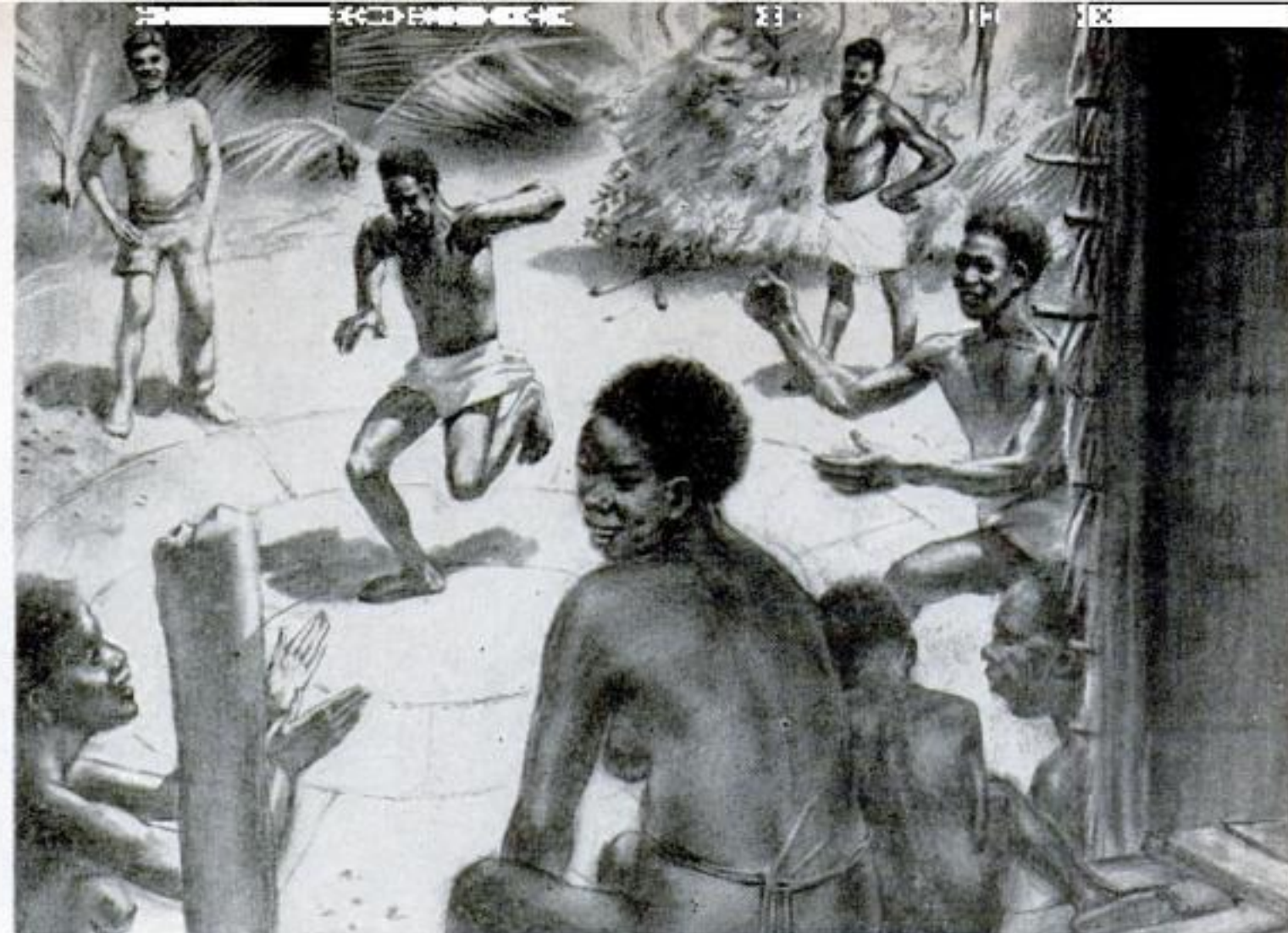
After crossing several streams and walking for three hours they arrived at the place the *luluai* had described as "close to." As they approached, a small, wiry man with a flowing red beard that accentuated his pale skin came toward them. His blue eyes beamed as he extended his hand. Wallace grasped it firmly and said, "Glad to meet you. I'm Lieutenant Wallace." The man looked puzzled and shrugged his shoulders. "Wilus? Wilus? I got no Wilus." Wallace was equally perplexed. He discovered that the man spoke better pidgin than English and that his breathless greeting had been mistaken for a request for a "wireless" set. Nevertheless, he finally was able to convey to him the predicament of himself and his colleagues. The man persuaded him to stay for a meal of stewed bananas and chicken, warning him that food was precious and that he might not eat again for a long time. When he left the man gave him a small bottle of Lysol, a blanket and some cloth for bandages. Most important of all, he gave him the name and location of another white man who would be helpful to them. When he got back to the hut at sundown, Wallace collapsed from the exhaustion of his trip before he could relate his experience to his comrades.

Next morning they took stock. Bordner, Hughes and Swan were unable to rise. Bordner had a painful puncture wound below the right knee but he seemed to be suffering from more serious injuries that were not so obvious. Hughes had badly cut feet and legs and Swan's shoulder was broken. All of them had cuts about the face and head. The pair of high boots Wallace had bought several months before in San Francisco, when he guessed that his secret destination was Alaska, was all the footwear they had salvaged. Other belongings they had managed to bring with them were: a small two-bladed pocketknife, a corroded Eversharp pencil, an inkless fountain pen, two watches hopelessly fouled by the salt water and stopped at 10:54 a.m., a pair of pliers, six life vests, a seat cushion, an empty oxygen tank, a ten-dollar bill, twelve pounds in notes and about two pounds in silver. They had no weapons, no matches, no flashlight, no calendar.

On the second day a Mitchell bomber, far out at sea and scarcely recognizable, flew past their haven, and a few hours later a Jap Mitsubishi bomber droned high overhead. Each time the natives were thrown into a state suggestive of a barnyard full of chickens in the presence of a hawk. "*Balloose! Balloose!*" they cried as they ran toward the fliers' hut. The fliers thought



First refuge for the stranded American fliers was a *houseboy*, a special hut set aside in the village for wayfarers. The natives were curious but friendly; one gave them a cast-iron pot for cooking.



Teaching hopscotch, rope skipping and high jumping to the natives won their friendship for the fliers. The natives were superb at "hoscosh" but were unable to get the hang of high jumping.

JUNGLE ADVENTURE (continued)

balloose was a corruption of balloon at first, but they learned later that it was the native word for bird before white men with wings intruded on their jungle privacy.

On the fourth day Massie decided to make the trip to the place where Wallace had been told they would find the other white man. He was gone 14 days and the boys back at the village were uneasy about him, but he was, nevertheless, only one of their worries by this time. Bordner had taken a decided turn for the worse, and Hughes and Swan were still unable to get to their feet. At times Bordner was only half-conscious. King and Wallace would occasionally poke around over his body and ask: "Does it hurt here, Dale? Here? Or here?" Always the answer was negative. Not unlike any group of curious Americans at the scene of a Sunday automobile accident, the natives would crowd onto the porch and into the hut to observe their ministrations to their ailing companion. Convinced that Bordner was dying, King and Wallace held frequent whispered consultations about his condition and both secretly wished that Massie would return to consult with them.

Shortly after sunup on the sixth day the entire population of the village congregated in the open area between the rows of huts. When the *luluai* appeared on the scene they formed in neat rows in front of the huts, the *marys*, or women, on one side and the men on the other. The *luluai* stood between them. Shifting his weight alternately from one foot to the other, and fixing his gaze on imaginary objects in the sky somewhere above the surrounding palm trees so that his eyes never met those of his auditors, he began to speak. King and Wallace didn't know it at the time as they looked on from the door of their hut, but they were witnessing a town meeting which they were to learn was a regular institution among the natives of New Britain Island. One phrase that impressed King and Wallace which he used several times was: "No talk-talk 'long all Japan." Later, when villagers came to them and said assuringly, "Me palla no talk-talk 'long all Japan," they knew that the *luluai* was ordering his people not to talk about the presence of the "English" fliers in the village if they encountered the Japs.

But this was more alarming than reassuring, for it was a precaution that they knew must have been inspired by the presence of Japs in the neighborhood. In their first appraisal of their predicament they saw themselves as fliers stranded in a strange, uncivilized land with strange, uncivilized people, but now they realized fully for the first time that they were all of that and hunted by the enemy too. To get off the island was not merely to get back among their own people, but to escape from their mortal enemies. They were immediately aware of an incalculable difference between being merely lost, and lost and hunted too.

During the next days Jap bombers flew re-

peatedly over their village. It was obvious that they were searching for some telltale of the downed fliers' whereabouts. Feeling whiter than they had before among their black companions, they spent most of their days under cover.

One forenoon a fleeing native rushed excitedly up to the porch where King was sitting. "Master, Master," he said, "no good you palla stop 'long this palla place. Japan come up 'long big palla schooner close to. Ee put em big palla gun machine close to." King knew enough pidgin by this time to know that his informant was telling him that a Jap ship had put in nearby and had a party armed with at least one machine gun. After consultation with Wallace, they salvaged a piece of lead from Bordner's water-fouled Eversharp and scribbled a note to Massie on a tiny scrap of paper one of the villagers produced. "Hurry back. Received report Japs up coast. Might arrive in village any day," Wallace wrote.

On June 10, 14 days after he had left, Massie returned. Wallace and King ran to him, grasped his hand and thumped his shoulders in greeting. Tattered and torn and worn and gaunt from his trip, he was, nevertheless, the best sight they had seen for days. Quickly returning their greetings, he handed a cloth-wrapped bundle to Wallace. "Don't unwrap this, it's worth its weight in gold. Put it away before the natives see it," he whispered. When he had paid off the *luluai* with 14 *slings* or shillings for the services of the two natives who accompanied him, he brought the two copra sacks the natives were lugging to the hut and told his story.

"It took us six days each way to make the trip. The natives were all friendly. They think a hell of a lot more of the English than they do of the Japs, so I didn't try to explain that we are Americans. They can teach us a lot when we get to understand their lingo. Every time we would come to a stream I would wade or swim, but they would always yell, 'Pook-pook kai-kai,' and run up to some place where it was shallow to cross. I learned from our white friend that *pook-pook* means crocodile and *kai-kai* means eat. He said that more than one of the Australian soldiers who had taken to the jungles after Rabaul got nipped by crocodiles and that I was lucky that the *pook-pook* didn't get me.

They learn about Japs and the jungle

"This man I went to see—he is a former plantation manager, like the other one—is going to hide in the bush until it is all over. He's a little fellow—*lik-lik palla* the natives would call him. Looks like he's somewhere in his 30's. He fed me and helped dry my clothes while he scared the wits out of me with stories about what happened to the Australians. Once, he said, right after Rabaul fell, the Japs captured about a couple of dozen Australians and treated them well enough until one day a ship put a high-ranking officer ashore.

This Jap officer ordered them all taken aboard, and they probably thought they were on their way to some Jap prison camp. Several days later a half-dozen of their bodies with bullet holes in them floated ashore at the same point. Doesn't sound much like a prison camp, does it?

"Another time, he said, the Japs rounded up about a hundred Australian stragglers. The Japs tied them up in groups of ten and just mowed them down. Their bullets missed one of them and he escaped in the last pickup after they had left him for dead.

"When he finished, he said very calmly, 'You will probably die of Jap lead poisoning or malaria. If I had my choice I would take the lead poisoning.'

"But don't get me wrong, he's all right. He gave me a mosquito net and said we should use it at all times on the trails. He also said we are lucky to be in a friendly village. 'Stay there as long as you can,' he said, 'and don't pay for anything unless they ask you to.' Then he made up that bundle—the one I gave you, Wallace—of 100 sticks of twist tobacco. He called it trade tobacco. 'Don't let the natives know how much of it you have, and dole it out to them a quarter stick at a time when they find out. They'll do almost anything for a small piece of it, but they'll haggle until they get it all from you for the same job if they find out how much you've got.'

"He gave some other tips about the natives. 'Sing to them. Humor them. Let them see you bathe and wash your clothes frequently. Cleanliness is an eccentricity they expect of white people. Keep your hair combed, face shaved and hair cut.' He gave me three razor blades and scissors for this reason. 'Always remember that there are three things the natives hold sacred—their *marys*, their pigs and their gardens. Don't touch their *marys*. Don't touch their pigs. Don't go into their gardens without an invitation. Another thing that you'll want to know is that the controlling emotion in their lives is fear.'

As they sat in the twilight gloom, Massie emptied the copra sacks of the useful items the man had given him. The rain continued to beat down on the palm-tree fronds and the damp chill came into their fragile hut, but there was warmth in Massie's return and the new knowledge he had brought to them, and the lost fliers slept soundly that night.

In the ensuing days they followed their instructions as faithfully as they could. They scraped the beards off their faces with the razor blades. Massie, Wallace and King took soapy baths in the surf in full view of the villagers. They sang to the natives who gathered in front of their hut. Their repertoire consisted of *Rambling Wreck from Georgia Tech*, *You Are My Sunshine*, *Deep in the Heart of Texas*, *Home on the Range* and *God Bless America*. It was high entertainment for the natives. They learned to put the clap-clap-clap-clap in *Deep in the Heart of Texas* and they managed "helluva, helluva jeer" as the second line of the Georgia Tech classic, which was by far their favorite.

A LITTLE-KNOWN STORY...

How America really prepared for war

THIS IS A STORY about a country called America... and about something we did that Hitler thought we couldn't.

Chapter One is about our Armed Forces. Chapter Two is entitled Co-operation (may sound dull, but it isn't). Chapter Three contains a few facts you've never heard before about the Belly Turret in the Flying Fortress.

CHAPTER I

From the time Hitler came into power until the year before war came to America, Germany was spending as much on war goods each week as we were spending in a year.

With our military budget so limited, our Armed Forces were in a pretty bad spot. So what did our Army and Navy do... give up? No, they used their heads instead.

They decided—because they didn't have enough money to buy great quantities of weapons—to develop *working models* of the best, the most advanced weapons that brains could devise.

Also, they decided to complete plans so that these weapons could be produced in *mass*—and we mean *mass* quantities—when and if war struck. End of chapter.

CHAPTER II

To get these working models developed, our military and naval leaders asked for help from trusted concerns with which they had worked for many years.

They got what they asked for. These concerns laid out the necessary money, often *big* money, for experimental work. They had no assurance of future orders for any equipment they might develop. All they knew was that the country's security demanded that the work be done.

These companies opened up their laboratories to one another. Gave the use of their patents, royalty free. Developed new weapons of all kinds. Tested them. Ironed out the bugs. The weapons developed in those peacetime years included *much of the well-known and recently publicized equipment*, as well as devices which must remain secret.

When war got so close you could taste it and appropriations were finally made, the working models and the blueprints were *ready!* They were immediately turned over to our great mass-production industries.

The Army and Navy helped these companies tool up, provided machinery, buildings, and (where needed) money to launch the biggest production effort in history. And the best workmen in the world went to work on war goods instead of peace goods. End of chapter.

CHAPTER III

A typical example of how the job worked out has to do with work done prior to Pearl Harbor in protecting the belly of the Boeing Flying Fortress.

When attacked from the side, rear or above, the Fortress could knock the spots off enemy fighters. But when attacked from *below*, neither the tail gunner nor the nose gunner could cover all attackers.

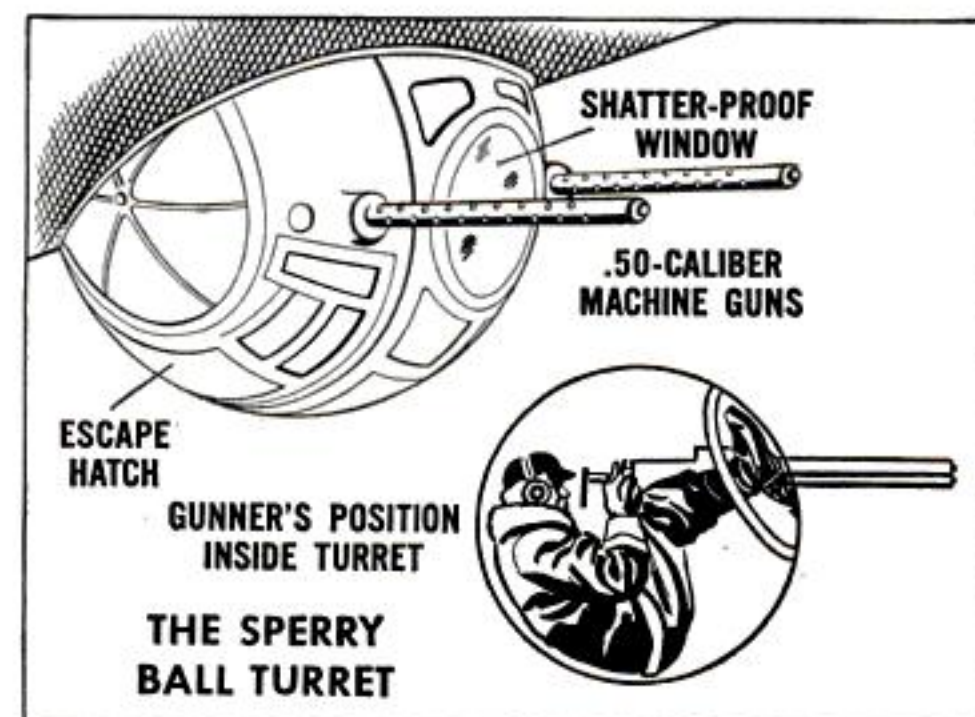
Air Force officers at Wright Field took the problem up with the Sperry Gyroscope Company, because of Sperry's experience in developing aiming and firing controls for guns... aviation equipment such as the Sperry Automatic Pilot and the Sperry Bombsight... and several hundred other precision weapons, instruments, and devices.

Working together... and aided by Vickers, Inc., a Sperry company... they created the Sperry Ball Turret. This turret is a sphere made of aluminum and Plexiglas, installed in the belly of the plane. Inside it sits a gunner with two .50-caliber machine guns that can stop an attacker *before* the Fortress comes within the enemy's range.

The gunner has full vision through an opening of shatterproof glass. His guns are aimed by a Sperry Computing Sight that takes into account the range, course, and speed of an enemy plane. In aiming, the whole turret (propelled by hydraulic "muscles" developed and built by Vickers, Inc.) turns smoothly at the will of the gunner.

These belly turrets—and the top turrets developed by Sperry and made by other American concerns—have helped make America's big bombers the deadliest air battleships in the world.

After the Sperry Ball Turret had been perfected, assistance in turning out the vast quantities needed was sought from two of America's great mass-producers... the Briggs Manufacturing Company and the Emerson Electric Company.



The necessary adaptations were made that permitted faster mass-production, and Briggs and Emerson are now turning out Sperry Turrets in great quantity, while National Cash Register Company helps Sperry turn out the Computing Sights.

That's the story... the little-known story of how America *really prepared* for war... a story that, we hope, will make you even prouder of our Armed Forces and of the American way of getting things done.

Sperry
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30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York

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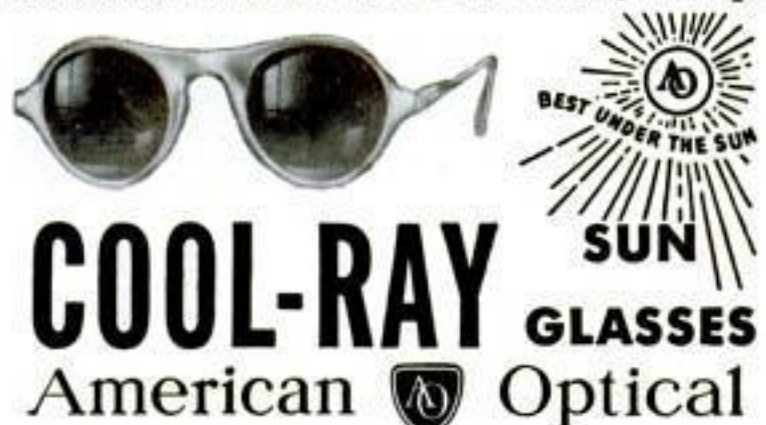
VICKERS, INC., Waterbury Division

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THE SUN, BE WISE!
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RELEASE—IT'S OUT

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LIGHTS RIGHT
STAYS RIGHT
SCARCE? RIGHT!**

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RONSON
WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

BUY RONSON 'FLINTS', WICKS & RONSONOL FUEL—THEY'RE TOPS FOR ALL LIGHTERS



But the singing was as good for the spirit of the stranded fliers as it was for the entertainment of the natives. After several evenings of it the ailing members of the crew seemed to show definite signs of improvement. Sometimes after these serenades Wallace, Massie and King used to stroll down to the beach and look at the moon. They would see its path as a broad, shimmering highway leading to their homes and they would imagine themselves taking quick trips over it. Massie and King would nostalgically communicate with their brides—girls they had married in the rush of going off to war and had hardly gotten a chance to know—and Wallace would revisit the tiny room in the crowded frame bungalow in Los Angeles that was his home for almost 20 years. They were beginning to muster up the patience that would make their long ordeal endurable.

On June 21 Jack Swan was able to get up and move around the village for the first time, and a few days later Marvin Hughes hobbled after him. But this favorable turn of events was somewhat canceled out when the *luluai* informed Massie that the food supply was running low. Wallace began to research the footwear problem, and finally made a passable pair of walking slippers out of copra sacking with palm-bark inner soles. King made a trip to the first benefactor and returned with a pair of shoes, another knife and a half-dozen copies of the *Reader's Digest* of the years 1936-1937. The magazines could not have been received with more enthusiasm if they had been super-deluxe chocolate sodas from Schrafft's. They were read and reread before they had to be returned.

But sustenance for the mind and sustenance for the body are wholly different things. On June 30, having decided that they must reduce the number of visiting mouths the villagers had to feed by three, Massie, King and Wallace left the village. This was 38 days after the crash—days which Wallace had carefully kept account of on a half coconut shell with knife marks, a cross for each Sunday and a vertical cut for each week day. Their destination was the hide-out of Massie's friend. Their purpose was to scout possibilities for the future. Hughes, Swan and Bordner, the latter still down with his injuries, promised to try to stay in the village until September.

They are discovered by the Japs

On the third day out, as they were walking into a small village, Massie collapsed on the trail. Carried into the *houseboy*, he was utterly helpless. He had neither a chill nor a fever, nor any specific complaint, but he could not eat and he could scarcely move a muscle. When there was no improvement after a day of rest, King and Wallace had the natives make a "walking bed," a blanket slung from two carrying poles, and hired 15 of them to carry Massie to their destination. Working two at a time, the natives ran wherever the going wasn't too steep, in support of their theory that the energy thus expended would be less than if they made slower progress and had the load with them longer.

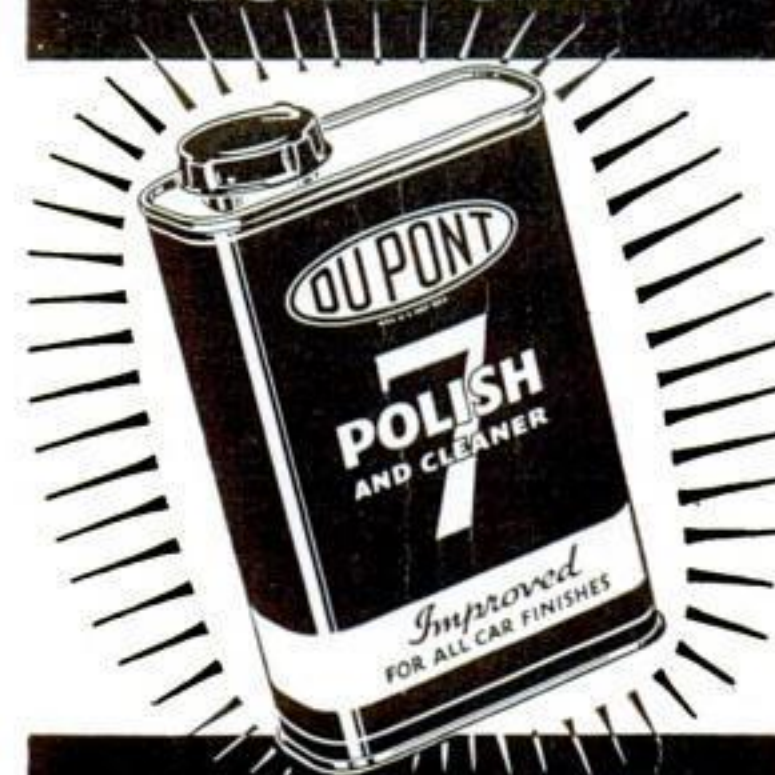
They arrived at their destination on July 9. Massie now seemed to be entirely indifferent. When their white friend saw him he said: "You've got to cheer him up. He'll quit. I saw an Australian soldier die that way. Nothing much wrong with him, just quit living."

To start the cheering-up process he cooked a fine mulligan of canned beef, rice, *kau-kau* and taro, but Massie could not force down a single bite. However, the man's talk was better than his mulligan, and in a few days it was obvious that Massie was not going to quit, though his progress was slow in the face of a new menace that the fliers were meeting for the first time—tropical ulcers. The wounds Massie had received on his legs in the crash had become ulcerous, a loathsome, festering, odorous affliction that was to plague them all through the jungle.

July 17, although it opened with rain as usual in this season, was to be a special day. It was Wallace's 23rd birthday and there was to be a special meal with two wild birds, that had been caught by the natives, as *pièce de résistance*. Just as they were sitting down to eat, however, a native rushed up to them. "*Wan palla canoe ee cumup. Ee got tree palla, Master!*" he said. King, Wallace and the natives ran to the water's edge. An outrigger canoe with two natives paddling, and carrying three white men, was moving in through the heavy rain. It was Hughes, Swan and Bordner. Wet and haggard, they climbed out of the canoe and limped toward their reception committee, water oozing from their burlap-bound feet at every step.

"Man, have we got plenty to tell you!" Hughes began before their greetings were finished. "Had to get out of that place right now," he continued. "The Japs sent a native messenger through to order all the trails put in order and canoes put at all streams so that they could send patrols through. Next day a native ran to the village to tell us that the Japs knew we were there and were on their way. He told us we would have to get out of the village in *lik-lik* time."

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YOUR CAR



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ATHLETE'S FOOT

With
Itching
Between
Cracked
Peeling Toes!



If you're discouraged about getting relief from Athlete's Foot (itching, burning soreness from raw, peeling skin between toes)—just try Extra Strength Zemo—a Doctor's wonderful medicated liquid backed by 35 years' success.

First applications of Zemo promptly relieve distress and thus give the raw, irritated skin a chance to heal faster. Many druggists say there's nothing better. First trial convinces!

NOTE: Zemo is also grand for tired, sore, burning feet.

ZEMO "Extra Strength"



**A JIG-SAW OF YOUR
FAVORITE SNAPSHOT**

The ideal gift surprise for the man in the Service, the folks back home or the children. Think of the fun of working out a 60-piece jig-saw puzzle that turns out to be YOU... or a favorite subject.

Send us any negative or print (returnable) and we'll make an interlocking jig-saw puzzle, size 7 x 9 1/4. Attractive box serves as holder for assembling pieces. For each picture, send a dollar (plus postage). Hand-colored \$1.50 additional.

PROTECTIVE PRODUCTS CO.
311 E. 46th Street New York 17, N. Y.

Mary's first date

brought me up to date

LAST NIGHT when I let in Mary's first beau I almost tripped over her old doll carriage. Then, when she came downstairs in her first long dress I stumbled again... on something I should have seen long ago.

Mary wasn't a kid any more. In just a few years she'd be a young lady!

Maybe it happens to every father. You don't notice that your little girl isn't playing with dolls until you open a door and a boy says, "I'm taking Mary to the high school dance." . . . You don't observe the gradual changes which are constantly taking place in your family life until something surprises you into taking a fresh view . . .

That boy with the shy grin helped bring me up to date on my family. He started me thinking about the way their needs and my ambitions for them had changed since the last time I bought life insurance. Then it was just the sort of protection I wanted them to have. But measured against what I want for them now, it didn't quite fill the bill. I realized that just as Mary had outgrown pigtails without my noticing it, I had outgrown my life insurance.

This morning I had a serious talk with a John Hancock agent. He discussed things I'd been thinking about as well as things that hadn't entered my head — my social security benefits, what my wife could expect to earn if she had to, how much it would cost to give the children the right educational start. Then he worked out a new life insurance plan that fits the pattern of my particular family life down to the last detail. What surprised me most was how *little* it added to my family budget to get life insurance *big* enough for my family's needs.

* * *

Not every John Hancock policyholder is like Mary's dad. No two, in fact, out of our six million policyholders, are exactly alike. That's why every John Hancock representative is trained to uncover those factors which make your situation an individual one. The only obligation you have in accepting his services is the one which prompted you to arrange the interview — your obligation to yourself and to your family.

John Hancock
MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
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GUY W. COX, President



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JOIN the gentlemen everywhere who have made Aqua Velva the world's most popular after-shave lotion. Bracing as a sea breeze—cool, refreshing Aqua Velva leaves your skin feeling softer and smoother after shaving. Clean, fresh scent.

Avoid waste. Because of war shortages, the supply of Aqua Velva is limited. Since nothing else can quite take its place, use it carefully. That way, you can enjoy it regularly.



★ **A FEW OF THE MEMBERS** ★
George Biddle
Samuel H. Hays
Paul Lukas
John Erskine
Jed Thompson
Lucius Beebe
★



*You've
got*

**THE RIGHT
IDEA, BUDDY**

● Keep that bicycle of yours shined up, properly lubricated and in good repair. You may have to use it a long time. Perhaps even your Dad may want

to borrow it. Right now no one knows just when there will be plenty of bicycles for everybody. So take good care of that bicycle until this war is over. After we've won this victory, there will be plenty of Roadmasters, America's finer bicycle, for everyone, but right now the maker of Roadmasters is busy 100% on war work.

THE CLEVELAND WELDING COMPANY
West 117th Street at Berea Road • Cleveland, Ohio

Roadmaster
AMERICA'S finer BICYCLES

JUNGLE ADVENTURE (continued)

Instead of a meal of friendly felicitation, Wallace's birthday feast was one of plans and strategy. The only white man known by their white friend or the natives to have crossed the island was a missionary priest who had made the trip ten years before. Nevertheless, they voted to try the crossing. At 3 a. m. the following day, after a night of preparation, they piled into a dilapidated rowboat and made their way to the village from which they would start their climb. The *luluai* met them at the shore with obvious anxiety. "Master, all Japan ee cumup lik-lik time now. You palla go." After a brief stop to cook and eat some of their rice, the *luluai* assigned seven of his villagers to help them along to the next village. He did not hide his relief when they got under way. After a steep climb they got to the next village. Here the *luluai* made no attempt to disguise the cold shoulder he turned to them. He refused at first to furnish boys to carry their burden next day, but relented when Massie warned him that, if they were delayed and were found by the Japs, everyone in the village, including the *luluai*, would be tortured and killed. This first attempt to play on the fear of the natives worked. They were permitted to stay overnight and given carriers when they left in the morning.

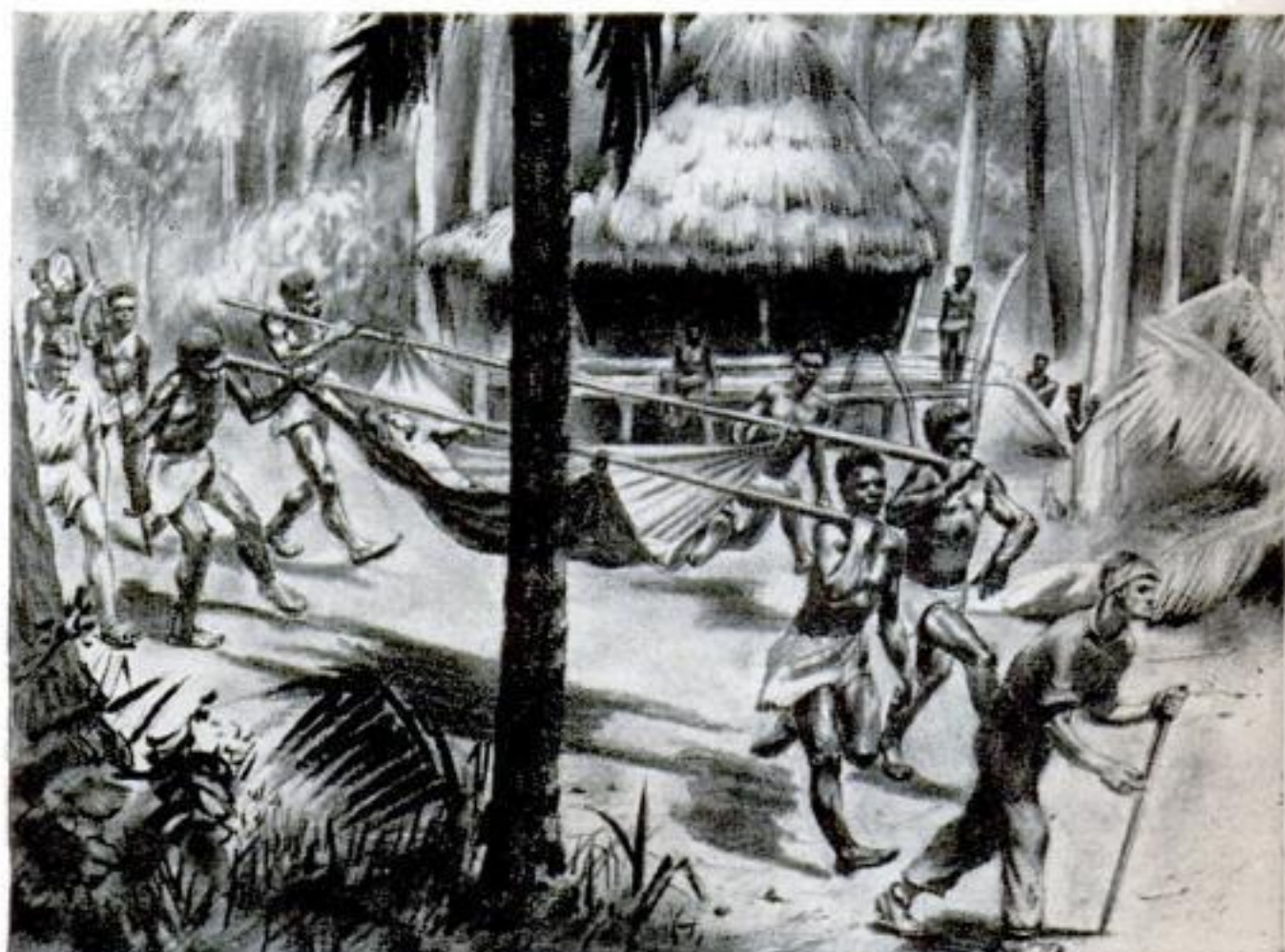
They enter hostile country

For the next three days they were forced to spend their nights in hastily thrown-up lean-tos on the trail, for in the bush the villages were farther apart than on the coast. The country through which they passed was different in character from the country they had known on the coast. Numerous types of highly colored parrots filled the air with their rasping noises, and a large goose-like bird that the natives called a *gogo* would occasionally whoosh up in front of them on the path like an overloaded bomber taking off. Butterflies of remarkable coloring flitted among the shafts of sunlight that filtered through the incredibly thick jade-green maze of jungle foliage, the only reminder of the sky in this apparently skyless country. The smell was the dampish smell of decaying fungus.

The natives, too, were dissimilar to those on the coast. They were shaggier, more unkempt and less friendly, and they were more addicted to cutting deep scars in their faces to create a ferocious appearance. Instead of the *laplap* of their brothers on the coast, their only attire was a G-string which they made from beaten slabs of bark highly painted with colored figures. Their pidgin, when they spoke it at all, was to the coastal pidgin as Tobacco Road English is to Park Avenue English. They were more ridden with superstition than the coastal natives. One of their important beliefs was that their enemies could make deadly potions out of their shorn hair, their garbage or even their personal waste, which they call *peck-peck*. For this reason they carefully burned every piece of hair that was cut and they secretly buried their garbage and their *peck-peck*.

But the most disquieting difference between the bush country and the coastal country they had come from was that it was a country of villages in which they were not wanted. When they arrived at the next village the *tultul*, the *luluai*'s assistant, ordered them to leave. Mercifully he relented when it was apparent that Swan, Hughes and Wallace were unable to walk. Massie and King, still in walking condition though many pounds lighter than their normal weight, decided to push on again. Thus on July 27 they departed from their companions for the last time.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 95



Walking bed for sick was made of a blanket and two long poles. Native carriers always ran, on the theory that the sooner they got to destination, the less energy they used.

"Why so Uppity? Every Horse is a War Horse Now!"



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Horsepower
Every 30 Days!**



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After about five weeks the villagers were getting restless about the presence of the remaining men so Wallace and Bordner decided to go to the next village to try to find carriers. They had heard that the village was holding a week-long *sing-sing* and they had hopes of hiring some of the native boys who came in from the surrounding bush for the event. They didn't find any natives willing to work, but they did see some memorable sights. The *sing-sing* was apparently a celebration held to advertise the current prosperity of the village—a sort of harvest festival. Each evening just before sundown the village warmed up to its big event. To Wallace and Bordner it was an awe-inspiring spectacle. Native men decked themselves out in headdresses that would have made Flo Ziegfeld take notice. They were great decorative pyramids which the men helped to support with upraised arms after the fashion of Follies walk-on artistes. The music was supplied by hollow log drums and the rhythmic rattle of shell bracelets worn by the *marys*. This went on for hours with the men going through a series of high falsetto chants. When the sun went down, flaming torches carried by the dancing participants provided light. Occasionally they would act out some sort of meaningful pantomime that had apparently been well rehearsed. Once they formed a circle and stealthily crept to the center where they seized and carried off a cowering native who seemed to be acting the part of a surprised missionary. Such, indeed, was the theme, Wallace and Bordner learned later. "*Fashion blong me palla ee no more*," a native assured them.

After one of these ceremonies a native from the other village brought a note to Bordner and Wallace. "Having trouble. Return immediately if possible. Hughes." Bordner left immediately and Wallace, unable to get carriers, followed him next day. They found that Hughes's trouble arose when the natives insisted that they leave the village at once without waiting for carriers, and began to harass him and Swan by creeping into the hut at night and stealing their precious belongings. They finally persuaded the *luluai* to give them some help to carry Swan, who was still desperately sick, in a walking bed, and thus left after six weeks.

They lose Massie, King and Swan

It was decided that Bordner and Hughes should continue across the rugged plateau to find help in the next village. They had estimated that they could probably get to the next village and return in about three days. After nine days of waiting on the plateau, Wallace decided to strike out for help. After a four-day journey he came to a village that was deserted except for a native *doctor boy* and his family. There, a day later, he met Hughes and Bordner.

"Did you hear about Massie and King?" they asked as they rushed up to him.

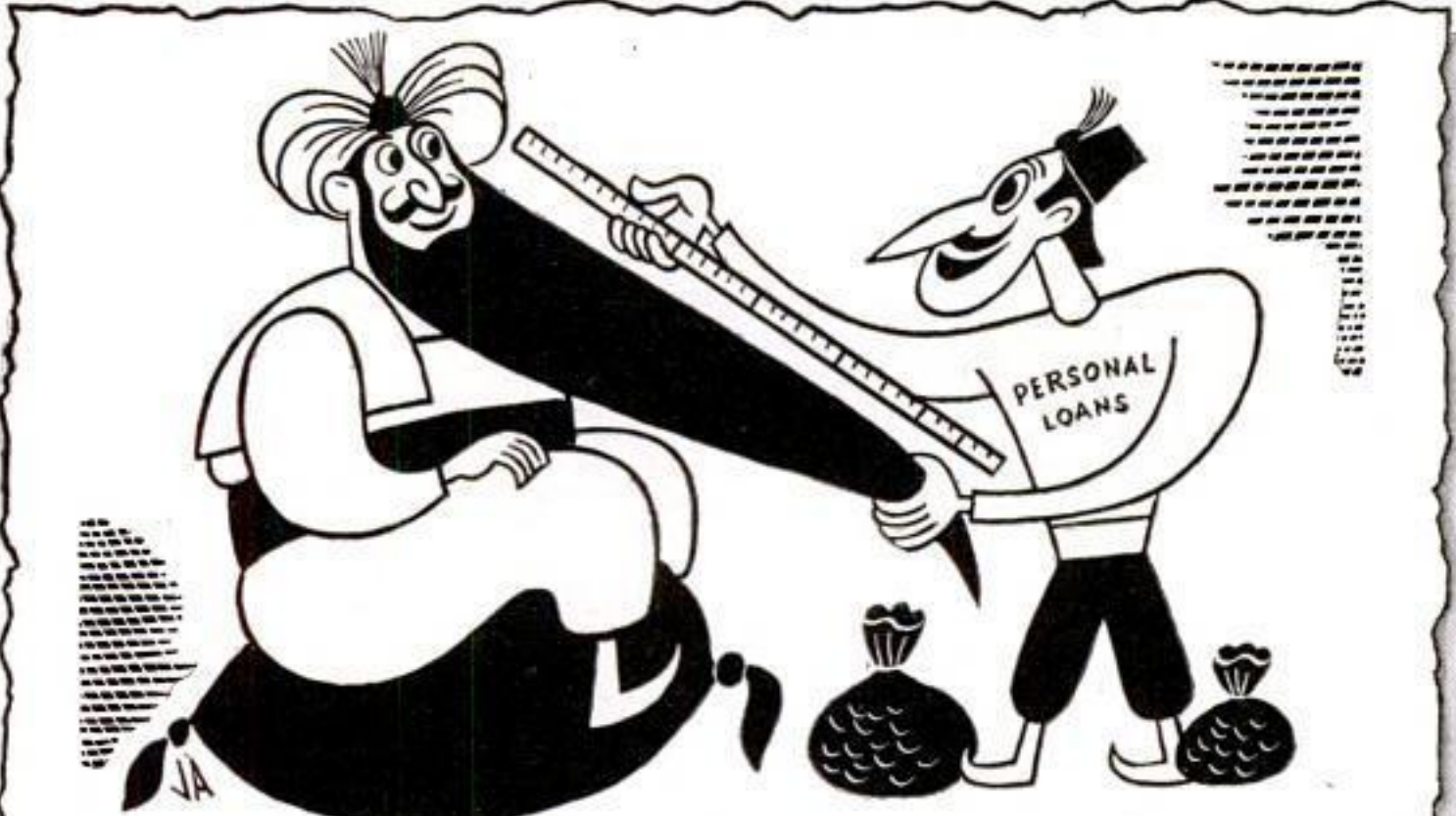
"No, what happened?" said Wallace.
"The Japs got them," Hughes said. "All we could find out was that they got to the beach and some natives they stayed with turned them over to the Japs."

Hughes and Bordner had been unable to find natives to carry Swan. They reported that they had been turned out of every village they had encountered. It appeared that their only friend now was the *doctor boy* in the deserted village. As he was obviously too used up to make the trip back to Swan, it was decided that Wallace should remain with the *doctor boy* who had agreed to let him build a hut and give him space in which to plant a garden. Thus, while Wallace was recuperating and making a haven for them, Hughes and Bordner took on a tough assignment. They would return to Swan and the jungle. Eventually the three would come back to live, perhaps for the duration, in the little village. This was going native. The *doctor boy* estimated that it would take about three months to make the garden productive.

They were gone a month when a native traveler who came down to the village over the mountain path brought Wallace a verbal message from Hughes and Bordner. "*Wan palla sick man 'long road ee die*," he said.

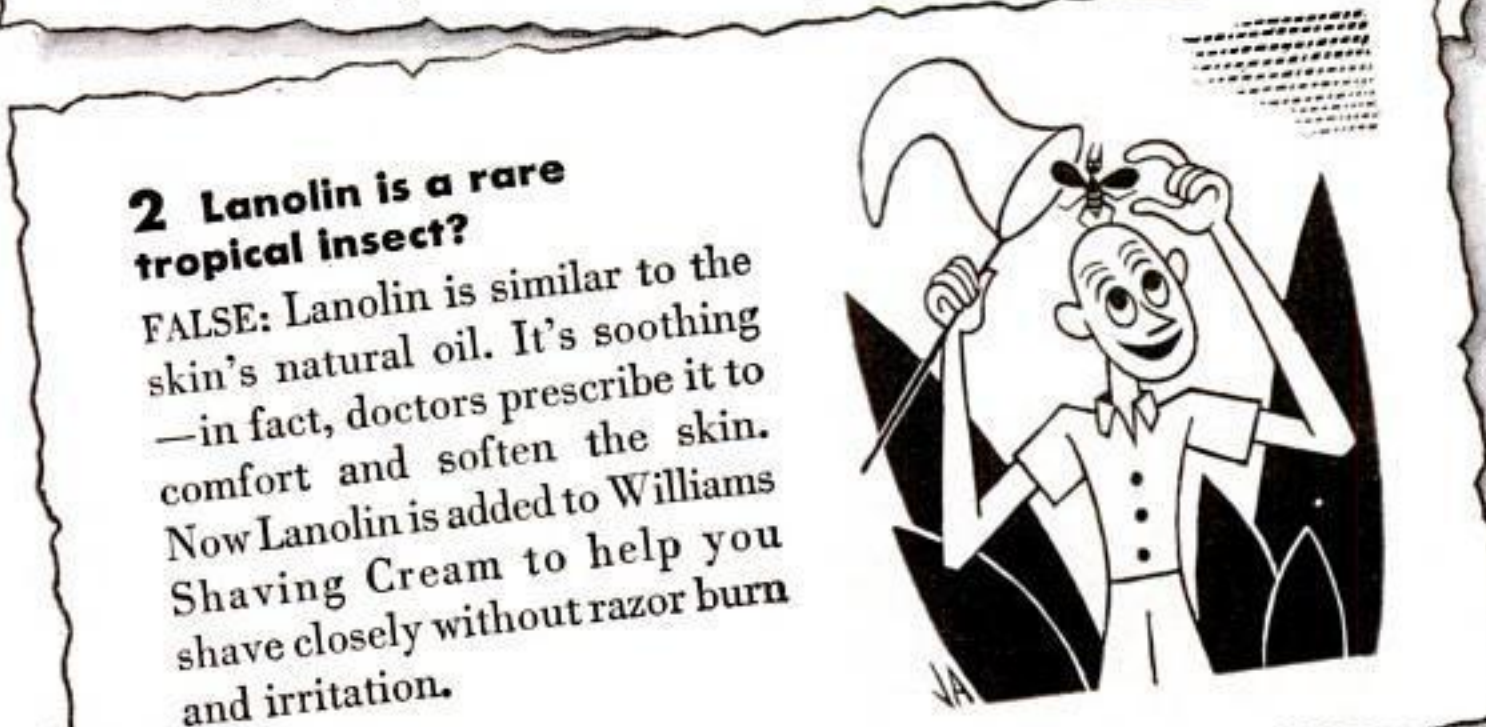
Jack Swan was dead.
Four months after they had gone into the mountains to care for Swan and wait for the garden to begin producing, Hughes and Bordner came back, only to find the village entirely lifeless. When they stood in the garden that was to have kept them alive, they were standing in a patch of smothering weeds instead of among neat rows of taro, *kan-kan*, tapioca and yams. Disconsolately they set out for the next village. There they found Wallace sitting in a hut built at the foot of a towering gum tree. Weak and worn with malaria, he stepped uncertainly out to shake their hands. Seemingly for minutes, after their first greeting, they stood mutely looking at each other, finding no words to express their surprise and joy over their reunion.

TRUE or FALSE?



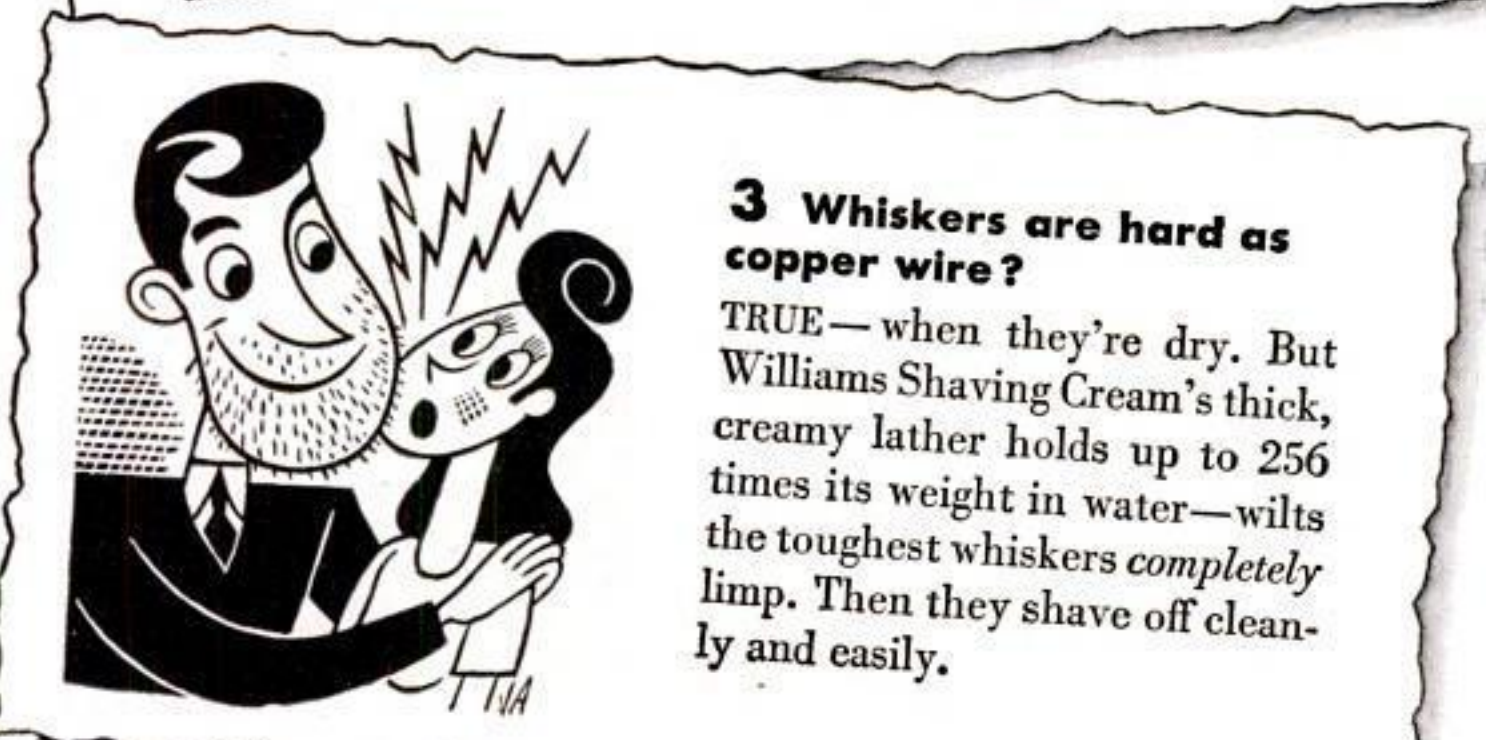
1 Beards have been used as security for loans?

TRUE: A Grand Vizier of Constantinople once borrowed a large sum by pledging his beard as security.



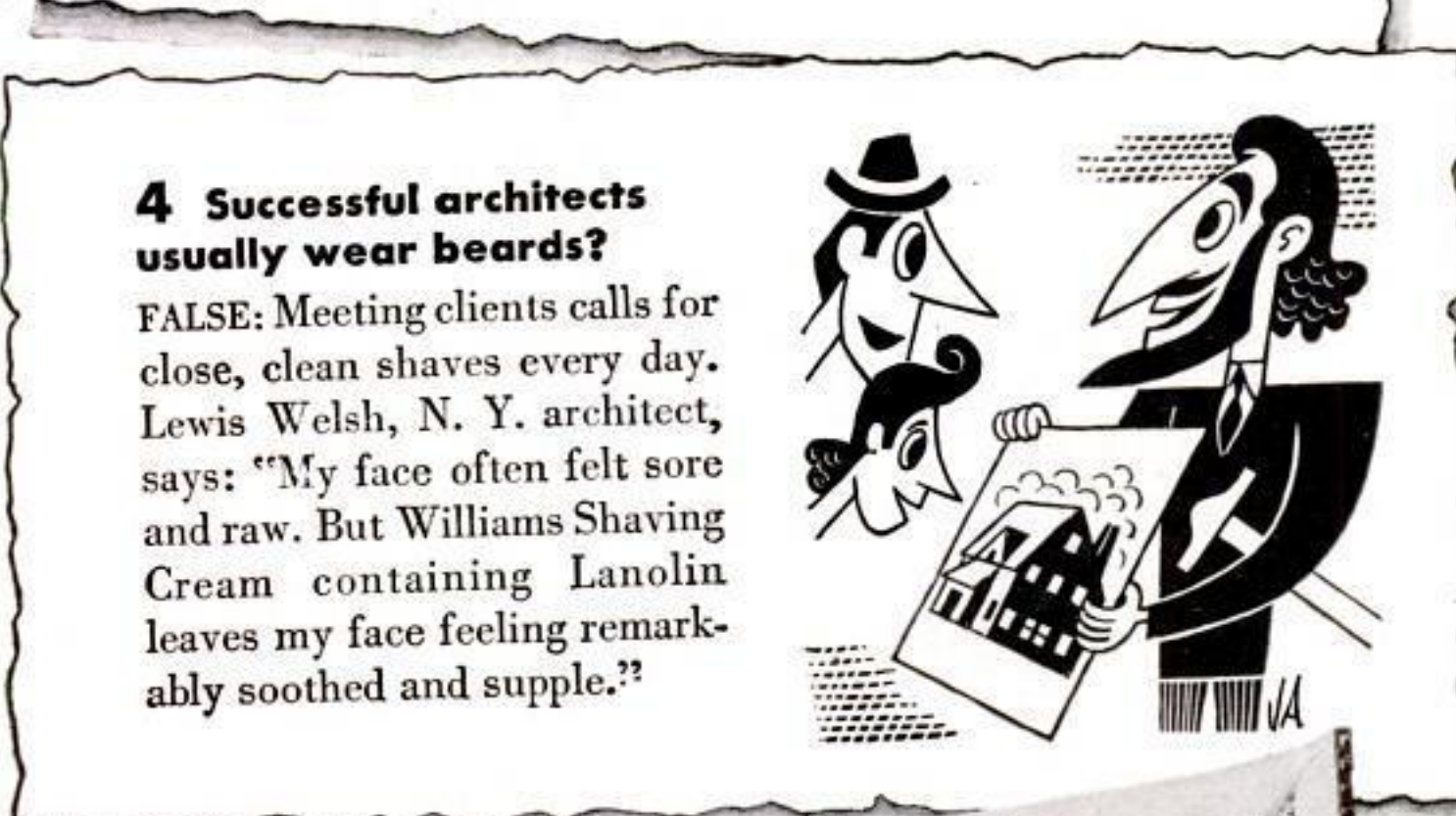
2 Lanolin is a rare tropical insect?

FALSE: Lanolin is similar to the skin's natural oil. It's soothing—in fact, doctors prescribe it to comfort and soften the skin. Now Lanolin is added to Williams Shaving Cream to help you shave closely without razor burn and irritation.



3 Whiskers are hard as copper wire?

TRUE—when they're dry. But Williams Shaving Cream's thick, creamy lather holds up to 256 times its weight in water—wilts the toughest whiskers completely limp. Then they shave off cleanly and easily.



4 Successful architects usually wear beards?

FALSE: Meeting clients calls for close, clean shaves every day. Lewis Welsh, N. Y. architect, says: "My face often felt sore and raw. But Williams Shaving Cream containing Lanolin leaves my face feeling remarkably soothed and supple."



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JUNGLE ADVENTURE (continued)

Presently they stepped into the hut where a fire glowed in the center of the earth floor. "Give him the letter, Bordner," Hughes said. As they seated themselves on the edge of the bed, Bordner dug down into the breast pocket of his coveralls and handed Wallace a blue envelope. Opening it, Wallace read:

"To the three American airmen:

"I hear you are hiding with the natives. If you care to join me, I can arrange it. I have plenty of native food and a small supply of medicine. When the Northwest season ends, I plan to escape by canoe. If you care to come with me, I would like to have you, but, if not, I will leave you in the hands of friendly natives who will care for you well.

"Cheerio and best of luck.

"John Stokie

"NGVR 239"

As Wallace's voice dropped at the end of the letter, Hughes hastened to make further explanation: "A messenger found us on the trail a month ago and handed this to us. We nearly fell over when we read it. We answered it on a blank sheet of paper he sent along in the envelope. About two weeks later another native messenger brought an answer from Stokie. In it he said we could find him at — — — on the coast and he would make arrangements to have guides sent to us to show us the way."

Although the stranded fliers did not know what the NGVR under Stokie's signature meant, or if he was a trustworthy character at all, they had great confidence in their future for the first time since they had set foot on the island eight months before. Wallace's condition improved rapidly after his companions joined him, and they spent their days together in relaxing talk. Had Massie and King been with them, their happiness would have been as complete as possible under the circumstances.

At the end of a week Stokie's message arrived. Six native guides of Stokie's came to the village with a note for the fliers. "My guides will conduct you safely to the village where I am located," was its succinct content. Next morning, after much handshaking and waving, they left with Stokie's guides. All day they walked over a dense jungle trail. By sundown they were nearing the coast. The lead native came back and whispered, "No talk-talk. All Japan ee stop close to now." Shoeless like their native guides, the fliers now walked on the balls of their feet nevertheless. The roll of the ocean could be heard for the first time over the noises of the jungle.

Until dawn they walked along the beach. Their muscles aching from trudging through the soft sand, they finally arrived at a small hut where they rested. In the middle of the afternoon two canoes pulled up to the shore and the fliers and the guides piled in and paddled away. At nightfall they arrived at their destination, a village that sat on the water's edge. Presently they were taken into the bush outside of the village to a hut where Stokie was hiding. The date was Feb. 10.

Stokie, a husky little man with a bushy mustache and a fringe of graying hair around a bald pate, came down the trail to greet them. He shook hands vigorously with all three. "Come on up. Come on up. I've got some good kai-kai."

After the meal they listened to Stokie's story far into the night. A plantation owner near Rabaul for 16 years, Stokie had joined the New Guinea Volunteer Rifles (which explained the NGVR under his signature). When the Japs attacked in January 1942, he was stationed at Rabaul. When the 15,000 attacking Japs overwhelmed the 1,400 Australian defenders, he was caught behind the lines of the onrushing enemy. For several weeks he was a one-man guerrilla

CONTINUED ON PAGE 98



Wallace's serial number was painted on cloths to be photographed from a Liberator. Thus the officers at home base could be certain castaways weren't Japs setting a trap.

The pass word for Summer comfort... These washable suits of 100% cotton are tailored with all the fine details of your regular woolen clothes... Guaranteed not to shrink, fade or discolor... \$14.50 at leading stores everywhere.

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NON SHRINKABLE
THE GENUINE FABRIC
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New Comfort—plus Support

AN EXCLUSIVE FEATURE OF

REIS Scandals

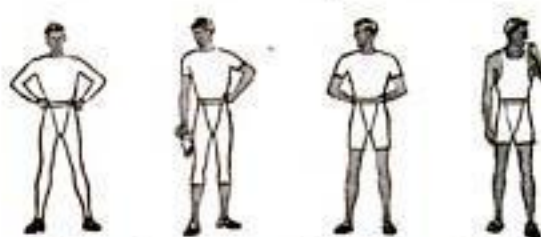
Exclusive "HI-WAIST" design keeps Scandals from sliding down and insures full support.

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Extra seat coverage—no seams to sit on.

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JUNGLE ADVENTURE (continued)

army behind their lines. He had escaped into the bush and had been living among the natives when he heard about the crew of *Imogene VII* by native grapevine. "I was the bird who fought the rearguard action for the A. E. F. and I was in need of reinforcements," was the way he put it.

Stokie plunged into his plans for their escape. He would have the natives build another seaworthy dugout canoe to add to the one he already had concealed in the bush. They would wait until the "northwest season" was over and the wind began to blow from the southeast. Thus, their sails would catch a favorable wind and they would be carried down the coast on the lee side of the island to New Guinea. Stokie was confident that they could then work their way to Port Moresby.

Twice Jap patrols, numbering 23 one day and twelve another, marched through the village. Occasionally a U. S. Air Forces bomber flew over, apparently on reconnaissance. When they saw one soon enough, one of the trio would rush to Stokie's hut to get his shaving mirror and try to flash a signal to the plane. They didn't know it at the time, but several of the planes did observe their signals and reported them back to their headquarters as flashes from enemy anti-aircraft guns. Thinking that their efforts had been entirely unsuccessful, they borrowed a larger mirror (9 x 12 inches) from the *luluai* of the village.

They are discovered at last

On March 6 a B-24 Liberator flew low over the water in front of the village. Stokie, who was closest to the borrowed mirror, got it and flashed the sun's rays toward the plane. It was about 10:30 a. m. and the angle of the sun was favorable. Sgt. Victor Freen of Everett, Mass., tail gunner in the Liberator, saw the flash and communicated with Captain Everett Wood of Denver, the pilot. The plane circled and came back for a closer look. Stokie signaled again. Wallace, Bordner and Hughes waved *laplaps* that they had borrowed from the villagers. The natives danced and shouted in excitement on the sand. When the plane banked to take a third look, Wallace and Bordner put out in a canoe, hoping they would thus make themselves more obvious. As it skimmed over no more than 50 feet above the water, Wallace stood up in the canoe and waved a *laplap* wildly over his head. After this run the Liberator quickly disappeared over the horizon.

Next day another Liberator "buzzed" the village, and on its third run over the water a bright orange streamer floated down. Hughes leaped into a canoe, retrieved the streamer and extracted the soggy message it held. He shouted its contents to the men on the beach. "It says, 'Write your name and organization in the sand.'" Wallace grabbed a hoe from one of the natives and scratched yard-high characters on the beach. For good measure he hurried to the huts and gathered up all the *laplaps* that he could find. With Hughes and Bordner, he rolled the cloths so that they formed the Bomb Group number on the sand. It was Sunday and the *luluai*, according to his long-standing custom on that day, was wearing a starched shirt. It was this shirt that was obligingly surrendered to complete the bottom loop of the "B."

A few seconds after the message was complete the plane reappeared, circled over the beach and then swept low behind the village just over the treetops. This time its belly gave forth a large canvas container which, suspended from a green silk parachute, floated slowly down to the jungle. Hughes and Bordner retrieved it from the bush and emptied out food, 1,000 tablets of atabrine, cigarets and matches, a gallon of black paint, a brush and four 4 x 7-foot sheets of white cloth. Most important of all was an envelope bearing detailed instructions. The instructions were: "Write the ranking man's serial number on the cloth as illustrated below, to be exposed on the beach and be photographed by friendly aircraft whenever it may return. Good luck. Roger and Gideon."

As Hughes and Bordner spread out the sheets according to the instructions, Wallace carefully started to paint his serial number across them. With broad sweeps of the brush, he painted a 0, a 4, a 3, a 1, a 9. As he finished the tail of the 9, the plane swooped over again. It banked and made another pass at the beach. Wallace feverishly put down a 1 and a 0 to complete the series. As they ran out to the beach with the sheets trailing behind them, the plane was making a third run over. Before they could get them laid out in proper order the plane had disappeared.

They covered the sheets with coconut fronds that could be quickly removed and spent every daylight hour on the beach. On the tenth day, March 17, a B-17 roared into sight. As it neared the beach, Hughes raced for the sheets and unfolded them on the sand. Fortunately he got them down in the right order. After making four

CONTINUED ON PAGE 101



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APPLE "HONEY" is our name for an amazing new moistening agent which helps hold in the freshness of Old Gold cigarettes.

It has been developed by evaporating the pure, golden juice of fresh, luscious apples to a bland, honey-like syrup. Lightly sprayed on tobacco, this extract penetrates every particle to help hold in the moisture after the cigarette is made.

We call this latest Old Gold

triumph *Apple "Honey."* We're using *Apple "Honey"* now to protect Old Gold freshness. All in all, we believe it superior to glycerine, which is now needed at the battlefield.

Apple "Honey" is not a flavoring . . . does not change the taste of Old Golds. You enjoy the same delicious flavor—the same fine tobaccos, including Latakia. *Apple "Honey"* simply helps to keep Old Golds fresh on their way to you.

***New moisture-protecting agent developed by U. S. Department of Agriculture. We call it Apple "Honey."**

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LOWEST**

IN NICOTINE

IN THROAT-IRRITATING
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As shown by unbiased, independent,
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Long Before Pearl Harbor *they were aging in oak*



YEARS before there were any gasoline ration books, these great whiskeys were laid away to age under the most favorable auspices imaginable. Fifty years ago, you see, the Congress of the United States passed a fortunate law for the man who likes fine whiskeys. This Bottled-in-Bond Act specifies strict regulations governing bottled in bond whiskeys.

As a result, none of the emergency changes forced upon most other products by war-time needs have touched these great whiskeys. So whenever you buy *these* bottled in bond products you obtain identically the same quality. It is no special privilege or favor

but simply a matter of long-standing law.

On one detail, however, we must ask your indulgence. Since all National Distillers' plants are now 100% engaged in the manufacture of war alcohol, today's supply of these great whiskeys must be taken from reserve stocks which are necessarily limited.

So if for this or any other reason, there are times when you can't find your favorite whiskey at your dealer's, please be patient. Remember that every effort is being made to distribute these whiskeys fairly and insure that a continuous, even if reduced, supply will always be available.

OLD GRAND-DAD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

OLD CROW
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT WHISKEY—RYE OR BOURBON

MOUNT VERNON
BRAND
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

OLD OVERHOLT
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

The entire production of these and all other National Distillers' plants is devoted to the manufacture of alcohol for war purposes.

JUNGLE ADVENTURE (continued)

runs over, the plane left. It had flown so low that the watchers on the beach could see the camera poking from its tunnel opening. Their hopes were now as high as they had been low.

On March 20, three days later, a B-24 came over. On its second pass a white parachute broke from its underside and dropped a black bundle down to the village. The bundle contained two flashlights with extra bulbs and batteries and a note of instructions.

"Remain on the beach every night hereafter," the note read. "A Catalina will buzz you but will not land until you have further identified yourselves by the following means: (it then gave instructions for an elaborate secret code of flashes).

"Remain on the beach with canoes ready," it continued. "After the plane lands, repeat the signal. Then row out to the plane in canoes with masts and approach from the rear of the Cat. The natives will be rewarded with knives and tomahawks. Good luck."

This was it. For the next few days they stood two-hour watches throughout the nights. Tension among the group was so great that they scarcely touched their food. During the second and third nights of their vigil a motorboat chugged past the village several times. The natives recognized it as a Japanese patrol boat. Had the Cat come in then the mission would have been a certain failure.

At 1:15 on the morning of March 25, while Bordner was on watch, the faint drone of an aircraft was heard. Bordner called his companions. The plane circled the area repeatedly and finally soared over the village. "It's the Cat!" exclaimed Wallace. "Hit him with the signal the next time he comes over." As it came in, Bordner flashed his light. The big plane circled and flew low, parallel to the shoreline. On this sweep it dropped a dozen float flares in a straight line and circled back to make its landing.

Minutes were valuable now. The entire village was crowded onto the beach and it was inconceivable that the Japs would sleep through the spectacle that was going on. When the Cat settled on the water and taxied back to the beginning of the flare path, the stranded party launched its canoe and began paddling. For some 15 minutes they paddled with all their strength, Stokie using the butt of his Enfield service rifle to help out. Finally the canoe pulled up to the opened side blister of the Cat. Three members of its alert Australian crew stood inside training submachine guns on the approaching party. Stokie, Hughes, Wallace and Bordner and three of the natives who had been Stokie's faithful companions for months climbed in. Soon the Catalina was in the air and the dotted line of float flares melted into the distance.

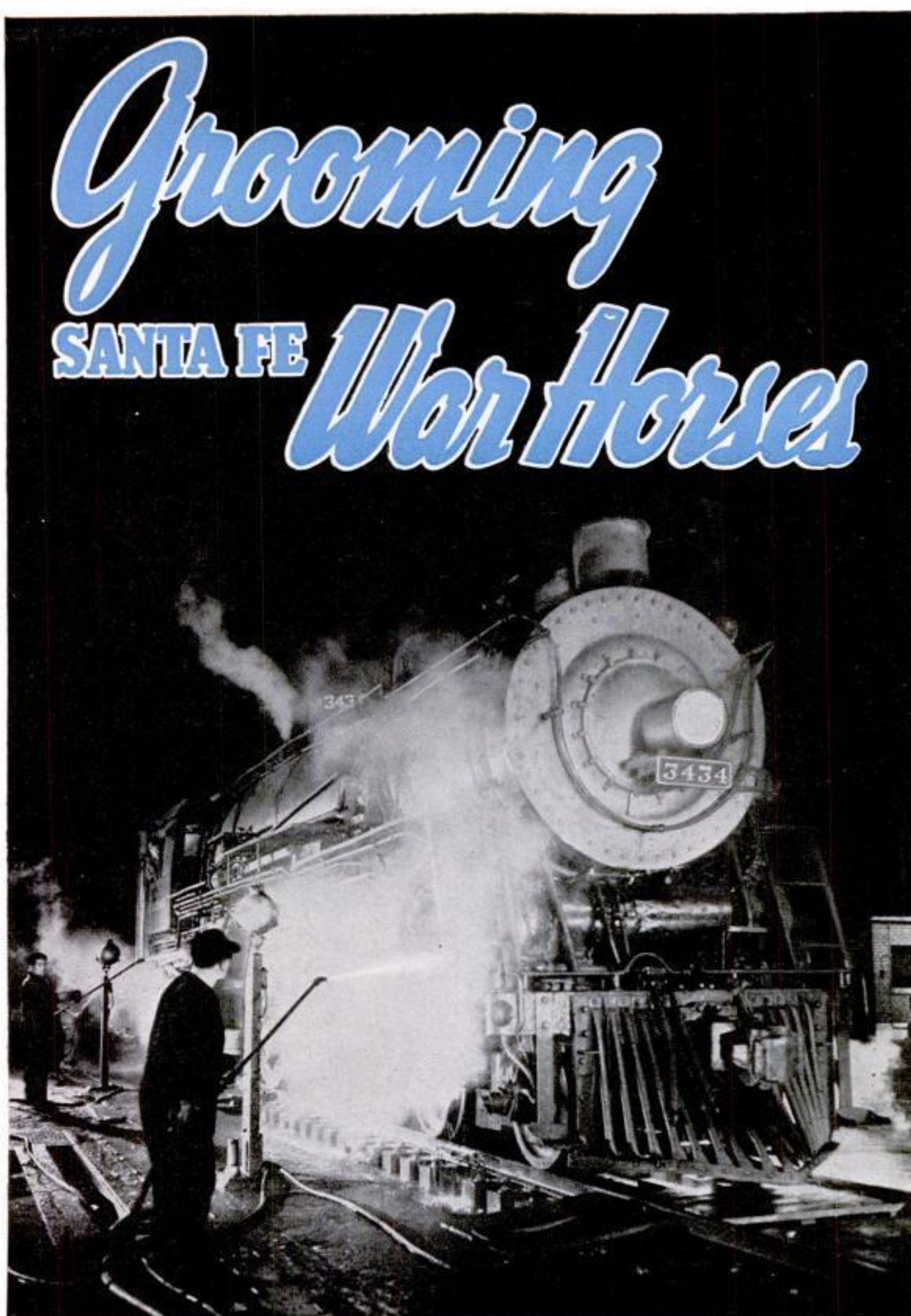
After some six hours, the Cat was circling over Port Moresby's harbor. When it got over the landing area the gunners pitched out two rolls of toilet paper. They unrolled and snaked downward, the pre-arranged signal of a successful mission.

After several days during which they superintended the removal of "deceased" notations from their squadron records, had the Purple Heart pinned to their chests by General Whitehead and were generally feted in officers' clubs by their colleagues, the fliers were ready to return to their homes to recuperate. When they shook hands with their friend John Stokie, he said, "Don't worry, I will see you again. I have lived in the jungles for 16 years. It draws you like a magnet. You will be back."

Gene Wallace, Marvin Hughes and Dale Bordner chorused: "Oh yeah?" and boarded a plane for home.



The three survivors, with John Stokie and his native guides, paddle toward the rescuing Catalina, whose idling engines kept pulling it out to sea. Finally the skipper shut off one motor, risked being caught on the water with a "dead prop" by nearby Japs.



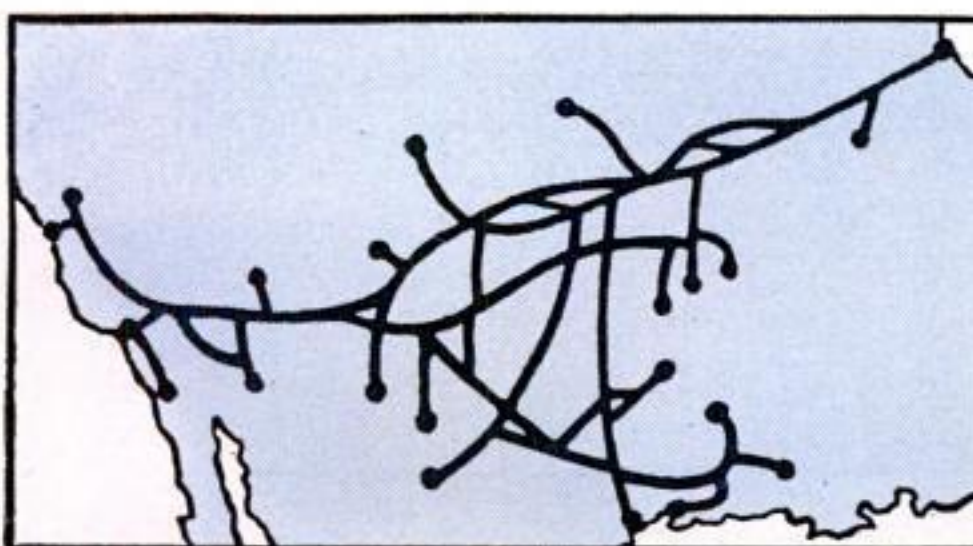
Never before has it been so important to keep Iron Horses in harness...

They're War Horses now, and they've got to stay on the job... working harder and longer... hauling tens of thousands of troops and millions of tons of war material and foodstuff.

• Stop this "power" that moves essential war traffic and you stop all that floats and flies as well!

That is why the job of "grooming" the big Santa Fe War Horses... inspecting, repairing, and rebuilding them... is one of the most important jobs in the Santa Fe shops today!

• It's Santa Fe all the way—for the U. S. A!



Santa Fe System Lines Serve the Southwest and California

One of America's Railroads—ALL United for Victory



General's initials, carved when a boy, appear with those of his brothers on a tree on the family estate in Merville, Eire. Here he spent his vacations from St. Paul's and Sandhurst.



Bernard's bedroom, shared with his brothers, was called "The Zoo." Because of his reputation for mischief, his mother would order: "Find Bernard and tell him to stop whatever he's doing."



Photographs of her sons are among the pictures in Lady Montgomery's drawing room. The General's appears second from the right. Ornaments were brought from Tasmania.



Souvenirs and pictures fill every room at New Park. At the left, a recent portrait of the General. Sphinx cartoon marks his triumph over Rommel. Knitted doll and poem were sent by admirers.

Life Calls on Lady Montgomery in County Donegal

General's mother has sent five sons abroad to fight for Britain

Lady Maud Montgomery of New Park, Moville, County Donegal, Eire, is the mother of Bernard Law Montgomery, the British general who drove Rommel out of Africa. She is 78 years old and has been widowed 11 years. Her husband was Bishop of Tasmania. Besides the General, she raised four sons, who are also abroad serving the Empire, and two daughters. She speaks with equal pride of all of them, but when Mrs. Roosevelt, meeting her, paid tribute to the General, Lady Montgomery replied surprisingly: "You are the wife of one of the three greatest men in the world. President Roosevelt and Winston Churchill are two, and the third will be—either Hitler or my son."

The General's mother lives alone, except for an elderly companion and a young Irish maid, in the family home, New Park, a large dilapidated house near Lough Foyle, where the boy Bernard used to fish and boat. She is an exceedingly active woman for her age, and spends most of her time doing war work. She has collected £2,500 for the Comforts Fund of her famous son's Eighth Army, and some two million razor blades for the troops in the Middle East.

Lady Montgomery's father was a famous Victorian cleric, Dean Farrar. Her husband, the Bishop, was the Dean's curate at St. Margaret's, Westminster, when she married him, and their third son, Bernard, was born in St. Mark's vicarage, near London, in November 1887. A month later they were bound for Tasmania where they lived for 13 years before returning to England. The effect of this stern religious background is apparent in the character of the General today. He reads his Bible daily, carries a copy of *Pilgrim's Progress* with him in the field. In the little chapel (below) the General said his boyhood prayers and there Lady Montgomery prays daily alone.



LADY MAUD MONTGOMERY AT 78 IS STURDY AND ACTIVE. SHE IS ALWAYS OUTSPOKEN AND HATES OSTENTATION



In the chapel at New Park, Lady Montgomery prays for the safety of her five sons. She always sits in the window. The altar cross was found by the Bishop in a country church.



Bishop's portrait shows him in ceremonial robes. He once told his sons: "Gentlemen, whatever profession you choose, put God first in your lives and strive to serve the Empire."

HARD TO GET *But Easy to Care for*



Remove Carbon—Reduce Friction with RING-FREE Motor Oil

Here is why hard-to-replace motor parts—pistons, rings, valves—work better and last longer when lubricated with Macmillan RING-FREE Motor Oil. RING-FREE actually removes carbon while the motor runs. Thus vital parts stay cleaner. But more than that, its superior lubricating qualities enable RING-FREE to reduce friction fast—to deliver to the drive-shaft more of the horsepower ordinarily wasted in overcoming motor friction. In 1094 certified road tests, with owner-driven cars, 10% increases in gasoline mileage were not uncommon after crankcases had been drained and refilled with Macmillan RING-FREE Motor Oil (average saving, 1.3 miles per gallon!). That's proof of friction reduction. When you reduce friction you reduce wear—make motors run better and last longer.

Macmillan RING-FREE Motor Oil combines these vital qualities:

1. Removes Carbon.
2. Reduces Friction Fast.
3. Saves Gasoline.
4. Great Film Strength.
5. High Heat Resistance.
6. Long Cling to Metal.
7. Fast Penetration.
8. Non-Corrosive.
9. Less Affected by Dilution.
10. High Sludge Resistance.

Try Macmillan RING-FREE at our risk. Read the unconditional guarantee.

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GUARANTEE

Ring-Free Motor Oil is guaranteed to make your motor run smoother, give more miles per gallon of gasoline, reduce wear and repair; because it removes carbon, cleans the motor and reduces friction fast by thorough lubrication. Try a fill and if you are not satisfied that Ring-Free is doing these things, your money will be refunded by your dealer immediately.

Copyright 1943 Macmillan Petroleum Corp.



Family homestead, built in 1776, is rambling and run-down, but the Montgomery children call it home. Lady Montgomery operates it singlehanded except for a maid.



In woolen jumper and tweed dress, Lady Montgomery tends the fire. House is heated by peat sods, because they can be cut locally and Lady Montgomery likes the smell.



Staircase walls are covered with spears and poisoned arrows brought back by the Bishop from Tasmania. Wallpaper is Victorian era, in keeping with other furnishings.



General's fan mail is answered by Lady Montgomery. Because correspondence is so large she is considering having post cards printed to acknowledge gifts for the Army.



Shopping expeditions for groceries and household supplies take her regularly to Londonderry. She goes everywhere attired in shapeless coat, sturdy shoes and wool socks.



She stops for tea in Londonderry with the Dean, The Very Reverend K.S.G. King. On another recent trip she did the Lambeth Walk with soldiers at a victory dance.



DETECTIVE: Submersive activities, eh?

MELTING ICE: It's the soda's fault . . . honest! When I melt in ordinary club soda, my air bubbles take the sparkle-bubbles for a ride right out of the drink. Then my ice water drowns what sparkle and tang is left.

DETECTIVE: Tell that to the jury.



D.A.: Okay, Bud, re-enact the crime.

MELTING ICE: How can I? That's Canada Dry Water. It's got "PIN-POINT CARBONATION."* Too many bubbles. Millions of 'em. I'm whipped before I start. Drinks taste deliciously tangy to the bottom sip.



JUDGE: Umpteen days in the cooler and still sparkling? Where's the evidence?

D.A.: Taste it. A recapped bottle of Canada Dry Water kept in the refrigerator holds its life like a brief holds words!



* **PIN-POINT CARBONATION**—the famous Canada Dry method of achieving livelier and longer-lasting zest!
FINER FLAVOR! A special formula points up the flavor of any drink.

CANADA DRY WATER

BUY THE BIG BOTTLE—SAVE MONEY—CONSERVE CUPS

YELLO-BOLE



Billiard Shape, \$1
Actual size of pipe 5 1/4"

the honey-cured smoke

Surely, Yello-Bole is an old friend. Perhaps you first discovered this pipe with the golden lining in 1933. With what satisfaction you drew on it—when you were tired, you found rest with it. When you were perplexed, you consulted it. Through all, Yello-Bole provided a honey-blended flavor that always pleased, never bothered, you. Keep a Yello-Bole with you these days. It's good to have. Stays sweet continuously.



YELLO-BOLE  STANDARD \$1
YELLO-BOLE  IMPERIAL \$1.50
YELLO-BOLE  PREMIER \$2.50
to be introduced soon

YELLO-BOLE • 630 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK, N. Y.
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

VICTORY GARDEN

Sirs:

To the Marines on one of our smallest outlying bases in the Pacific, these few wisps of grass constitute what is probably the smallest "victory garden" on record. Carefully guarded by a "Keep Off The Grass" sign, these stalks of grass are located on the slope of a gun emplacement. They are primped and petted like a

movie queen because they form the only foliage of any kind on the island. Picture was taken by Staff Sergeant Irving Schlossenberg, one of the Marine Corps Combat Correspondents.

TECH. SGT. DAVID LOONEY,
U. S. M. C.
San Francisco, Calif.



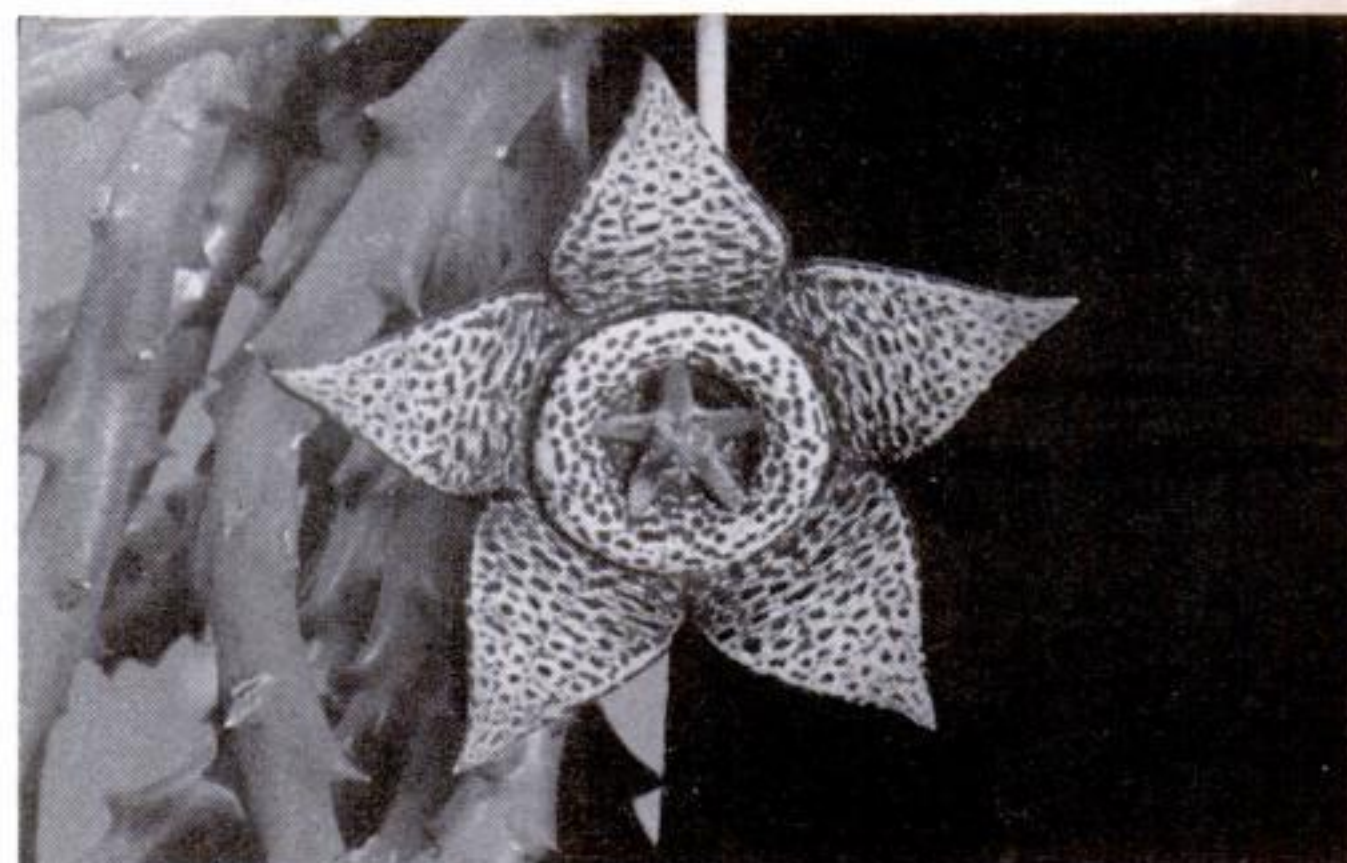
STAR CACTUS

Sirs:

Flowers have been known to blossom into curious shapes. Here is a picture of what we call the Star of Bethlehem cactus. A close inspection shows that there are

two stars in the blossom: one formed by the petals, the other within the circle.

MYRON TEEGARDEN
Boulder, Colo.



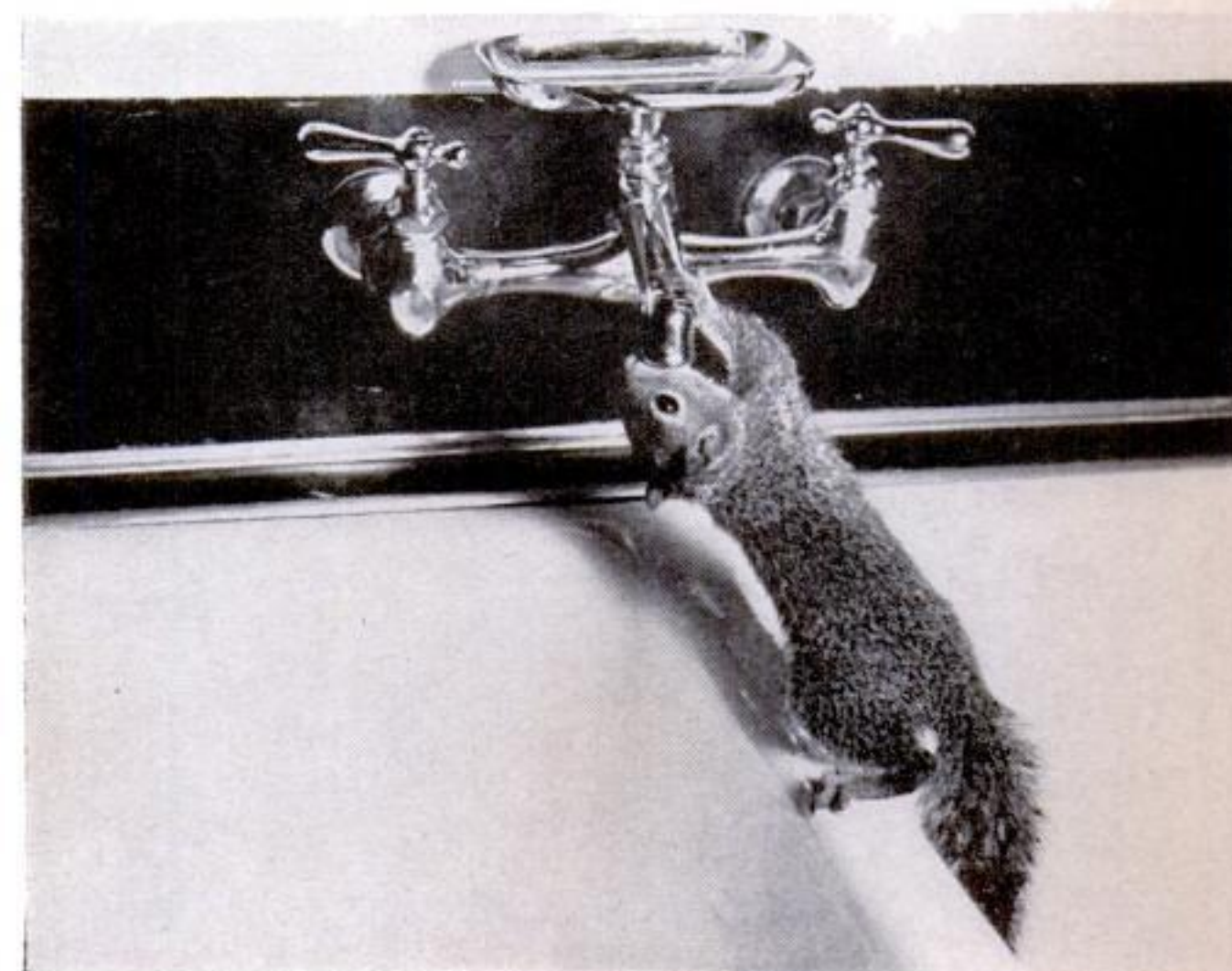
EDUCATED SQUIRREL

Sirs:

Our pet squirrel is quite an amazing animal. Rescued from menacing dogs by my wife, he came to live with us, eating nuts from our hands, drinking milk from a doll-size nursing bottle. Later he learned

how to drink from a water faucet, as pictured. Now the squirrel lives in the backyard, comes to visit us each day.

W. H. BAIRD
Springfield, Ohio

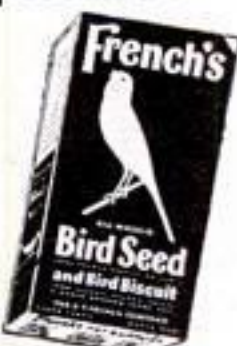




VERONICA LAKE—Star of Paramount's STAR SPANGLED RHYTHM, finds her canary has rhythm, too.

This Hollywood hobby can brighten your home!

All Hollywood, all America, is finding new joy in owning canaries. It's fun, say the stars, just watching these perky little birds, while hearing their golden-throated singing is sheer delight! Why not "go Hollywood" in your home with one of these easy-to-keep, inexpensive little pets? And—another tip from the stars—let French's help keep your canary a healthy singer!



OWN A CANARY...THE ONLY PET THAT SINGS!

DERBY SAUCES

FIRST AID FOR WARTIME COOKS

DERBY BARBECUE SAUCE
adds z-zip to wartime cooking! You'll bless the delicious flavor it imparts to war-stretched meat loaf or left-overs. Perks up the goodness of fish, cheese, stews, salad dressing, sandwiches. Wonderful for barbecuing chicken, meat. Send for "Stretching Foods in War-time" recipes.

Glaser, Crandall Co., Dept. H, Chicago



FREE RECIPE BOOK

ALSO DERBY STEAK SAUCE • HOT SAUCE • CHOP SUEY SAUCE



AMERICA'S ONLY RICE WITH ADDED VITAMIN B₁

DON'T NEGLECT DRY CRACKED LIPS!

They may become dangerously sore. So apply Chap Stick for quick relief. Gently medicated, it soothes smarting, sun-sore lips—helps heal broken skin. Fleet's Chap Stick is used by U.S. Forces everywhere to prevent dry, cracked lips. 25¢ at all drug stores. Chap Stick Co., Lynchburg, Va.



\$44 or \$6.60

In the Regal Shoe advertisement on page 61, the shoe at the right is the boot-maker's original, which cost \$44 a pair. The shoe at the left is the Regal Reproduction at \$6.60! Please don't feel bad if you "missed"—even shoe experts have failed to choose correctly.

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

STALIN'S SHADOW

Sirs:

Even nature is able to portray the news sometimes. Note the almost perfect silhouette of Joseph Stalin in the enclosed picture. It was taken from a point overlooking a deep canyon of the Grand Canyon National Park at about 10 o'clock on Easter morning of this year. The silhouette of the Soviet leader was caused by the shadow of a rock formation falling on the floor of the canyon below.

JAMES SAYERS

Los Angeles, Calif.



BLOTTER BATH

Sirs:

What with the shortages of textiles and the disruptions of laundry service many people are worried about home necessities. In the enclosed picture Jean DuPont dries herself with a blotter to show what may happen if the supply of towels is seriously diminished.

PHILIP LESLY

Chicago, Ill.



...OR ARE YOU LEAVING IT TO "GEORGE"

ASKS *Bob Bowes*

President and Founder Bowes "Seal Fast" Corporation, Pioneer in Safe Tire Repairs



• THERE are a lot of things *You* can do to help win this War. You can buy bonds—help with blackouts—grow food for your own table—and, most important, **YOU CAN SAVE RUBBER.** There's still a rubber crisis. Your tires are precious. Don't abuse them. It's up to **YOU** to get every last mile out of your tires.

GET YOUR TIRES INSPECTED *Now*



Don't wait for Inspection Deadlines. Take your tires to the BOWES Tire Repair Expert near you, **NOW**. Get him to inspect your tires *thoroughly*, inside and out. Small cracks, cuts, and nailholes can be fixed safely when they're "young."

LECTROSEAL *Vulcanizing*

Take your tire repair problems to a Bowes Tire Repair Expert. If anyone can help you... HE can. LECTROSEAL VULCANIZING produces SAFE, STRONG TIRE REPAIRS. Look for the BOWES SIGN... there you get dependable, SAFE tire repair service.



BOWES



Dependable
TIRE REPAIR
SYSTEM

The light in a pilot's eyes



THERE'S something about a perfectly performing aircraft engine that makes a pilot's eyes shine. Unconsciously he is probably reflecting the confidence he places in it.

He undoubtedly does not think of its marvelously ingenious construction, the vital roles played by hundreds of precision parts each with its own specific job to do. No, to him it's one single mechanical marvel, with a distinct personality, which he has learned to know and respect because he has found it dependable in situations involving life or death.

The Champion Spark Plugs we manufacture for use in aircraft engines of every size are built with this in mind. Ours is just one component with one vital job to do in any engine it goes into. But it is a vital product—vital because it must not fail. We never want that light in a pilot's eyes which bespeaks his silent trust in us to be suddenly extinguished by the bitter disillusionment which failure of our product would mean.

That's the kind of responsibility we honestly feel for every Champion Spark Plug made by us—that is the trust we have undertaken and will not fail to meet.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS



KEEP 'EM FLYING — BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

LEND-LEASE SUGAR

Sirs:

While I was in North Africa I stumbled upon this group of Arabs busily engaged amidst a cluster of tall palm trees. A closer investigation showed that this was not merely a social gathering. Here was one of the colorful but official depots for the distribution of sugar arranged by the U. S. lend-lease program. Supervised by one of the Civil Control, the sugar was

carefully weighed out on scales, was carried home by the Arabs in multicolored pieces of cloth (*bottom picture*). Most of the purchasers were wearing hoods to protect them from the sun. The hoods are also used as an escape from the large black flies which can be seen swarming over the figure in the foreground of the *bottom picture*.

ELIOT ELISOFFON

New York, N. Y.

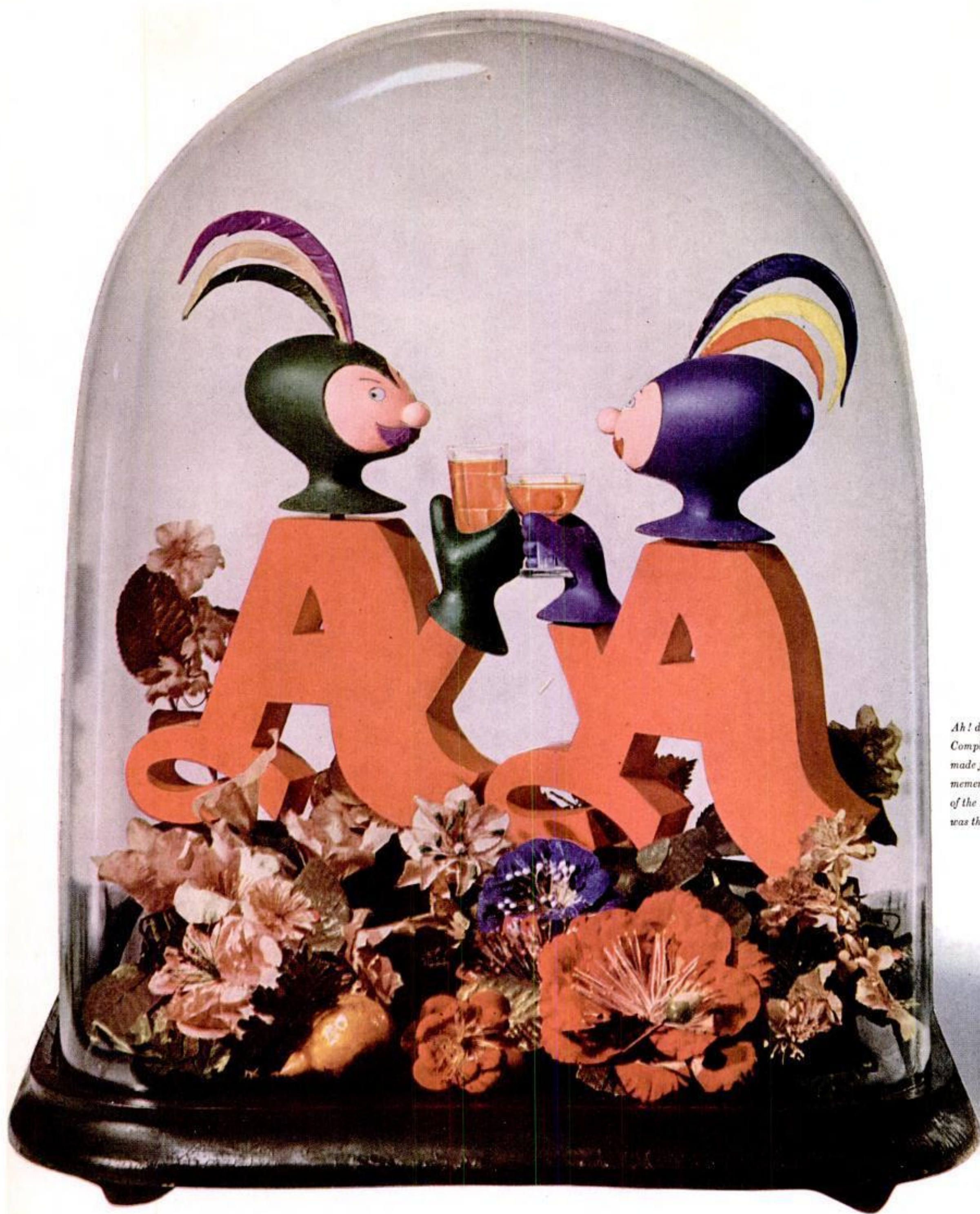


ARABS IN NORTH AFRICA LINE UP TO BUY ALLOTMENT OF LEND-LEASE SUGAR



BLACK FLIES SWARM OVER HOODED ARAB AS HE RECEIVES HIS SUGAR RATION

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*Ah! dear me... a bell-jar!
Complete with garden of hand-
made flowers. Fitting
memento of your "front parlor"
of the 1880's. That, too,
was the good old ancient age!*

A is for Ancient... **A** is for Age...

AA is for the whiskey of the flavor years

The leisured pace of generations ago... old-fashioned *skill* in its making... these create this master among whiskies... this exquisite fusion of *body* to *bouquet*... this union with *flavor*. For an experience that recalls this flavor of the mellow past... try Ancient and Honourable Ancient Age!

Note: All our distilling facilities are now devoted exclusively to producing alcohol for War. Ancient Age Whiskey now available was made in peace time. If it is temporarily unavailable, please be patient.



Ancient **A**ge

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey 90 proof. This whiskey is 5 years old. Stag-Finch Distillers Corp., N. Y. C. • Tune in! Schenley's "Cresta Blanca Wine Carnival" every Wed. eve., CBS

Give me a **SHREDDED RALSTON** breakfast I've got a job to do!

THAT GOES
FOR ME, TOO!



Everyone has a job to do today... to help win the war. Seeing the job through takes energy and that's what you get in Shredded Ralston. Whole wheat energy and a hearty hit-the-spot flavor that's made Shredded Ralston a national favorite. Enjoy Shredded Ralston often—it's nourishing—it's plentiful—it's not rationed.

Delicious Wartime Dessert

Mix 3 tablesp. melted butter or other shortening, $\frac{1}{3}$ cup sugar, 3 cups Shredded Ralston, $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt, 1 tsp. grated lemon rind. Put in greased baking dish with $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups diced fruit (fresh apples, oranges, cooked prunes, canned peaches, fruit cocktail or pineapple). Add $\frac{3}{4}$ cup fruit juice or $\frac{1}{2}$ cup corn syrup mixed with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water. Bake 35 min. at 375° F. Serve warm or cold. Serves 6.



Victory Dinner

Fresh vegetables and toasted Ry-Krisp. A meal that looks inviting, tastes grand, provides many nutrients needed for keeping in trim.



GET RID OF FAT... PITCH IN, HELP WIN!

Reduce The Ry-Krisp Way



Mrs. A. is fat. She can't pitch in and work like other women—excess fat drains her energy. She should try the Ry-Krisp reducing plan for normally overweight and enjoy Ry-Krisp as bread. Each delicious double-square wafer has only about 23 calories.



Mrs. D. is slim. She works all day, is a Nurse's Aide at night. Like many smart women, she keeps in trim and stays slim the sensible Ry-Krisp way.

FREE! Ry-Krisp reducing plan for normally overweight. For free copy, write Ry-Krisp, 21 Checkerboard Square, St. Louis, Mo.



Mrs. S. is smart. She always has Ry-Krisp handy for her family. She knows this tempting whole grain bread with its rich rye flavor always makes a hit. She knows it's good for them, too! Try Ry-Krisp! It comes in crisp, ready-to-eat slices; grand to serve as crackers, toast, or bread.